

# RAZORCAKE

# 62

\$4 U.S.

## MEAN JEANS TOO MANY DAVES

GREEK FANZINE MOUNTZA

ROBERT SCOTT (NEW ZEALAND'S  
THE BATS, THE CLEAN)





# RIP THIS PAGE OUT

## PLEASE

*Razorcake* provides a unique, unduplicated resource and authoritative voice for do-it-yourself punk culture.

*Razorcake* believes in a form of punk that is community-friendly, truly independent, positive, progressive, relevant, and exciting.

It is currently a magazine, website, book, and record publisher providing the highest quality content possible in a culture that is often misunderstood, misrepresented, and exploited.

We are a cohesive home and forum for over 120 independent volunteer writers, photographers, and illustrators around the world. In the first ten years of existence, *Razorcake* has published just shy of 19,000 reviews of independent records, videos, zines, comic books, and live shows. We also post a weekly podcast of independent music (156 and counting).

Our open participation and solicitation policy means that anybody can potentially become a contributor.

Collectively, we provide a legitimate, critical, alternative, non-profitting approach to music and are the only bonafide 501(c)(3) non-profit music magazine in America. Although *Razorcake* champions the local and has a national presence, *Razorcake* also self-administers international distribution of the magazine to over twenty countries.

If *Razorcake* disappeared, the strength of the community we are apart of and have created will be weakened.

We believe the following...

DIY punk is a valid, exciting, continually evolving culture and that outside corporate interests in DIY punk have overwhelmingly been predatory. We're still waiting for an example to the contrary.

• *Razorcake* and the culture it promotes can thrive without those exploitative interests and incursions.

We believe that a trustworthy network of information in DIY culture creates a more efficient, critical, and stronger culture.

• *Razorcake*, as a group, has been a daily, active participant in this culture since January, 2001.

Much like vinyl records, we believe that publishing in a physical format preserves content that is consistent with the DIY punk ethos.

• Although we utilize and explore digital communication, the heart and soul of *Razorcake* is publishing a hard copy, printed zine.

• *Razorcake* is a rare, non-exploitive conduit for thousands upon thousands of underground artists who continue to be the largely underappreciated building blocks of music in America.

It is *Razorcake's* goal to continue building a viable 21<sup>st</sup> century framework that supports DIY culture and truly independent punk.

If you are of the means, please consider a tax deductible donation to *Razorcake*.

If you would like to give *Razorcake* some longer-term, hands-on assistance, we're looking for volunteers in the following areas: locally based non-profit grant writer and non-profit fundraiser, FileMaker Pro wizard, Salesforce programmer, PC network specialist. If you live in the L.A. area, we could always use a helping hand.

Contact us via [razorcake.org](http://razorcake.org) if you'd like to help out.

Thank you.

—Todd Taylor

# RAZORCAKE

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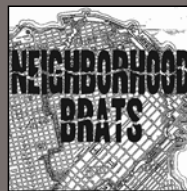
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# RAZZORCAKE

DOT ORG



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tens of thousands of  
record reviews, tons  
of stuff!!!

NEW CREASES  
PHOTOS BY MIGUEL HOPPER



### "Dude, You Should..."

There's a guy I really can't stand. He's currently hiding behind "good deeds." Works for a non-profit. Taught overseas. Talks warmly about compassion and friendship. Freely hands out compliments. Says he wants to help us out. But it's a charade. I've known this guy for a long time: sold his best friend's motorcycle behind his back; put several women in compromising positions, blaming drugs and blackouts and misdiagnosed medication.

He's drinking another tall can I think he just stole out of the space's fridge.

It usually takes this guy a couple of minutes to warm up before telling me what he thinks I should be doing.

"Hey dude, you should really write an article on this place."

"They're really nice people," I tell him. "I read here a couple weeks back. It was rad. This is only the second time I've been here. Seems cool, but I'm not the person to write it."

"No, dude, it'd be great. You could get all of their stories."

"I'm just here to enjoy some bands tonight. Never seen the Hot New Mexicans. Love their new record."

\* \* \*

I'm sensitive to strangers or people I barely know communicating to me a scenario that ends with me opening up my wallet or spending my precious time working on a project that I didn't conclude to do on my own.

In the big, "real" world scheme of things, conspicuous consumption advertising annoys me: cell phones, new cars, fashion anything, branded marketing lifestyle campaigns. A month back, I bought my yearly allotment of "new" clothes at the Retarded Citizens

Thrift Store. Twenty-five bucks. I spent part of the afternoon with a seam ripper taking off the labels, then cutting the legs off of pants to make some shorts for summer.

On Saturday, Gary Hornberger came over with a bicycle from the sixties to replace the one that was stolen when he was in a night class. We swapped in new bearing cones on the axle so his rear wheel wouldn't wobble. Twelve bucks and an afternoon well spent.

I wouldn't make a good cult leader. I'm not good at branding an image. I have a hard time telling complete strangers how to live. Hell, part of living a questioning life is the constant learning.

There's a big difference between me telling you what to do and a group of us showing you, on a bi-monthly basis, a way to approach life with punk engrained into it. *Razorcake's* goal is not to force anything on anyone, be it politics, a credo, or even—and much stupider—what is or isn't punk. As one of the *Razorcake* gatekeepers, I'm much more interested in high-quality, well thought-out stories and narratives that apply to our lives. When dealing head-on with politics, I set the bar high: "What would *Mother Jones* do?" because that's some kickass journalism.

I don't think it's too far reaching to assume *Razorcake* readers know that serious elements such as politics—personal, sexual, geographic, psychological—are so interwoven into our fabric that we don't have to put a spotlight on them. Sure, Too Many Daves likes to party, but they're über aware of what happens when shirts come off during their shows. If it makes you feel superior to say that they're "just a stupid band that isn't saying anything," go ahead. It's your loss.

I do, however, have one piece of advice. Watch those "Dude, you should" types. Take that finger pointing at others and point it at yourself. Take your own advice or be quiet.

Because there's a lot of real work to be done.

—Todd Taylor

#### ADVERTISING / CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINES

##### ISSUE #63

June 1<sup>st</sup>, 2011

##### ISSUE #64

August 1<sup>st</sup>, 2011

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**"What a club this would be if every member would try to do only half of what they expect other members to do."**

—Tim Russert, *Big Russ and Me*

**Baby boys ahoy!** Congratulations to Donofthedad and Leslie for the birth of Evan Logan Seki; Brian Archer and Lori Lavinthal for the birth of Elliot Francis Archer.  
**Wed under a tree that can be seen from space:** Will Thomas and Rachel Casey.



**"Hey dude, I think I'm just gonna crash here tonight."**  
Dan Emery of Anti-Corp, in front of a Crown Vic that ran into his house when he was taking out the trash.

**THANK YOU:** "Hey Bill, can you put some pizzas coming out of that volcano, please." That's the high-level art direction we engage in at *Razorcake*. Thanks to Sr. Pinkel for the cover and to Canderson for the screw-eyed, tongue-flapping photos of the Mean Jeans; He looks good in gold lamé hot pants and plug-in lights while playing bass thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illo. in Sean's column; That's the happiest Wookie I've ever seen thanks to Ryan Gelatin for his illo. in Jim's column; That dude from the Anchor proudly wears European man underpants when he swims thanks to Nation of Amanda for her illo. in Amy's column; Tommy Chong's all the way up in Vancouverisms... and pot thanks to Craig Horky for his illo. in Nardwuar's column; Shasta! Part Deux thanks to Marcos Siref for his illo. in Norb's column; Believe it or not, it's the first picture of launched poo in our over ten years of existence. Thanks for leveling that go out to Jason Armadillo for his illo. in Dale's column; That's one tired chicken thanks to Lubrano for his illo. in the Rhythm Chicken's column; Totally not kidding. The Peruvians paint in a guinea pig as the main course for the Last Supper thanks to Jackie Rusted for her illo. in Gary's column; Dudes hugging dudes hugging cordogs hugging dudes thanks to Nicole Kibert, Rachel Murray, and Dan Tantrum for all their Too Many Daves photos; Music made between raising kids and hanging out with dogs and neighbors... in New Zealand... for over thirty years running... thanks to Ryan Leach, Mor Fleisher, Tim Soter, and Lauren Measure for the interview, photos, and layout of the Robert Scott interview; Check out pg. 182. That's the best raccoon story I've ever heard, and I know plenty of great raccoon stories thanks to Canderson, El Diablo, and Bill Pinkel for the Mean Jeans photos and illos.; They own the presses—that's why their shit's so tight thanks to Matt Average for his interview with the Greek fanzine Mountza; "Music? People still listen to it? Zines? People still read with their eyes?" There's no end to the douche things that come out of people's mouths, and we thank all the following for their record, book, zine, and video reviews: Mr. Z, Paul J. Comeau, Sal Lucci, Ryan Leach, Ian Wise, CT Terry, Chris Mason, Ryan Horky, Kurt Morris, Billups Allen, Art Ettinger, Juan Espinosa, Ty Stranglehold, Bryan Static, Rene Navarro, Candice, Dave Williams, Joe Evans III, Matt Average, Jake Shut, Sean Koepenick, Garrett Barnwell, Adrian Salas, Keith Rosson, Mike Frame, Jimmy Alvarado, Donofthedad, Lauren Trout, MP Johnson, Jeff Proctor, Corinne, Kristin K., Vincent, Craven Rock, Jessica T., Mark Twistworthy, Steve Hart, Katie Dunne, Steve Larder, Nighthawk, and Andy Conway; All of the following folks are salt of the earth (as opposed to sports energy drinks of the earth) and have volunteered their time to us in the past two months: Matt Braun, Megan Pants, Vincent Battilana, James Hernandez, Chris Baxter, Rene Navarro, Adrian Salas, Juan Espinosa, Jeff Proctor, Joe Dana, MC Stevens, Ever Velasquez, Matt Average, Adrian Chi, Kari Hamanaka, Marcos Siref, Julia Smut, Josh Rosa, Candice, Kurt Morris, Joe Evans III, John Barlog, Toby Tober, and Joshua Ian Robles.



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# RAZORCAKE

Issue #62 June / July 2011

PO Box 42129

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**Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors are:** Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III, Catherine Casada Hornberger, and Daryl Gussin.

*This issue of Razorcake and razorcake.org were put together by:* Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Sean Carswell, Skinny Dan, Katy Spining, Matt Braun, Megan Pants, Vincent Battilana, James Hernandez, Chris Baxter, Lauren Measure, Rene Navarro, Adrian Salas, Juan Espinosa, Donoftheadads, Jeff Proctor, Joe Dana, MC Stevens, Ever Velasquez, Matt Average, Adrian Chi, Kari Hamanaka, Marcos Siref, Julia Smut, Josh Rosa, Candice Tobin, Kurt Morris, Joe Evans III, John Barlog, Toby Tober, and Joshua Ian Robles.

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"Is it still considered 'falling' when they've pushed you from behind?" -Nuclear Family, "Falling"



This issue of **Razorcake** is made possible in part by a grant from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs.





## A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

**“Everyone has to take an active part in creating our culture.”**

# SPINNING AND LOOPING

Sometimes numbers dazzle me. Ten years can pass and I'll hardly notice because, well, I've been alive through it all. I've been riding this rock around the sun, paying more attention to the days and what happens while the earth spins than the years and what happens on the rotations. But as I type this, my sixty-second column for *Razorcake*, it strikes me that ten years ago today I sat on the couch of a dingy, two-bedroom apartment in Highland Park. The living room was awash in the ink of two thousand copies of a fanzine: *Razorcake* #1. This magazine's co-founder, Todd Taylor, and I had two thousand slips of subscription order forms on cardstock and two thousand zines to slide them into. Sara Isett, a woman who helped out quite a bit in the early days of this zine, joined us. In case you haven't seen that first issue, the cover was newsprint just like the inside—and not the fancy newsprint in your hands right now, but the thinner, cheaper newsprint that tends to cling to your fingers like a stubborn booger.

After only a dozen or so subscription cards, we opted for rubber gloves. Still, the ink was everywhere. The thighs of my jeans gradually turned black. Everything I touched that wasn't the magazine—a can of Pabst, an itchy nose, my balls—looked like it had been dusted for fingerprints. Even the dirty gray carpet became markedly dirtier and grayer. Perhaps, it was Sara who made the executive decision for us when she, I think, said, “Next issue better have a glossy cover, ‘cause I’m not doing this shit twice.”

Ink notwithstanding, I was stoked like you wouldn't believe. Two thousand copies of a fanzine. And we were going to move all of them. Not sell them all, of course. But get at least nineteen hundred copies out of the apartment and into the hands of punk rockers. Stain some other fingers. Maybe let some of that ink settle into some readers' brains.

It's hard not to think about all that now, ten years later. Something about round numbers trigger self-reflection. Something about springtime coming to Southern California again—the rains starting to fade, the winter fog fading into crisp blue days—makes me forget about the spinning days and think about the looping years.

About five years ago, my wife was working at a psychiatric hospital in the hills of

Ventura. Her boss told her that the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. The generalization wasn't an official description of insanity. Her boss was talking about a drug addict who kept showing up at the hospital. It's a notion I'd heard before, but it struck me at that time because *Razorcake* was five years old and I was writing yet another story about carpenters in Florida, which I've done over and over again. I thought about those stories I wrote and the work I did on *Razorcake* and that definition of insanity. The thing I kept coming back to was the part about expecting a different result. I don't expect that at all. I know exactly what the result of this column is. A few thousand people read it. Some think “cool, man.” Some scoff and say, “This guy is full of shit.” Some just put the zine down, wipe, and flush.

The world keeps spinning and looping.

The next ten years can pass without me noticing again. Hopefully, I'll live through it all.

Beyond the result is the process, too. There are the several hours I can spend riding my bike around town or surfing or cooking dinner with a new story or column in my head. There are the hours I get to spend alone, listening to punk rock, looking out my window at a couple of psych-hospital-free hills, and giving my thoughts form, digging deeper in my search for meaning.

There's that part, too.

But I guess there's one more thing because beyond *Razorcake* and writing, I'm also a bit of a scholar. I study good old American literature. Specifically, I've been studying stuff your high school teacher probably didn't know about. Books written when the United States was in its infancy like Catherine Maria Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie*. It's an old, crusty book for sure, but it's also filled with pirates, explosions, interracial marriages, and plenty of Puritan jokes to go around. Sedgwick was just one of several women novelists in the early days of America who had large, enthusiastic audiences and whose novels confronted the hypocrisy of a nation that was built on the notion of equality but didn't include women, brown men, or poor white men. Her novel and novels like

hers (Tabitha Tenney's *Female Quixotism*, Hannah Foster's *The Coquette*, and Lydia Maria Child's *Hobomok*) shake up everything we think we know about American culture and American democracy.

These women novelists were almost written out of literature altogether about a hundred years ago, when scholars of American Literature dubbed them “women scribblers” and replaced them with James Fennimore Cooper, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a few other rich, white men who are good for inducing narcolepsy.

I bring up these scribbling women because they share a lot in common with your contemporary punk rock zinester. What made a writer like Lydia Maria Child, for instance, so interesting is her refusal to accept limitations placed on her gender. As one of the first American female novelists, she refused to accept the idea that a woman couldn't be a writer. She rejected the conventional wisdom that she should have no say in the formation of American culture. As a result, her historical novels outsold James Fennimore Cooper's and wrote women and Native Americans back into American history.

Similarly, when Todd, Sara, and I stuffed subscription cards into two thousand newsprint fanzines, we ignored the conventional wisdom that no one would subscribe to a punk rock magazine after the first issue. After all, most zines don't make it to the seventh issue, and they definitely don't publish them on a regular schedule. We rejected the notion that magazines were dead, that everything was going to the internet. We refused to accept the death of punk rock, while we were at it. Most of all, we refused to live in a culture where only the rich and the pawns of major corporations get a say in how that culture is constructed. Following the long tradition of underground American writers, we started our own publication and we wrote ourselves back into the discussion.

When I think about all of that, the insanity seems to lie less in the act of doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. Instead, what seems insane to me is that we've done the same thing over and over again and gotten the same results. For some reason, we

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haven't fallen to the law of diminishing returns. Instead of everything getting a little smaller and a little less significant, the zine has gotten gradually bigger and—at least to me—more significant because it can stay the same in this world of change.

So I'd been thinking about all of this lately, and there was one downside that I couldn't ignore. The problem is how ephemeral it all seems. I think of the zines that were around when we started that are now almost completely forgotten, zines like *Clamor*, *Barracuda*, *Genetic Disorder*, *Chin Music*, and *Girlyhead*. I think of zines that are still around but come out so infrequently that I can loop around the sun a couple of times between issues, zines like *Go Metric!* and *Drunken Master 2*, which, if they came out more regularly, I could read and recommend them more regularly. I think of all the little zines that I've loved reading, the one offs that I've forgotten about, the good feelings I've gotten when someone passes me a photocopied, staple-bound mess and tells me, "You have to read this." I think of all the times that has happened and that

person was right: I did have to read it. I think of zines like *Geneva 13*, which show up in my mailbox like clockwork and inspires me. And even if *Geneva 13* only inspires me to keep doing what I'm already doing, I'm still stoked. I think about all this stuff and I compare it to the mainstream stories that barrage us daily: stories that seem to go no deeper in their search for meaning other than to say, "Purchase items and your life will become meaningful." It makes me wish that there was something to solve this problem of an ephemeral underground.

So I thought about what preserved writers like Sedgwick, Child, and Tenney: the library archive. Even when white men were writing these women out of history, librarians were saving their works and preserving them for another generation. I thought, I wonder if I could create a zine archive that would preserve all of this culture that I love and find meaning in. I wonder if I could put this archive in a place where these zines would survive for a couple of generations, at least. So I talked to the dean of the library at the university where I teach. She's young to be the dean of a library. I'm old to be a punk

rocker. This makes us two members of the same generation. She's excited about a punk rock zine archive. We're actively involved in building it. Todd and I have already gathered thousands of print zines to include as part of the archive. We're working with the librarian to create a digital collection, as well.

It all goes back to what I knew long before I co-founded Razorcake, back when I was still making little, staple-bound zines from stolen copies: Everyone has to take an active part in creating our culture. Otherwise, major corporations will completely take over and clutter our cultural landscape with advertisements for shit that we instinctively know is a bad idea.

And here's the point where this column ceases to be a column and becomes a solicitation. If you have old zines that you want to donate for the paper collection, or if you've published your own fanzine and you want it to be part of the digital collection, get in touch with me. All who've read this far, are welcome to be a part of it.

—Sean Carswell  
sean@razorcake.org





# LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

## “Jedi mom tricks.”

# Time Flies in Hyper Space

Toys from the attic transport a new generation of fans to a galaxy far, far away.

Last summer I took a trip in a time machine.

My wife and I were visiting my brother's family in Haymarket, Virginia, to spend the day with his two boys, Trevor, age six, and Casey, age four. While my brother was giving me a tour of his new home, a familiar sight grabbed my attention: poking out of a cardboard box in the corner of his office was the prow of the *Millennium Falcon*, my all-time favorite childhood toy. During a recent visit to our mother's home, Emmett explained, he'd liberated my old toys from the attic for his sons to play with.

The *Millennium Falcon*, as you'll no doubt remember, was the starship Han Solo and his big, shaggy ally Chewbacca flew on smuggling runs before Luke Skywalker enlists them to help liberate Princess Leia from the Empire's evil forces in a little science fiction movie called *Star Wars*. As happy as I was to be reunited with the *Falcon*, and even though I hadn't laid eyes on the toy in ages, it bugged me a little that Emmett had commandeered the ship without telling me. Didn't he know the *Millennium Falcon* had made the Kessel Run in less than twelve parsecs?

I dug into that box in my brother's office and unearthed more treasures: the hovercraft Obi Wan Kenobi uses to navigate the desert planet of Tatooine (my very first *Star Wars* toy); a Rogue Two Snowspeeder Luke Skywalker pilots in *The Empire Strikes Back* (a gift from my parents when I was briefly hospitalized with a mysterious illness during the sixth grade); and countless pieces of molded plastic that played vital roles in epic battles waged both in galaxies far, far away and on my bedroom floor.

But the *Millennium Falcon* was always the pride and joy of my *Star Wars* collection. With its multiple compartments for armies of action figures I accumulated over the years, it was too big and bulky for me to “fly.” Instead, it served as a base of operations for the adventures I dreamed up. I guess you could say it was a doll house, albeit a dollhouse armed with laser cannons and capable of zipping through space at 1,050 kilometers per hour.

“She's the fastest hunk of junk in the galaxy!” Lando Calrissian exclaims in *Return of the Jedi*. Lando ought to know: he owned the starship before Han Solo swindled it from him. That Han Solo came

by the *Falcon* in a shady deal Lando never got over added to its allure. And considering what happened to the character that launched Harrison Ford's career, you could even say the ship was cursed.

The *Millennium Falcon* took on mythic proportions in my imagination, but when you strip away the romance it's pretty ugly to look at. It's basically an asymmetrical saucer with a cockeyed cockpit hanging off the front. But the *Falcon*'s ugliness was essential to its appeal. In the movies, the hunk of junk proves famously unreliable, requiring constant upkeep that Han Solo's always complaining about. This was a ship that had been places and her scorched panels and malfunctioning equipment testified to that history. Even the satellite dish (that was somehow antique-looking back in 1976) was endearing, like the wire clothes hanger that occasionally served as a radio antenna on my family's station wagon.

It was all these quirks that made the *Falcon* real to me. In my eight-year-old imagination, she was a magical combination of the vessels my father served on as a Navy officer and the battle-scarred Ford LTD station wagon that docked nightly in our driveway. That pale blue wagon was always in need of new batteries and spark plugs and oil replacements, and my father seemed to enjoy grousing about the repairs while Emmett and I impatiently waited for him to finish so we could get in some driveway basketball.

Many years later, I'd put the LTD wagon out of commission for good by executing a poorly timed neutral drop on a straight stretch of road riddled with cinders left over from the last snow. The engine roared, the tires spun, and my baby blue star cruiser went nowhere fast. Hyper space? More like hyperventilating as my mother pulled me into the tractor beam of her eyes to find out what *really* happened. I feigned ignorance, of course, but she wasn't fooled and we both knew it. I was sixteen years old, but her Jedi mom tricks still worked. Hell, they still do.

My *Star Wars* obsession took many forms. I'd like to think it remained confined to my imagination, but this simply wasn't true. I collected *Star Wars* trading cards and memorized all the fun facts on the back of each one. I pored over *Star Wars* comic

books, graphic novels, and novelizations as if they were sacred texts, because, in a way, they were. And when word got out that the *Star Wars* trilogy was actually the middle section of a nine-part saga, my mind raced forward and back, trying to imagine all the ways the story might unfold. In this way I learned that stories were like maps: There's more to a tale than what's between point A and point B, and a skillful storyteller can keep you guessing as the story unfolds into new worlds.

Today, a vast online “Wookieepedia” details the complex history and dubious science of the *Star Wars* universe. While I remembered that the *Millennium Falcon* contained a hyperdrive that could speed it forward into hyper space, it turned out that was just the tip of the ice planet when it comes to the *Falcon*'s specs. Wookieepedia's entry for the vessel is nearly fifty pages long. There I learned the *Millennium Falcon* had twenty-one known aliases (*Fickle Flyer*, *Naboo Duckling*, *Princess of Blood*, etc.) and the machinery that catapulted it into hyperspace was a heavily modified “Isu-Sim SSP05 hyperdrive generator, later upgraded to a Series 401 hyperdrive motivator.” Someone somewhere knows all this stuff by heart.

But there was more to my obsession than a fascination with arcane data. Not only did I sleep between *Star Wars* bed sheets, but I'd convinced my usually thrifty mother to buy an extra set and make *Star Wars* curtains for my basement bedroom window. Those curtains stayed up for years and years, long after I thought I'd outgrown them. I remember sneaking in and out of that basement window, like it was an escape hatch to strange new worlds of make-out parties and midnight beers. I may have been experimenting with teenage rebellion, but I still had to pass through curtains emblazoned with Darth Vader and Obi Wan Kenobi to do it.

My infatuation with all things *Star Wars* burned so intensely that Emmett ribbed me about it thirty years after the fact: In his toast at my wedding reception, he remarked on the similarity of my wife's hairstyle, which she'd braided and wore pinned up with flowers, to Princess Leia's infamous cinnamon-roll curls.

But none of that mattered when I lifted my *Millennium Falcon* out of the box in



I may have been experimenting with teenage rebellion, but I still had to pass through curtains emblazoned with Darth Vader and Obi Wan Kenobi to do it.

my brother's house and peered into those tiny compartments that I'd tirelessly marched so many action figures in and out of, up and down the gangplank, around the gun turret that made a clicking sound as it spun, and into the plexi-glass cockpit that never stayed all the way closed. It was as if I'd been launched on a nostalgia-powered journey to a bedroom far, far away. A trip back in time, an escape to the happiest part of a happy childhood.

I got my first inkling that Star Wars is still culturally relevant when my daughter asked me if they had Star Wars when I was

kid. "Yes," I told her and explained that I'd actually seen the movie in the theaters when I was her age.

"Wow," she said with a starry-eyed look.

And it is pretty incredible when you think about it, that of all the things that have come and gone in the thirty-five plus years since *Star Wars* first flashed on the screen, it's amazing that kids still find it as fascinating as I once did. But I'd never witnessed the obsession first hand until I took a trip to Haymarket to visit my brother's family.

"Do the boys *really* like *Star Wars*?" I asked him. "Or is it just another toy?"

"Oh, yeah," Emmett said. "It's all *Star Wars* all the time here."

He called out to Casey and Trevor to show me their favorite toys. Soon they appeared holding long glowing light sabers as tall—or in Casey's case taller—than they were. A battle broke out, a furious clashing of plastic mounted in defense against Uncle Jim's tractor beam of tickles. I don't know which side got the best of it, but I can tell you the force is strong in those two.

—Jim Ruland





# MONSTER OF FUN

AMY ADOYZIE

**“Just because you think it’s innocuous doesn’t mean it is.”**

# Unthinking What We Know

*This essay contains explicit discussion of sexual assault and may be a trigger to survivors.*

Ignorance is bliss—it’s true.

It’s that unthinking, uncomplicated space where we know the bare minimum and there is no need to know more. It is a wide expanse with free admission, overpopulated with mindlessness, vapidness, and overconsumption and it takes no work to reside here. It’s easy and comfortable and it reinforces all the things we believe are true.

Ignorance is easy. It doesn’t challenge us and it allows us to be unaware of all the fuckedupness in our world. Sometimes I wish for ignorance—that deep well surrounding me in comforting darkness because even though the depths of ignorance are black, understanding and knowing real things—reality—is even blacker.

For a time, I stopped reading the news. I was already engulfed in my own depression that I had no energy to process the multitude of wars, calamities, and fuckedupery that devastates so many lives. I equated “being informed” with the burden of knowing and I gave it up because at that moment ignorance was bliss, and bliss was living one uncomplicated and unthinking day to the next.

Then, slowly, I found myself caring again, and choosing to know about what was happening outside of my small existence. Amidst all of the ridiculousness that I read about, a handful of stories continue to weigh heavily on me. Heartbreaking stories that sometimes make me feel as though I wished I had never read them.

Although ignorance is bliss, is it a bliss worth living for?

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Ignorance is bliss, but willful ignorance is irresponsible. Lauren Denitzio, who used to sing and play guitar in The Measure [SA] and is a designer for this very publication, wrote an essay about sexism in punk rock. It’s a shame that anyone even has to write about sexism in punk rock in 2011, especially in a community that purports to be a refuge from mainstream culture and all

of its faults. She cites specific issues that concern her:

I think part of the problem is that a lot of guys don’t understand the things that women find threatening because it’s not obviously dressed as a sexist act. What I think of when I imagine a scene without sexism is a scene where we consciously make an effort to create a safer space for everyone, no matter who they are...So, for those who might not know what I’m talking about: you know what makes me feel unsafe? When you’re the only guy in the pit who doesn’t get the message to not fly full force into someone half your size or strength. When you take your shirt off at a show. When you ask me if I’m “in the band or with the band” after a male bandmate says the four of us are all in the band. When you tell me I play guitar well for a girl. When you say that all the guys want to fuck the girl in that band. When you make a rape joke. When you use the word bitch or call someone a slut. The list doesn’t end there. Now do you think the scene isn’t sexist?

I read a lot of comments about the essay, and there were folks who were hung up on a single detail—the notion that people could feel unsafe when men flip their “shirts off, dudes on” switch.

What it comes down to is that when you’re a dude and you take off your shirt in a hot, muggy basement show, you’re not just trying to cool yourself off. You’re saying something with your body and who you are. You’re saying, “I’m a dude, and as a dude, I can take my shirt off in a room full of other people because it’s hot as fuck down here and I take my shirt off when it’s hot as fuck because I’m a dude. I don’t have to worry about people thinking I’m an exhibitionist whore or grabbing my tits or having my sanity in question because I took my shirt off.” You’re unknowingly asserting your dude-ness for all to see, you’re saying, “Check me out, I’m a fucking dude.”

And you know what? That makes some people feel unsafe. Just because you think it’s innocuous doesn’t mean it is. Just because

you don’t agree that it makes people feel unsafe doesn’t mean it doesn’t. Put your fucking shirt on.

\*\*\*

In our daily lives, we rely on a multitude of assumptions to get us through our days as easily as possible. Our culture uses stereotypical ideas to tell stories and reinforce messages: all couples are heterosexual, there are only two genders, boys like blue and girls like pink, and ad nauseum. This creates a space where we don’t ask questions and just fall into our prescribed roles.

Here’s a story from a filmmaker and anti-sexist activist, Byron Hurt, who described an experience where he became aware of his own unawareness and had to step out of a space of what he thought he knew. He attended a gender-violence prevention workshop where the facilitator asked:

“Men, what things do you do to protect yourself from being raped or sexually assaulted?”

Not one man, including myself, could quickly answer the question. Finally, one man raised his hand and said, “Nothing.” Then Katz asked the women, “What things do you do to protect yourself from being raped or sexually assaulted?” Nearly all of the women in the room raised their hand. One by one, each woman testified:

“I don’t make eye contact with men when I walk down the street,” said one.

“I don’t put my drink down at parties,” said another.

“I use the buddy system when I go to parties.”

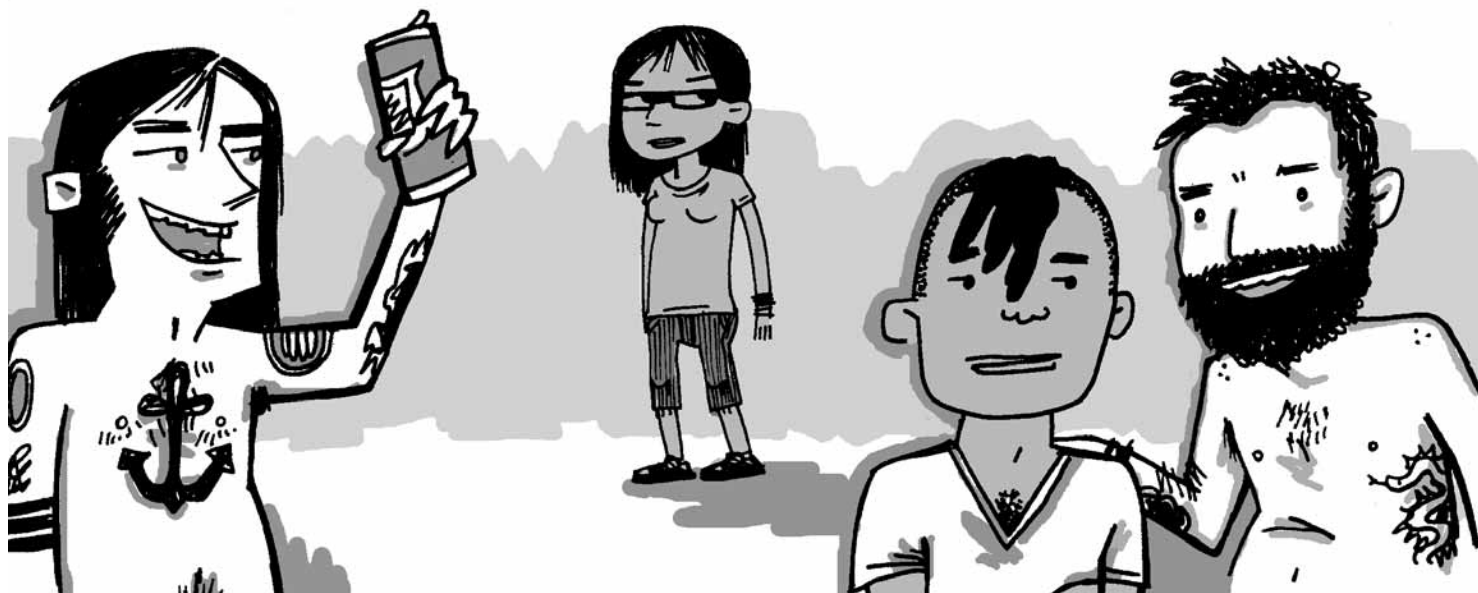
“I cross the street when I see a group of guys walking in my direction.”

“I use my keys as a potential weapon.”

“I carry mace or pepper spray.”

“I watch what I wear.”

The women went on for several minutes, until their side of the blackboard was completely filled with responses. The men’s side of the blackboard was blank. I was stunned. I had never heard a group of women say these things before. I thought about all of the women in my life—including my mother, sister and



NATION OF AMANDA

# How do we ensure civility toward one another if we aren't considerate, respectful, and understanding of each other?

girlfriend—and realized that I had a lot to learn about gender.

Byron is not alone in being unaware of the multitude of things that women, or female-identified folks, go through daily. Sometimes we get so consumed with our own experiences that we forget to take into account other folks. How do we ensure civility toward one another if we aren't considerate, respectful, and understanding of each other?

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"That makes me sick to my stomach," DanE said.

I had just told him two stories I recently read. One story was from a village in Shariatpur, Bangladesh, the other took place in Cleveland, Texas.

In Shariatpur, Bangladesh, a fourteen-year-old girl was raped by her forty-year-old cousin. The cousin had been harassing the girl. One night as she walked between her home and the outhouse, he attacked and raped her. His wife found them during the assault and reported both of them for the crime of adultery. The village imam found the girl and her cousin both guilty of the crime and sentenced them to public lashings. She was sentenced to 101 lashes, but could only endure seventy lashes before passing out. A week later, Hena Akhter passed away from internal bleeding.

In Cleveland, Texas, an eleven-year-old girl was gang-raped by a total of nineteen boys and men over the span of three months. These acts are horrific in their own right—but the *New York Times* coverage consisted of a reporter who wrote a story that seemed sympathetic to the perpetrators. There were quotes from town folk like, "These boys have to live with this the rest of their lives" and "They said she dressed older than her age, wearing makeup and fashions more appropriate to a woman in her 20s." An updated *Times* article offers more objective reporting, but it's still a story about the repeated sexual assault of a child. Ultimately, the two stories reflect how we write and think about these types of attacks on children and women.

Both of these stories are difficult to digest. All I could say throughout my retelling was, "It's so fucked up." It's even worse to think that perhaps these stories are not rare.

DanE nodded, "That's what makes me worry about having a daughter." He paused. "Actually, it makes me worry about having a boy, too. What if the boy isn't raised right and he grows up to do these things?"

We teach our daughters and sisters to protect themselves, but are we as intentional in raising our sons and brothers? What does it say about people and culture when these things occur? Should we simply dismiss them as the gruesome acts of a few rather than examine how our cultures, our treatment

of each other on a daily basis, and how we think about the world around us affects some people to a point where they are capable of such brutality?

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There is a mindfulness we need to embody, where we condition ourselves to default to treat everyone with dignity.

That's all I've got. I have no other answers and only write about this because I'm searching for others to tell me that it can be better. I'm looking for everyone else to let me know that we are all working on being more aware.

It's a long and difficult stretch to weave an essay that begins with shirtless guys at a punk show to the death of a rape victim in Bangladesh. And, yes, there are no logical connections between the two events except that these things occur because—within layers of multiple and varied cultural fuckedupness—there lies cultures that allow male dominance to go unchecked to varying degrees. Patriarchy affects everyone, and it's all of our responsibilities to de-normalize it.

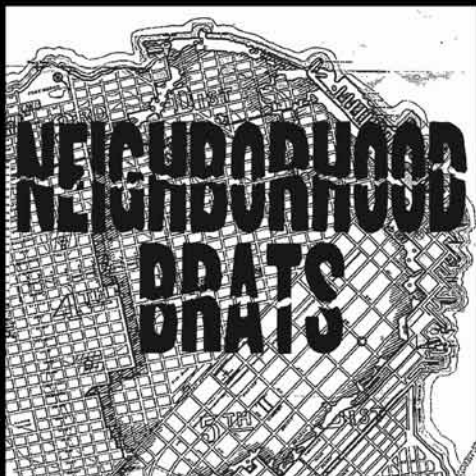
How do we begin? By taking small steps against our own personal ignorance and letting everyone else in.

—Amy Adoyzie  
amyadoyzie.com





# new releases



**MAR013 - 5 song 12" ep/CDep**  
Debut release from former members of The Orphans, Cute Lepers, Rooftie & the Nightstalker. Think Early Black flag mixed with VKTMS/The AVENGERS. YES, It really is that good.



**MAR015 - 12 song LP/CD**  
The Beach City Butchers are back with their first full length in a decade. Twelve brand new songs of their patented OC beach punk fury.



**MAR012 - 5 song ep CD**  
All 4 songs from their nut smashing first 2 seven inches + an unreleased bonus song. This bay area band includes members of the Briefs/the Bodies. Both seven inches on many lists for best single of 2010.



**MAR005 - 10 song LP/CD**  
Second Pressing with Orange/Black covers. Ten song debut full length from this band constructed with members of the Briefs, the Bodies & the Shifters. Named on many TOP TEN lists for best album of 2010.

Also available: **MODERN PETS-Vista Alienation 3 song 7 inch**

Coming soon: **SHARP OBJECTS** debut full length LP/CD  
**THE BODIES** new 7 inch  
**AMOEBAS** debut LP/CD  
**RULETA RUSA** debut 7 inch  
**THE BRIEFS** singles only LP/CD



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**“The closest I got to the White House, I was in the Swedish embassy with Peter Sellers.”**

# Nardwuar vs. Tommy Chong

The Human Serviette

**Nardwuar:** Do you really love drugs?

**Tommy Chong:** I really do. I love it. I think drugs are what's happening and I advise everybody to do them, especially young kids, huh-huh.

**Nardwuar:** Are there any drugs you haven't done, that you won't do, or that you sort of want to?

**Tommy:** Cigarettes. I won't do cigarettes. Nicotine will kill ya. And I don't really drink a lot of booze. Alcohol will kill ya... but I smoke all the pot I can find. I don't smoke it all at once. I just do a little bit at a time. And I used to take acid, but I quit around 1971.

**Nardwuar:** How about ecstasy? There are a lot of new ravers that are into ecstasy and stuff. Are you in to that?

**Tommy:** I've done ecstasy and it was great. Remember John Lurie from *Stranger than Paradise*, an actor? Ya, he and I did ecstasy together. We had a very nice time. We sort of chatted all night, while some strange man necked with his girlfriend in another room for about four hours—and she came out of the room and she's on ecstasy too—and she thought it was John. She'd been necking with a stranger and she thought it was her boyfriend.

**Nardwuar:** What happened to Bobby Taylor and the Vancouvers, like you started that group? You guys were the first Canadian group, the first non-black group to be signed to Motown. That's pretty wild!

**Tommy:** Yeah, we had a number one record. Yeah we... there's a lot of history there. We discovered the Jackson Five, opening for us one place.

**Nardwuar:** That was Bobby Taylor who discovered Michael Jackson, you helped too?

**Tommy:** No, we were there. We were all there at the same time. We were playing a chitlin' gig, chitlin' circuit—all the black clubs—and we played the Regal Theatre in Chicago, and the Jackson Five were opening for us. So we took 'em to Detroit and had 'em signed on to Motown.

**Nardwuar:** Was it hard to get signed to Motown, being a Vancouver band?

**Tommy:** Well, I had an after-hours club in Vancouver and when any of the Motown acts would call—

**Nardwuar:** What was the club called?

**Tommy:** It was called the Elegant Parlour. Whenever the Motown acts would stay in Vancouver, they would come down to my club

'cause it was like a black after-hours booze bar, and it was hip. The Vancouvers played there and so did the Supremes, who actually discovered us first. They were partying and they told Berry Gordy, and Berry flew in to Vancouver, saw us, signed us, and we went to Detroit.

**Nardwuar:** Have you ever smoked anything with Neil Young before?

**Tommy:** I never met Neil Young. I just saw him in a movie where he had a big coke booger in his nose... that's the only time I've...

**Nardwuar:** And they airbrushed it out?!

**Tommy:** No they left it in.

**Nardwuar:** No, *The Last Waltz*. They airbrushed it out.

**Tommy:** Not in the version I saw! Big huge coke booger!

**Nardwuar:** James Brown—what do you think his drug of preference was? 'Cause he was known to do angel dust.

**Tommy:** Well James went through a bisexual period that was real funny. Remember that song "Please, Please, Please"? Well, James had a gay lover at the time and he'd be on his knees. If you look at some film, you'll see him on his knees and this guy would run up and throw a fur coat over him, pick him up, and carry him off the stage. Remember that? And then James would break loose and come running back, "Please, Please," he'd sing some more. The guy that would run out and grab him, that was James' lover. James was a very heavy bisexual for the longest time and then he, James, I don't know what happened to him.

**Nardwuar:** He was trying to open a bunch of burger restaurants in the ghettos. Did you hear about that? What was that about?

**Tommy:** Ah, James, man, you know, he's a... he's from the south. He was like a down-home brother, you know. Not too many smarts, you know, like the rest of us, anybody in rock'n'roll. We just knew one thing, you know: music. And James was one of 'em. He's a cool guy though. I met him.

**Nardwuar:** Have you seen him since, or do any of the old rock'n'rollers phone you up at all coming through town?

**Tommy:** They got short memories. A lot of them, they don't remember. Well, they're old fuckers too, you know, like Joe Jackson; Michael Jackson's father doesn't remember me. I met him one time...

**Nardwuar:** Maybe he doesn't want to remember you. Selective memory?

**Tommy:** He's fuckin' stupid, man. He doesn't remember me. He does not. I look him in the eye and he doesn't remember me. It's weird, man. I think he—I don't know, whatever. You know, Jermaine and all the rest, they do, 'cause they were like half way—they had half a brain, you know?

**Nardwuar:** When did the Vancouvers break up? Was that your last band before movies started?

**Tommy:** Yeah, I got fired. I had a... I was getting my green card. I had Motown pay for it—myself and the bass player—because you know how important a green card is. You know, working down in the States. So I had a gig I was backing up. Bobby had left. He went on with Smokey and the Vancouvers were backing up a girl called Chris Clark, who was Berry Gordy's white girl of the month club, you know? So I had to leave town in the middle of the gig to go do an interview to get my green card, and uh, she fired me for leaving the gig. This is after I told her what I had to do. So I quit the band, moved to Vancouver, and started an improv group. Then I met Cheech.

**Nardwuar:** Had Cheech been in bands before?

**Tommy:** Yeah, he was Little Caesar And The Chicanos, or something. He had a Chicano band like a Frankie Valli kind of band, and he also was in Calgary—Brad Creek outside of Calgary—and uh, was in a lot of bands.

**Nardwuar:** Do you have any Brian Wilson stories?

**Tommy:** [laughs] Cheech and I we were playing Vegas one time. We walked in the elevator and Brian was huddled in the corner. And I don't know how long he'd been riding the elevator for, but he was just, kind of comatose in the corner. We never said anything. We just kinda looked over and I said, "Oh, Brian."

**Nardwuar:** Didn't you want to help him?

**Tommy:** Naw. What can you do? He's fucked up... met Ted Nugent one time. That was funny. Just recently. I said in the elevator, "Hey Ted, how are ya doin'?" I'm Tommy Chong," and Ted says, "No, I'm Ted Nugent." And I said, "No, Ted. I'm Tommy Chong," and he goes, "Oh, I'm sorry, man. I'm deaf." He's deaf. He can't hardly hear!

**Nardwuar:** What about Elvis?

**Tommy:** Elvis sent us a Christmas card one time, and that's the closest I ever got to Elvis.

**Nardwuar:** Who would send you Christmas cards, and why? Celebrity-to-celebrity or any particular reason?

**Tommy:** I think Elvis probably got into our movies and that was his way of saying, you know, hello, and that's about all I can think of.

**Nardwuar:** What about Margaret Trudeau?

**Tommy:** No. Nothing on Margaret, no. I was doing movies when she was fucking Mick (Jagger).

**Nardwuar:** Did you get to go to the White House and meet Nixon? Any White House...?

**Tommy:** The closest I got to the White House, I was in the Swedish embassy with Peter Sellers. Peter was going out with the daughter of the ambassador. I had a gig in Washington and Peter sent me a telegram saying that the Swedish Ambassador requests the presence of Sir Ashley Roachclip at the residence. And Ashley Roachclip was a character from one of our records. I went there and we had a great time. We played records. We got stoned. They kept ringing these bells and the maids would come in—you know, there's a bell there and it would say "service"—so we'd push it and a sleepy maid would show up about ten minutes later. We'd look around, "Oh, yeah. Get us a beer", so she'd get us a beer. We had a good time. It was legal 'cause we were on Swedish territory, so we could smoke dope.

**Nardwuar:** So Tommy Chong, how were the Beatles? It's been rumored that Paul and John had some wild escapades in different rooms. Did you ever hear anything about that?

**Tommy:** I met John and Rod Stewart in a bedroom the same night at a party in Lou Adler's house. I was going to find a place to smoke a joint; they were in there. John was sitting on the floor. He was into his May Pang era, you know, the Chinese secretary, and Rod was sitting on the bed. I think I had just met Britt Ekland at the time, and I come in and I say, "Hey, how are ya doin' you guys?" Light up a joint and they freaked! They were afraid of the immigration! John wouldn't take a toke and Rod wouldn't take a toke, so I said fuck it and I smoked it myself! That's the only time I've met those guys.

**Nardwuar:** So you are here right now in Edmonton. Do you go home right now to your house in Edmonton? Do you have anywhere to stay?

**Tommy:** I don't think so man. Edmonton?

**Nardwuar:** No relatives anywhere? You said you were from Edmonton, or you went to school here?

**Tommy:** Nah, no more relatives anymore. They tore Chinatown down, man. Whatever relatives I had that were living there, they're gone. In Calgary, I got some nieces.

**Nardwuar:** All right Tommy Chong... doot doola doot doo...

**Tommy:** Uh, doot doo.

To hear Nardwuar vs. Tommy Chong go to [nardwuar.com](http://nardwuar.com)

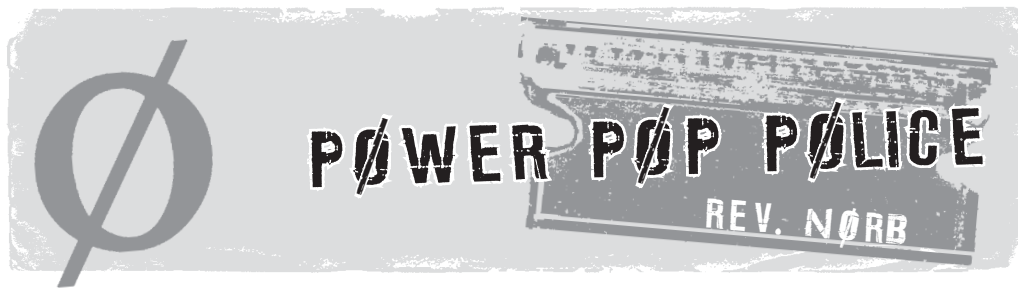


CRAIG HORKY

**Nardwuar:** Do you really love drugs?

**Tommy Chong:** I really do. I love it. I think drugs are what's happening and I advise everybody to do them.





**“Do you think it means ‘barbecue’ or ‘Frito pie’ or something?”**

## SON OF RETURN TO THE PLANET OF FLOGGING A DEAD WEASEL ((SLIGHT RETURN)) or BACKSTAGE PASSES TO THE CARNIVAL OF SCHADENFREUDE

Well. Well well. Well well well. The more things change, the more they stay the same, or so they tell me. No sooner is the smudgy ol’ printer’s ink dry on last issue’s column—in which i wrangled with the rather thorny issue of whether or not wearing my black-and-yellow Riverdales t-shirt with the big “27” on it would charm or curse my beloved Green Bay Packers in their Super® Bowl® XLV® appearance® ((ANSWER: Charm!!!—even though the shirt was in the opposing team’s colors, featured my former rival’s lucky number, and advertised a band composed primarily of *[[disdainful shudder!]]* Chicago Bears fans)), leading to a brief sashay down memory lane to the 90’s, and the Golden Age of Weasel Bashing upon which i feasted therein—when Screeching Weasel obligingly headed down to Austin for SXSW, ice cubes and punches flew, and all manner of bedlam and tumult broke loose. I guess I can’t say Weasel never gave me anything; I was really hard up for column ideas before this little internet gem dropped, gift-wrapped, into my ever-changing lap ((but first, my goodness, did you read where Ben Snakepit had to de-friend a few fellow Razorcake contributors on Facebook® because they wouldn’t stop posting about sports? WHAT??? IT’S AN OUTRAGE I TELL YOU!!! WHAT ASSHOLES!!! I CAN’T BELIEVE FELLOWRAZORCAKECONTRIBUTORS WOULD DO SUCH A THING!!! WHO ARE THESE MISCREANTS IN OUR MIDST??? SEND OUT THESE MOUTH-BREATHERS AND KNUCKLE-DRAGGERS, THAT WE MIGHT KNOW THEM BIBLICALLY!!! OUTRAGE!!! OUTRAGE!!! ACK!!!)) So anyway, as is likely not news to anyone reading this, my ol’ pal Ben Weasel went all Charlie Sheen in Austin, culminating in a well-YouTubed tantrum which quickly devolved into the walloping of a few ladies of the female persuasion. Then his gigs got canceled. Then his band quit. Now, given that the state of Earth’s interplanetary mass communications system currently provides approximately ten million billion zillion avenues for expressing comments, concerns, and opinions about matters such as these—avenues a substantial portion of Screeching Weasel’s fanbase avail themselves with morbid frequency—i am vaguely hesitant to

add my dulcet voice to the pre-existing pile of clamor that has already erupted in Weaselgate’s wake. But, then again, I spent the better part of a decade positioning Weasel as Reggie Mantle to my Jughead ((except i’m not really well-known enough to be Jughead, let alone Archie—and there already was a Jughead in Screeching Weasel, which will just confuse ‘em at retail—so realistically it’s more like i am Dilton Doily to Weasel’s Reggie, although I believe myself to be taller than that, so this is all terribly terribly unfair))—as Rudy to my Mushmouth—as shifti Dick Dastardly to my Luke & Blubber Bear in the Arkansas Chugabug—so why let all that good sniping go to waste? Dammit, i know that me ragging on Ben Weasel is trite, overplayed, pointless, redundant and unimaginative—but, for WHATEVER god damn reason, making smart-ass remarks at Weasel’s expense has always been like a box of Girl Scout Cookies to me: I know i should keep my distance, but, DAMMIT, I JUST CAN’T HELP MYSELF. Now, there is a mild silver lining to this bloodshot turn of events (note: I have no idea what I meant by the phrase “bloodshot turn of events.” I just thought it was part of the lyrics of “Blinded by the Light” by Manfred Mann or Bruce Springsteen or someone, but i googled it and that’s not in the lyrics at all. Then again, when i was a kid, everybody thought he was singing about rubbers or some god damn thing, so who fuckin’ knows, ya know?)): I am refraining from commenting on the whole punching-out-women aspect of things; completely bypassing that part of the whole sordid affair. I mean, seriously: Dude punched two chicks. There really isn’t anything further i should have to say about that. Let’s move on. What REALLY gets me about Weaselgate—far more than Weasel’s ungenteel tolchocking of a few devotchkas—is the vast swirl of tiger blood-infused brain poop the guy was spewing forth prior to his going full-on O.J. Simpson on the frauleins. I speak of, specifically, this phrase: “Carnival of Schadenfreude.” Weasel called South By Southwest a “Carnival of Schadenfreude.” A *Carnival of Schadenfreude*. Not to put too fine a point on it, but WHO THE FUCK SERIOUSLY CALLS ANYTHING A “CARNIVAL OF SCHADENFREUDE???” ((well, i mean, I might call something a “Carnival of Schadenfreude”—but i would

say it in a goofy voice, and with my finger pointing up in the air, and it would probably be in reference to unwrapping a Dark Chocolate Kit Kat®, so i would give myself a pass on that. Unless Weasel can demonstrate a parallel delivery method, no pass for him. Come back one year)). I mean, who the fuck talks like that??? And WHAT THE FUCK DOES HE MEAN??? I mean, I know what a “carnival” is, and I know what an “of” is, and, hell, I even know what “Schadenfreude” is ((a German word meaning “satisfaction or pleasure felt at someone else’s misfortune”))... so therefore, Ben is saying that SXSW is...a festival...of...people taking enjoyment in someone else’s misfortune? ((pause)) What the FUCK??? How is SXSW a festival of people taking enjoyment in someone else’s misfortune??? ALL ANYBODY DOES AT SXSW IS SIT AROUND ALL WEEK DRINKING BEER AND WATCHING BANDS, YOU FUCK! How the hell are you getting “Carnival of Schadenfreude” out of this??? What the fuck, do you even know what “Schadenfreude” MEANS? Like, do you think it means “barbecue” or “Frito pie” or something? Are you confusing it with that cold brown stuff that comes in a glass??? DUDE, THAT IS SHINER BOCK, NOT SCHADENFREUDE. I mean, cripes, when your intrepid Razorcake staffers invaded SXSW in 2004, all we really did was go down to Beerland every day and drink beer and watch bands. I’m not exactly sure where the finding joy in the pain of others comes into the equation. *Ah ha! Look at that other fool over there drinking beer and watching bands! Surely his pain in so doing beggars description! O the delicious misery! O the glorious torment! His incalculable agony is our most exquisite delight!* I think the closest thing to a Carnival of Schadenfreude at SXSW was the merriment I brought to the crowd when I was puking in the wastebasket at Beerland the first night I was there ((I couldn’t help it. I was forced at bayonet-point to sit for hours in the Austin airport bar and wait for Todd’s flight to arrive. *They had Schadenfreude on tap! And Girl Scout Cookies!* I couldn’t help myself!)) I mean... there are probably a lot of valid negatives one could lob at SXSW, were one so inclined. Calling it a cheap holiday in other people’s misery is just sorta...dopey. But yet...the possibility exists that perhaps I just don’t



MARCOS SIREF

## Making smart-ass remarks at Weasel's expense has always been like a box of Girl Scout Cookies to me.

### I JUST CAN'T HELP MYSELF.

*understand* this latest manifestation of the Ben Weasel genius. HE'S ON A DRUG! A DRUG CALLED BEN WEASEL! IT WILL MAKE MY FACE MELT OFF INTO A BIG PILE OF SCHADENFREUDE, AND MY CHILDREN TAKE JOY IN THE MISFORTUNE OF MY EXPLODED BODY! I mean, he *IS* the artist who brought the genius of "Jeanie's Got A Problem With Her Uterus" into the world, so the guy's hunkering frontal lobes obviously travel in pretty rarified strata. There IS, therefore, a very real chance that this whole Weaselgate mess is simply the result of widespread misunderstanding—that Weasel is on our side after all, and we're just too dim to recognize his magnanimity. What if Joe and Jane Punkerton are as befuddled by Weasel's lesser concepts as I am by the brain-boinging genius of "Carnival of Schadenfreude?" Why, this would mean that punkdom would be turning against Weez due to our own tragic lack of vision at the exact time that B.W. needed us most! *This cannot be! This shall not stand!* I must come to poor, misunderstood Ben's aid, so he can go back to playing \$25,000 gigs on the weekends! CHIN UP, B.W.!!! YOUR OLD PAL NØRBERT IS HASTENING TO YOUR RESCUE!!! Therefore, in order to provide better layman-Weasel understanding, here is a brief list of some of Weasel's more cryptic references, decoded to plain English in order to foster a climate of increased Peace, Love, and Understanding.

**WEASEL SAYS:** "Gearing up to play the most depressing show of my life in the most joyless, soulless, shameful excuse of a music event in modern history."

**WEASEL MEANS:** "...because reforming your band after ten or fifteen years of inactivity for the express purpose of playing a select number of big-money, fly-in gigs is a totally heartfelt, legit, punk rock thing to do."

**WEASEL SAYS:** "Blood On The Ice!"

**WEASEL MEANS:** "ICE??? ICE??? WHHURURAAARRRRRRRGHHHHH!!! HULK SMASH!!!"

**WEASEL SAYS:** "I'm about to go play for free for douchey rock critics and music industry hacks. I'm ashamed of myself."

**WEASEL MEANS:** "I count playing for \$250 as playing for free, because most punk bands are used to substantially larger paychecks, and i'm really only ashamed of myself because the carefully calculated plan of expanding my fanbase and attracting Green Day-level major label interest that I was trying so damn hard to put into effect in the 90's by bitching about how much I hate major labels ((thereby making myself attractive to big-money corporate suitors hoping to rake bigger money off of gullible saps whom they imagine will buy into my anti-major-label pose)) never panned out, so I have to keep chasing that goddamn money

even though i'm in my forties and should already be a retired millionaire now."

**WEASEL SAYS:** "Blood On The Ice!"

**WEASEL MEANS:** "Tiger Blood on The Ice! I'M ON A DRUG CALLED BEN WEASEL DAMMIT!!! HOLD MY CALLS!"

**WEASEL SAYS:** "Jeanie's Got A Problem With Her Uterus"

**WEASEL MEANS:** "Jeanie's Got A Problem With Her Uterus...and you would too if I punched ya there, bitch!"

**WEASEL SAYS:** "I hate you fucking parasitic rock critics! Get a real job!"

**WEASEL MEANS:** "...like reforming your punk band from the 90's and playing 'Jeanie's Got A Uterus' for \$25,000 a show!"

**WEASEL SAYS:** "I'm just going hooooome... I've had a long daaaaay..."

**WEASEL MEANS:** "I'm just going hooooome...I've had a long daaaaay...on second thought, take THAT! And THAT!"

**WEASEL SAYS:** "And we become what we hate."

**WEASEL MEANS:** Hmmm, no additional translation available.

Love,  
-Nørb



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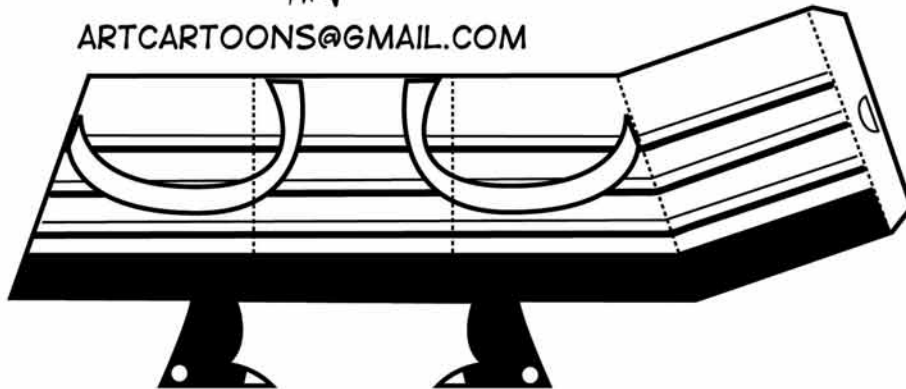
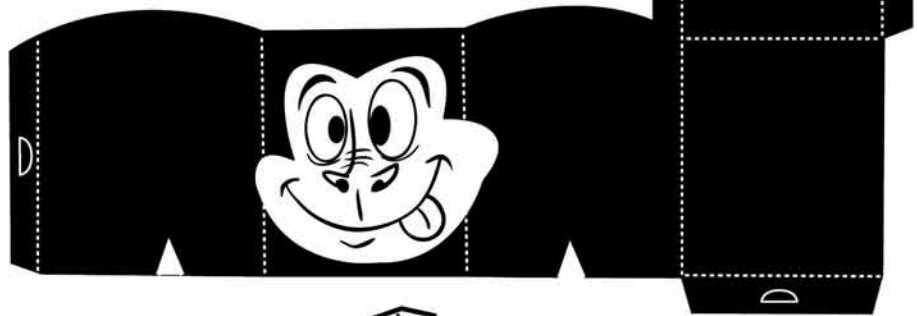
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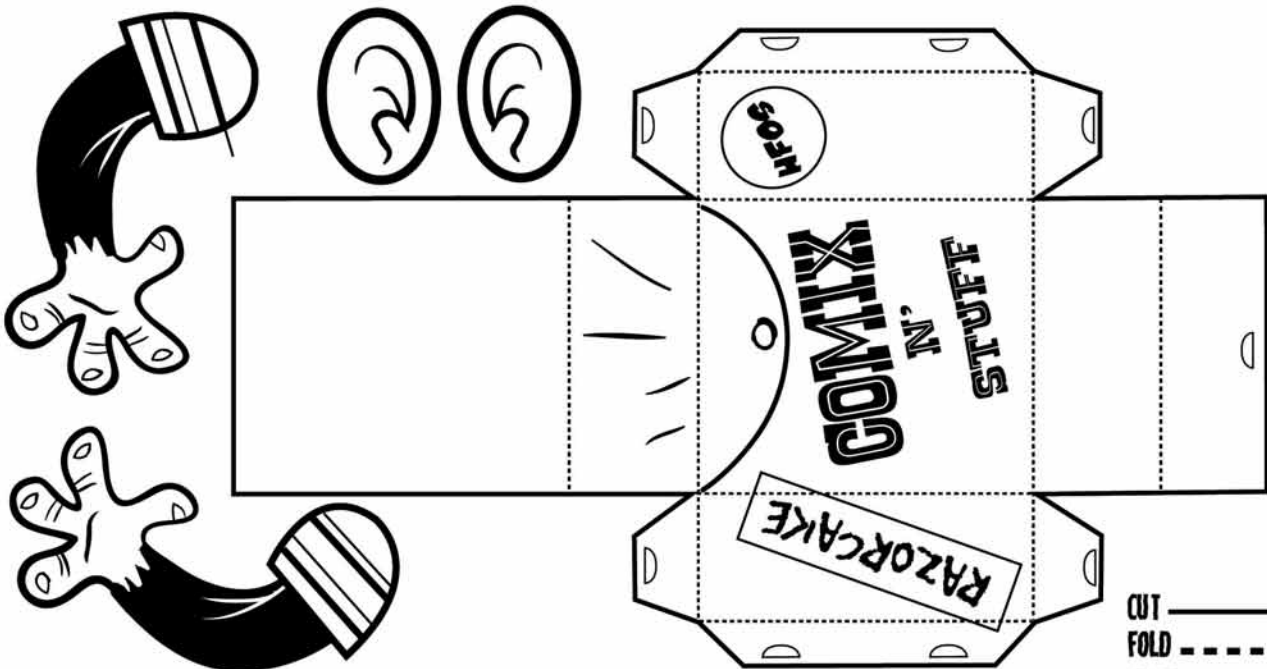
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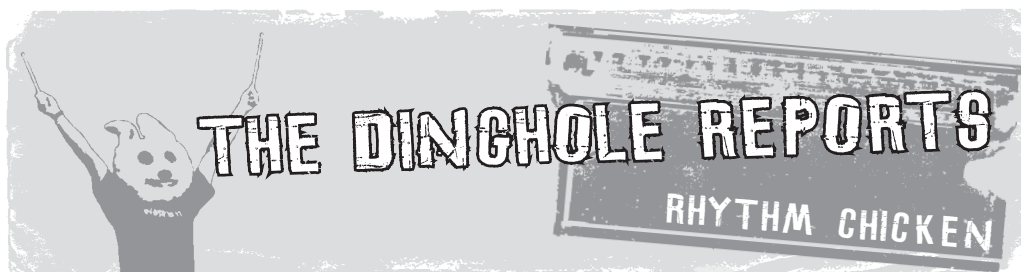


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**"I wanted to work for myself, pay or not pay myself, and answer to myself."**

# Hops and Barley Bisque!

The Dinghole Reports  
By The Rhythm Chicken  
(Commentary by Francis Funyuns)  
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

Soon after I turned sixteen, it seemed like a good time to get a job. My friend Shanda was working at McDonald's and told me they were hiring. I applied and got hired. I hated every day of working that job, which makes it difficult to admit I stayed there for four years. Then I decided to work up in Door County for a summer. I got a job cooking at a resort and started learning how to make *real* food with *real* ingredients.

Aside from leaving for college, going on short tours with a punk rock band, and leaving to try life in Milwaukee and Poland, I worked this job on and off for about fourteen years. When I moved to Milwaukee I helped open two restaurants I cooked at, in addition to cooking part time at a third. Back up in Door County, I eventually started cooking at a nicer restaurant and have been there for five years now. The last two winters I escaped to the Las Vegas area where I cooked at one famous restaurant and a great small wine bar in Boulder City. I have basically been cooking for a paycheck for the last twenty-four years.

While in high school and college, I was cooking because it was all I ever did and I was planning on getting a *real* job once I had my degree. Well, after an embarrassingly long college career I finally got my degree in mathematics with a minor in computer science. Being a self-proclaimed workaholic, I paid off my college tuition every summer and graduated debt-free. After graduation, I had no bills to pay off and felt no pressing need to go into my field. Besides, I needed a break from all the fractals, strange attractors, and epsilon neighborhoods. I kept on cooking and really started enjoying it. I still have had no formal training, but the twenty-four years of kitchen experience under my belt cannot be bought with tuition money. Every now and then I pull out my old math books and wonder what would have happened had I actually become an actuary. I'm sure I would've gone mad.

(So the big brilliant math geek would rather work mornings with a hangover behind a grill. Big whoop. – F.F.)

Well, cooking *is* a safer profession for those with frequent hangovers, but I think they would've been more frequent

if I had to sit in a cubicle every day and peruse distribution curves while exercising my regression analysis skills. I just feel more comfortable in a blue collar setting. I enjoy making fancy food at work and then doctoring up some mac and cheese at home. Still, cooking day in and day out for a paycheck was starting to look less and less appealing as I inched closer to the big four-oh. Doing any job for a paycheck looked less and less appealing. I felt the strong urge to risk it all and start my own business. Be it punk rock or not, I was going to become a business owner. I wanted to work for myself, pay or not pay myself, and answer to myself. I think the Butthole Surfers once said, "It's better to regret something you've done than to regret something you didn't do." Yup, I just turned forty and it's about time I opened my own restaurant.

[Mmmmmmmmbwaaaaahahahahaha! You are going to open a *restaurant*? Oh, this is gonna be quite a sight! Trailer trash food from the drunken chicken! – Dr. S.]

(Let's hope you don't end up serving *hasenpfeffer*! – F.F.)

{Hasenpfeffer? What's *hasenpfeffer*? – Yosemite Sam}

You two can join the rest of the nay-sayers! I don't need your business! Besides, *hasenpfeffer* is German. My joint will be a bit more Polish themed. Barszcz czerwony and zapiekanki! Actually, it won't be a full scale restaurant. I don't want to take on that much all at once. After experiencing the *bar mleczny* of Poland, I am trying to recreate my own version here in northern Wisconsin in the form of a soup diner, serving four soups a day and a few cold sandwiches. That's it: cheap, healthy food for a low price. Affordable lunch for the working class. I'll never forget one bank's chief loan officer who, while reading my business plan, took off his glasses in disbelief while he read aloud, "...soup for the proletariat?" No wonder it took me forever to get financing.

[So, let me get this straight. Here in the land of wealthy Chicago tourists and high-end eateries, you plan on opening a cheap soup diner for the poor? – Dr. S.]

(How very "recession-minded," Mr. Chicken! – F.F.)

Actually, it's thanks to the recession that I am able to get this project off the ground. Just one month before my fortieth birthday I ended up buying a small building for *half* of what it was going for in 2007! Smaller mortgage payments mean lower overhead, a lower break-even point, and lower prices for my product. Chalk one up for the proletariat!

[So, do you think you can bring yourself to serve *chicken soup*? – Dr. S.]

That is a moral dilemma I will have to face after I open up shop. I am, however, planning on serving Rhythm Chili every Saturday! My Rhythm Chili's five different kinds of meat will scare away some vegetarians and the cheese and sour cream will equally scare off the vegans, but my Bohemian potato chowder should keep them both happy!

(Wait, wait, wait! You mean to tell me that *you* bought a building?! You now own *real estate*? The relative "punkness" of that move is now open for debate! – F.F.)

Yes, buying a small piece of land and a building may seem like a not-so-punk move to make, but I'm grappling with an even bigger paradox. My first-ever land purchase will seem even *more* unpunk when you take into consideration that the land lies in the town of Ephraim, WI, the only dry town in the state! Dry, dry, dry! No alcohol sales! Zilch! A dry town in Wisconsin is like a Fear record in the straight-edge section! Actually, it's more like a Christian straight-edge record in the garage rock section! Me, the Rhythm Chicken, I have purchased real estate in the *only dry town in Wisconsin*. It's like a messed-up mental Rubik's cube, and I feel colorblind! Why did I do it?

(This *surely* must qualify you for termination from the Razorcake roster! – F.F.)

[If this unpunk real estate talk goes on much longer, we'll have no room for the ruckus. – Dr. S.]

True. And I've got no new ruckus to report. I suppose it's time again for one of those rare blasts from the past? Very well. Let me reach into my grab bag of age-old ruckus. I'll set the "way back" machine to 2001, location Green Bay.



LUBRANO

# “...soup for the proletariat?” No wonder it took me forever to get financing.

## Dinghole Report #120: Classic Ruckus at the Speakeasy!

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #....  
somewhere around 100? Sure, whatever.)

There was a great show at Green Bay's Concert Café. A great touring band was playing and there was a great crowd rocking out. All was as it should be. Next door, at Green Bay's then punk rock bar, the Speakeasy, a raucous crowd of punk rockers was ingesting libations at breakneck speeds! The scene was very high-energy and bizarre, normal for that venue during that time. It only made sense that a chicken should show up in the back corner playing a crappy drumset. It only made perfect sense. I pounded out a very offbeat blast of semi-rhythmic cacophony! The crowd roared! Beer was airborne! I tackled my drumset and thrashed it about! The bartender was already pouring a pitcher of Pabst as payment for my five-minute gig. I crawled to my barstool and another classic night drew to a close at the Speakeasy... the Speakeasy... hmmmmmmmm....

THAT'S IT!!!! EUREKA! I've got it! I now know how I can retain what little punkness I have left! SPEAKEASY!!! Oh glorious punk rock SPEAKEASY!!!

[I think the long winter has finally stricken our chicken with cabin fever. – Dr. S.]

(Speakeasy? Green Bay's Speakeasy ceased being punk rock about five or six years ago. – F.F.)

No! Not in Green Bay! What good is having a dry town in Wisconsin?

[( No good whatsoever. – Dr. S. & F.F.)]

Wrong! Only in a dry town, a town outlawing alcohol sales, can one attempt to start up a modern day speakeasy! If Ephraim wants to cling to the days of prohibition, then I will introduce a modern day speakeasy! I can serve Pabst in soup bowls and call it a cool summer soup, a hops and barley bisque! I can hide it in bowling balls like Moe did in Springfield! I can have secret passageways

to the rooms filled with poker games and dancing girls! I can make a secret handshake! There will be secret passwords and coded invites....

\*The Chicken begins clucking incoherently with excitement.\*

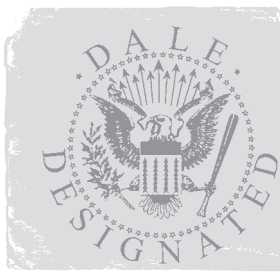
[Hi kids. While the Chicken slowly loses his little birdbrain mind, I will remind you that the Green Bay Packers did indeed win the Super Bowl. When this happens, most Wisconsinites experience a period of extreme elation. Seeing as how this time our elation was cut short by an intense political battle with our new birdbrain governor, some of us have really lost grip with reality. Let's wait and see if next issue's column finds our winged adventurer serving soup to long lines of vacationers or behind bars for crossing the Ephraim Village Board! Till nest time, GO PACK GO! – Dr. S.]

–Rhythm Chicken  
rhythmchicken@hotmail.com



RAZORCAKE 21





I'M AGAINST IT

DESIGNATED DALE

“Silver linings, people.”

# Buffed Oxidation and Silver Linings

Over these last couple of months, I was thrust into a couple of situations with two people that made me question people's capacity for common courtesy. It can sometimes boggle my brain cells when faced with just how carefree and oblivious to consequence some people can be, but I have to quickly remind myself: “Self, if they can't give two shits about themselves, why should they give half a shit about me or anyone else?” To quote my wise, old father-in-law: “And, there you go!”

Both incidents happened out in the parking structure at the hospital I work at.

The first encounter was when I was walking out to my truck after my shift one evening to find that some mucky piece of anal leakage had backed into the rear quarter panel of my truck. This left a huge punchbowl dent over two feet in diameter. No note left on the windshield, no one saw/heard anything about it the following day when I asked around the facility, and of course the worthless security guards hadn't heard a single thing (probably because they were too preoccupied running their bullshitting mouths with the staff on the *inside* of the building, instead of doing their fucking jobs on the *outside*.)

Being that it was *my* problem now, all because of some devil-may-care turd's caca driving, I had my homeboy (and Charm Machine guitarist extraordinaire) Jeff Fox come take a look at it a few days later. He's pretty darn handy with most automotive jive. He was able to kick most of the dent out, but the fact remained that a recent collision was still there in the outlining creases, folds, and scrapes of the damaged side panel. FUCK.

Now, here is where it gets even more ridiculous: Not even *one month* later, another dumbass behind the wheel in the same parking structure at my work rams into the *same* exact spot on my truck, fucking it up even worse than the first retard. This time two of my peeps at work happened to be out there right when it happened. Bob was outside painting and Kevin was taking off for lunch. I got a call in our pharmacy from Kevin on his cell phone, “Hey Dale, you need to get out to the third floor lot. Some stupid asshole just backed into your truck pretty bad, man. I wrote her plate down just in case she tries to bail, but Bob is out there now!” I honestly thought he was pulling my leg and started laughing, in light of what had

already happened. He quickly cut me off and told me he wasn't joking. Shit. Great.

I jammed out to the third floor lot to find Bob and one of the trained monkey security guards talking to some woman standing next to her Kia, with a shattered right rear end that had seen better days. “Are you fucking KIDDING me?!” I keep repeating to myself, as I'm walking up to the scene. Bob turns around and tells me exactly what happened: She was obviously backing out of her parking spot too fast. When she smashed into my truck, he looked up to see her getting flustered and hitting the gas, thereby pushing the rear of my truck into the car parked next to me.

He went on to tell me that she tried driving away, only stopping when he ran down the parking lot in front of her, telling her to hold on. “WHAT?! Oh, *hell* no! Fuck, no!” I told Bob, and walked over to the woman who was giving all of her info. to the security guard. Trying not to boil over, I told her, “So, you tried to leave, huh? Great! I want *all* of your info. The security guard is going to make copies of everything, so I suggest you call your insurance carrier as soon as you get home!”

Then the guy—who is one of our regulars and happens to be a lawyer—who was parked next to me, came walking out to *his* car. Seeing that I was plenty pissed, he calmly reassured me that I had nothing to worry about except some time on the phone with my insurance company and a bit of red tape to sort through. Then he got all of the woman's information and told me to keep in touch if I had any problems.

What got me so furious was that in the twenty-plus years(!) I've had my Chevy truck, it had *never* been in this serious a smash-up. It has its fair share of tiny dings and scratches, but nothing like this and it happens two times in less than two months to boot?! That truck is *still* in unbelievably fine shape, cosmetically and mechanically for being over twenty years old—believe me, you, but that's a whole other column. Being that I was up to my eyeballs in other people's horseshit negligence, I decided that I was going to get this fixed through my insurance, especially since it wasn't any fault of my own. Easy enough you'd think, right? Sure. Check this out.

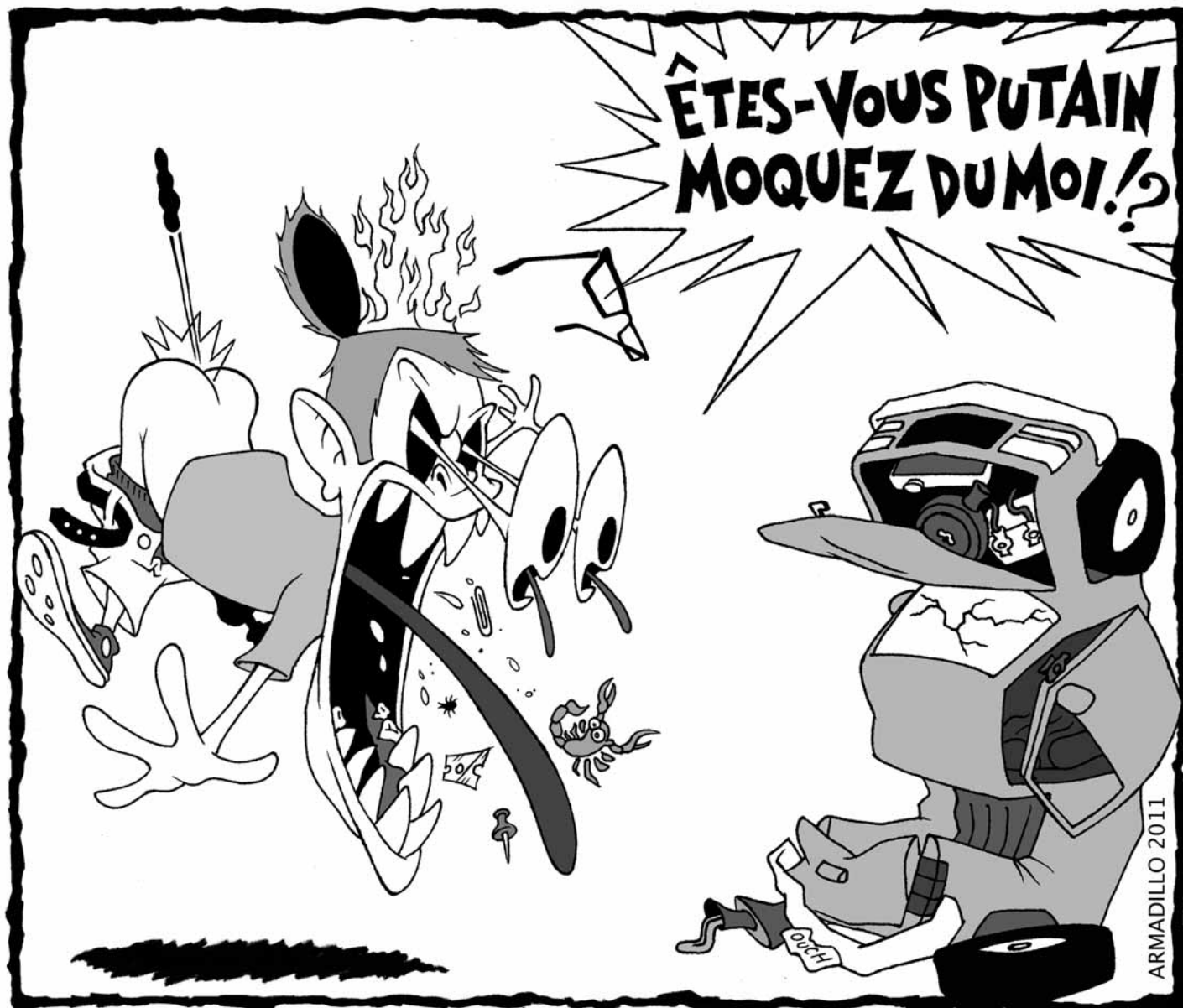
I filed a claim and got things rolling. I found a great rated body shop here in town that's been in business for almost forty years

and is approved by my insurance. Cool. I found out that the California law stipulates only repairs to the damaged area will be fixed as new, but the shop told me they'd buff out the oxidation on the rest of the body to blend in with the factory-new finish my whole rear left panel will have. Awesome—I would've liked to have a whole new paint job, but this is cool too.

Then I get a phone call from the insurance claims department three days later. They tell me the Blue Book value of my truck is just at the total cost of repairs (roughly \$1,600), and that I have two options: 1.) Total my truck and take the money, or 2.) That I may keep the truck, but I'd have to take it to the DMV and fork out for a new “salvaged auto title,” being that it was reported to the state as a totaled vehicle that's still drivable. Then I'd have to have some clipboard-carrying DMV tosser (think Patty and Selma from *The Simpsons*) give it some umpteen-point “road inspection test” to make sure it's safe for the highways.

My head starts to spin after she tells me this, and I can feel the blood rising in my face. I ask her if she saw any of the pics the body shop sent to her department. She says she did and that for as old as it is, my truck is in *very* nice shape. I tell her exactly what happened and how great that truck's been to me all these years, and that it's pretty fucked that I'm put into this position of having to prove its worth at the discretion of some DMV jerk who thinks otherwise, because there was no way I was going to total it. I got angrier and told her how unbelievably frustrating the whole thing was because of some simp who was ready to do fuck-all about it and drive away.

I went on to tell her that if some handjob at the DMV was to declare my truck unfit for the roads, I was going to give it a proper Viking burial and burn it to the ground in their parking lot before I turned it in, to which she actually started laughing. After mulling over the options with me, she told me to give her a few extra days to see if she could find some trucks in my condition on a national search. A couple of days later, she called to tell me she had found a few trucks very similar to mine out in the Midwest that were in the \$3,600 range, and not to worry because my truck was going to be fixed. It felt like the exasperating burden of some retarded asshole driver's boulder had been lifted from my shoulders. After a week or so, I got my truck back. It was clean as a whistle,



JASON ARMADILLO

If some handjob at the DMV was to declare my truck unfit for the roads, I was going to give it a proper Viking burial and burn it to the ground in their parking lot before I turned it in.

and they replaced my rear bumper with an even *better* one that I originally had to begin with, being it was too old a model to have re-chromed. I even found out that I had an extra \$150 added to my returned out-of-pocket deductible as a daily tallied "loss of vehicle" per diem. Score.

Knowing that I was going to get my truck back with no extracurricular bullshit headaches was a very gratifying thing to experience, especially after hearing dozens

of auto insurance horror stories over the years from my friends and family. But you wanna know what's just as gratifying? Knowing that people like Kevin, Bobby, and the claims adjuster from my insurance carrier are out there doing the right thing, having people's backs—people who they may hardly even know at all. They didn't have to do any of this, but I would like to think they did so because they would have wanted someone to do the same for them.

*These* kind of people most definitely restore my faith in humanity.

By the way, I've been walking to work since all of this nonsense went down. It's something I should have been doing these past years to begin with, since I'm not getting any skinnier, ya know? Silver linings, people.

I'm Against It,  
—Designated Dale  
designateddale@yahoo.com



MY FORTY-SIXTH COLUMN FOR RAZORCAKE BY BEN SNAKEPIT

AS OF 2011, I NO LONGER WORK AT THE VIDEO STORE THAT WAS MY SEVEN-YEAR LEGACY. I'M SAD TO LEAVE, BUT IT BRINGS TO MIND MY TOP TEN FAVORITE UNDISCOVERED

**GEMS OF FILM**



**FAT CITY (1972)** IS A GREAT OVERLOOKED BOXING FILM, WITH AN INCREDIBLE PERFORMANCE FROM SUSAN TYRELL.

YOU'RE THE ONLY SON OF A BITCH WORTH A SHIT IN THIS PLACE.



**SPECTRES OF THE SPECTRUM (1999)** ANOTHER OF CRAIG BALDWIN'S CUT-N-PASTE MASTERPIECES.



**FAIL SAFE (1964)** IS A LESS-FUNNY VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENS IN DR. STRANGE LOVE. IT CAME OUT THE SAME WEEK. I'D NEVER HEARD OF IT.



**JOY STICKS (1983)** IS A RAUNCHY 80'S DODGER COMEDY THAT TAKES PLACE IN A VIDEO ARCADE! BEST THEME SONG EVER!



**THE HIDDEN (1987)** IS A SCI-FI ADVENTURE ABOUT ALIENS THAT LOVE FAST CARS, FAST MUSIC, AND RICH FOOD.



**THE CORNDOG MAN (1999)** IS A DISTURBING LOOK AT THE INGRAINED RACISM OF THE DEEP SOUTH. BOTH FUNNY AND HEARTBREAKING.



**THE LAST DETAIL (1973)** FEATURES JACK NICHOLSON AS A FOUL-MOUTHED SAILOR GETTING DRUNK IN A HOTEL ROOM.



**SILKWOOD (1983)** IS A REALLY INTRIGUING FILM ABOUT THE TRUE STORY OF A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT



**THE ROOM (2003)** IS THE WORST MOVIE I'VE EVER SEEN. SO BAD IT'S AWESOME.



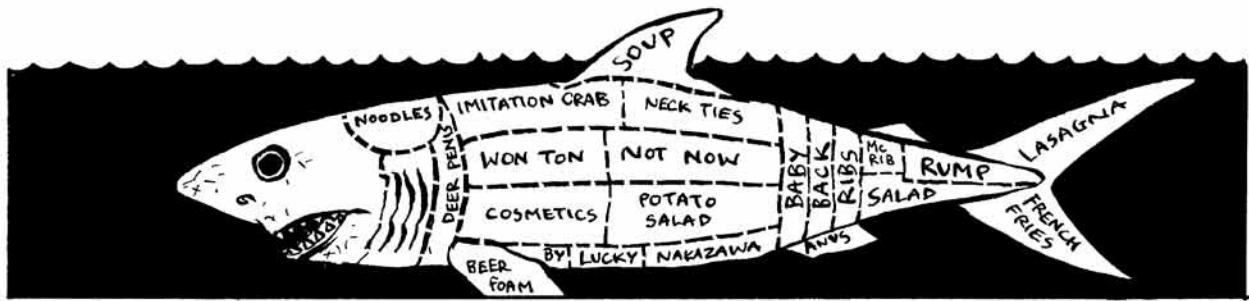
**BLESS THE BEASTS AND CHILDREN (1971)** IS ABOUT A GANG OF MISFIT KIDS ON A JOURNEY TO RESCUE A HERD OF BUFFALO.



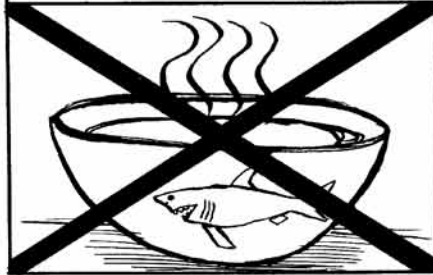
I RECOMMEND THAT YOU CHECK THESE OUT FROM YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE, IF IT HASN'T CLOSED DOWN







WON TON NOT NOW IS OFFICIALLY TAKING A STAND AGAINST THOSE THAT WOULD SERVE SHARK SOUP.



ALTHOUGH BANNED IN MANY COUNTRIES IT STILL APPEARS ON CERTAIN MENUS IN ASIA AND THE PROTECTION OF SHARKS IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

Menu  
\*Soup  
m m m  
u u u

\* SHARKS SERVED HERE

THERE ARE EVEN SOME DOCUMENTED INSTANCES WHERE SHARKS HAVE ACTUALLY ORDERED SOUP FOR THEMSELVES. STILL AGAINST THE LAW.



TAKE A STAND! DON'T SERVE SHARKS SOUP! NO MATTER HOW MUCH A SHARK MAY WANT IT, IT'S OUR JOB TO PROTECT THE OCEANS.



DON'T BELIEVE THE PROPAGANDA. THERE IS NO GRAY AREA WHEN IT COMES TO INTERNATIONAL SOUP LAWS. YOU'LL GO TO JAIL.



BEN SNAKEPIT, AKA BEN SHARKPIT, REGULARLY SERVED SHARKS SOUP WHILE ON TOUR IN ASIA. HE CAREFULLY FORGOT TO MENTION THIS IN HIS COMIC DIARIES. BUT IT'S A KNOWN FACT.



PROTECT THE OCEAN!  
PROTECT THE ENVIRONMENT!  
OPPOSE SERVING SHARKS SOUP ON MORAL AND ETHICAL GROUNDS.



I RAN OUT OF TIME TO DRAW IT SO USE YOUR OWN IMAGINATION TO PICTURE A JAIL DOOR SLAMMING ON THESE 3 GUYS. HAH! NOW IT'S FUNNY.

THE OCEAN WILL THANK YOU.





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WEALTH  
PRESS**  
SCREEN PRINTING  
CWPRESS.COM

**PUNKNEWS.ORG**



**HOT WATER MUSIC  
AGAINST ME!**

**LESS THAN JAKE  
SAMIAM**

**LIFETIME  
BOUNCING SOULS**

**A WILHELM SCREAM  
TEENAGE BOTTLE ROCKET  
CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE  
POLAR BEAR CLUB  
NO TRIGGER  
COBRA SKULLS**



**DILLINGER FOUR  
NONE MORE BLACK**

**YOUTH BRIGADE  
PAINT IT BLACK**

**SMALL BROWN BIKE  
DEAD TO ME**

**TOYS THAT KILL  
TIM BARRY  
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS  
THE HOLY MOUNTAIN  
UPRIGHT CITIZENS BRIGADE TOUR CO.  
FAKE PROBLEMS**

ARMALITE BRIDGE AND TUNNEL UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND THE BOMB NOTHINGTON COLISEUM CHEAP GIRLS YOUNG TURKS BOMB THE MUSIC INDUSTRY BIG EYES SSSSNAKES LEAGUES A PART 1994! BLACKLIST ROYALS TRAP THEM IRON CHIC THE SOVIETTES BROADWAY CALLS THE BROKE DOWNS THE SWELLERS THE ARRIVALS ASSHOLE PARADE SCREAMING FEMALES NATIVE WHISKEY & CO. CARPENTER WEAK TEETH VULTURES UNITED WE ARE THE UNION BANNER PILOT STATIC RADIO THE CATALYST CALVIN BALL COFFEE PROJECT DIRTY TACTICS DUKES OF HILLSBOROUGH DEAR LANDLORD CAPSULE DEEP SLEEP DOPAMINES MOSE GIGANTICUS NINJA GUN NO MORE MIXTAPES JEFF ROWE OK PILOT SENDERS NEW BRUISES CHRIS WOLLARD AND THE SHIP THIEVES MOCKINGBIRD WISH ME LUCK CLETUS LANDMINES DAN PADILLA ARTERIES SUCH GOLD TIGERS JAW TOUCHÉ AMORÉ TILT WHEEL LEMURIA THE SNIPS O PIONEERS! OLD MAN MARKLEY FAILURE'S UNION FELLOW PROJECT COMADRE CAMPAIGN LA DISPUTE THE COPYRIGHTS CAVES ONE WIN CHOICE PAUL BARIBEAU CYNICS PROTAGONIST PURE GRAFT SHOOK ONES BENT LEFT RED CITY RADIO RVIVR THE RIOT BEFORE REVERSE THE CURSE REHASHER BURNING LOVE FLATLINERS GOD DAMN DOOWOP BAND GROWN UPS HEARTSOUNDS GOOD LUCK GRABASS CHARLESTONS GLOCCA MORRA AMPERE AFTER THE FALL PUNCH PJBOND PIANOS BECOME THE TEETH SLOW DEATH GATEWAY DISTRICT FUTURE VIRGINS THE ANCHOR AMATEUR PARTY ALGERNON CADWALLADER LOOK MEXICO THE GREAT EXPLAINER GREENLAND IS MELTING RED COLLAR BANQUETS ARMY OF PUNCH ANNABEL SEXY CRIMES CAPTAIN WERE SINKING SPANISH GAMBLE WE WERE SKELLETONS WORN IN RED WORTHWHILE WAY HOW DARE YOU INTO IT OVER IT KING FRIDAY KOJI MIKEY ERG THE MENZINGERS THE MEASURE(SA) MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE SAVAGE BREW TALLITY MAGRUDER GRIND SHORES MAKE DO AND MEND LIVING WITH LIONS GORY DELL MILLOY FORMER THIEVES PINE HILL HAINTS A GREAT BIG PILE OF LEAVES ...AND MANY MORE ALUMNI TO COME!!!

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FOR MORE INFO VISIT: [WWW.THEFESTFL.COM](http://WWW.THEFESTFL.COM)

# BITE THE CACTUS

BY  
ADRIAN  
CHI

## "WHAT'S GOING ON?"

IF THERE'S ONE QUESTION I SUCK AT ANSWERING, IT'S...



WELL, I'VE BEEN TEACHING ART TO KIDS (KINDERGARTEN - 6TH GRADE) AFTER SCHOOL.



I'VE ALSO BEEN REALIZING I'M ON MY WAY TO BECOMING A CRAZY OLD CACTUS LADY.



SO I'VE BEEN WORKING AS A GARDENER AT A COMMUNITY ARTS CENTER AND USING THEIR LAND TO PLANT MY CACTI,



AND FINDING LOTS OF STRANGE AND EXCITING TREASURES IN THIS VERY PUBLIC GARDEN.



I'VE BEEN HANGING OUT WITH MY FRIENDS AND THEIR NEWBORN ROCK AND ROLL BABY.



AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO NOT BE AN ASSHOLE.



I'VE BEEN STRUGGLING TO READ THE NEWSPAPER WITHOUT CRYING



AND REALIZING HOW MANY JAPANESE FRIENDS I HAVE.



ALL THE LOVE AND RESPECT







**SQUEEZE MY HORN**  
GARY HORNBERGER

**“The  
befriending  
of more  
stray dogs.”**

## **Guinea Pig at the Last Supper: Peru Part II**

Hello, we're back for part two of my voyage to the southern hemisphere. With Machu Picchu, unfortunately a day behind us, we awoke on Thanksgiving morning to find we didn't need to be up before the sun and had the whole day to check out the town of Cusco. After breakfast we embarked on our walk to find the art district. It was just past the large church we had visited two days prior, but the streets were narrower and many of the shops were hidden in the backs of buildings. We loaded up on souvenirs for Christmas and then began checking out cathedrals, churches, and museums.

The Museo de arte precolombino (you can translate) was awesome for the mere fact that they didn't give a rat's ass if I took pictures with the flash, even though my new camera doesn't need a flash to take great pictures. The museum is a smaller version of the main museum back in Lima and it houses some of the most beautiful gold and ceramic artifacts I've ever seen.

After the museum and the befriending of more stray dogs, we passed by Purgatorio street which seemed to be the one street no one would travel. The time was getting toward the dinner hour so we started to look for a place to have our Thanksgiving feast. We found a great place called the “El Truco,” which appears to be a five fork restaurant. In Peru it's forks instead of stars for dining, I guess? This place was grand, somewhat dark, and the walls were filled with giant paintings of all the biblical figures. There was even the last supper, where, in Peru, Christ and the disciples dine on guinea pig and not fish. Here again I defeated a fear and ordered alpaca for my Thanksgiving Day dinner, which was good but a little gamey. After dinner we hit a couple more shops on the way back to our hotel. Upon arrival, we found a sign that told us we were back on the ungodly wakeup schedule.

Friday wakeup was 5:30 A.M. to board the buses for the ride to Lake Titicaca. That's right. Titicaca. Because every time you see or hear it, you've got to chuckle. The trip was roughly 231 miles, which is a shorter distance than L.A. to Vegas, but it still took us the whole fricken day. Granted, there were some brief stops in-between, but it still took the whole day. The first half-hour stop was the Sistine Chapel of Americas in the dinky town of Andahuaylillas. Yes, the name is

bigger than the town. The church was under renovation by one of Peru's oil companies, which gets to advertise on the church and avoid taxes by doing so.

The town square was beautiful with large, moss-covered trees and the church as a back drop. When the whistle blew, we were back on the main road toward our next stop: the small village of Racchi. In this town we visited the Incan king Wiracocha's palace. This was the start of the Inca trail. It was a large village with the remnants of a center wall of a large religious structure. The hills around the village were surrounded by a wall. A half hour later, we were back on the bus.

At the town of Aguas Calientes we stopped for a large buffet lunch, which lasted about a half an hour. The next stop was the highest point on the road at 14,150 feet. From the valley we could see snow-covered mountains, even though it was the start of Peru's summer. Eerily, there were no trees anywhere to be seen, but we did see our first and only Alpaca.

The next stop was a potty break in the town of Pucara, which is famous for making the little ceramic bulls that adorn the rooftops of almost all Peruvian homes. This was the last stop before our arrival in Puno, the city on the shores of Lake Titicaca. On the last leg of our bus ride we rode parallel to the Pucara River. Our guide told us we would see dots of pink in the river and that those pink dots were flamingos. I'll be damned, he was right. Every time I'd seen flamingos, they were in a lush green background, but here they were in this desert brown, void-of-trees, California-Central-Valley-looking environment. At the end of our ride, as the sun began to set, our bus wound down the hill and into Puno where the views of Lake Titicaca greeted us.

Saturday morning, we boarded a small boat and motored out to the floating Uros islands with the jolliest tour guide we had met during our trip. The altitude here was kicking my ass. I was really struggling to get a good breath of air and my head started to ache again. I powered through it though and stepped out of the boat and onto one of the many floating islands.

Here's the story with these islands: they float on a bed of peat covered with reeds, which need to be replenished every three months or so. There are many islands and they range in size. The bigger ones house

schools and churches and have very ornate reed art structures. The first island we jumped onto was small, with three shed-like houses powered by solar panels. When we sat in the circle in the middle of the island we could just barely feel the gentle, rocking motion as if we were on a boat.

The next island was a little bigger and had a small preschool room on it with a small, separate guinea pig island next to it. Most, if not all, of the islands had a reed boat docked to the side, so that the locals could travel about—and also so they could go to the crapper. If one has to do number one, one just does it over the side of the island, but if one has to do number two, one has to paddle over to the number two island.

After buying some more trinkets and some watercolors from one of the local preschoolers, we got back on our boat and motored back to Puno, leaving the greater portion of the world's highest navigable lake unexplored. The rest of the day was spent trying to catch my breath and taking in the sites of Puno. We went to the small museum across the square from our hotel which housed some mummies and other oddities. From there we went to “Tobby's Burger” and had a snack. At “Tobby's” there must be no health requirements, not due to the quality of food, but because the backsplash behind the grill was a piece of cardboard covered in aluminum foil.

Sunday was the start of the trip back north. We traveled back to the city of Juliaca to catch a plane to Lima, with a brief stop on the runway in Cusco. On the morning bus ride out of Puno our tour guide informed us that in the city the citizens dole out punishment to criminals first before the law arrives. It's because the law takes bribes, so to really deter crime, citizens pummel you with cactus and then make you walk around naked with a sign telling your deed. Good thing we were leaving.

Back in Lima, we rested in our hotel room before taking one last walk about the town of Mira Flores. We walked down to the shoreline to see the brown waves of the Pacific wash up on the shores of Peru. Then it was up to Mc Donald's to get a Happy Meal from another foreign land for Katie. All day we said our goodbyes as people from our tour group left to catch flights back to the States. Late in the afternoon our taxi arrived so we could catch our flight to Bogotá.



JACKIE RUSTED

**To deter crime,  
citizens pummel you with  
cactus and then make  
you walk around naked  
with a sign telling your deed.**

We arrived in Bogotá around 9:00 P.M. and had to wait until 12:30 A.M. to fly back to L.A. and home. The airport was cramped, as part of it was under construction, so we sat down and grabbed a snack and something to drink. The waiting was horrible but finally they started to line up to check our passports. At this point it occurred to me that I had no problems getting through customs wherever I had gone.

I showed the guy my passport. He looked at me, down at my passport, back at me, and then he motioned me over to the guy who checks carry ons. The guy looked at me, at my backpack, and motioned me over to the

pat-down guy. He patted my chest and my legs and I was done. Meanwhile, Katie was still putting her shoes back on and waiting while they rifled through her bag. Then I noticed that several other people were really being questioned about their stuff. I guess there's something positive about being a tall white guy with a handlebar moustache. I'm just non-threatening.

The plane ride back was by far the worst because I couldn't sleep and because we were next to the toilet, so everyone kept bumping into me. At one point when the lights were low and the television was off, I looked at my watch and saw I still had two hours left. I got

a little anxiety attack so I grabbed a book out of my bag and started reading. It also seemed weird that for a night flight, so many people were using the bathrooms and not sleeping.

At around seven in the morning, I was back in LAX and making customs agents laugh at my over-exuberance to be home. My wife informed me that custom agents are usually like English palace guards and don't really crack smiles.

Hey, I had a great time but there really is no place like home.

—Gary Hornberger



**“But that was Boston in the ‘70s. That’s just how it was.”**

## American Patriot: Part Two

Attention non-devoted readers and those lacking perfect memory! (Others, if there are others, can skip this paragraph.) In the last issue of *Razorcake*, I detailed my lifelong dream to become a juror and judge my fellow man—and I left off at the decisive moment, in a desperate ploy to increase sales of the next issue of this magazine.

I’m now aware that for the past several weeks, punk rockers have been asking themselves, “What happened with Maddy Tight Pants? There she was waiting in that jury room, hoping she would be assigned a case, and then what?” Speculation has grown rampant, so I want to clear up two things before I begin. One: I was not selected as a juror for the “Aaron Cometbus vs. bands who try to copy his handwriting on their records to make people buy them” trial. Two: I was not assigned to “The Trial of the Century.”

Onward. On my second day of my two-week juror stint, I was called up for jury selection. At first, I panicked. I knew that most cases lasted only a few days. Before I knew it, I would be thrown back on the street. I was displeased—but I was also comforted by the fact that I would not make a great juror in the eyes of a prosecutor. I’m a reporter. My mom is a lawyer. I used to work in social services, and therefore am sympathetic to people who have a mental illness or drug addiction. Not to mention my belief in a punk rock socialist utopia.

And so, I was likely to get rejected from a jury or two before being chosen. No problem, I thought. No need to cut this short!

Twenty-six of us were brought up to the courtroom. We were introduced to the judge, the prosecutor, the public defender, and his client—an east African man charged with four counts of terroristic threats. The judge explained that she would call the names of eighteen of us. Those people would sit in the jury box, while the others would remain in the back of the courtroom. The attorneys would question the jurors sitting in the jury box. If anyone was rejected from that group, they might bring in people from the back of the room.

My name wasn’t called. I watched as the potential jurors took their seats. The judge began by asking some basic questions: “Do any of you know the defendant, the attorneys, or anyone who might be testifying in this case?” She read a list of dozens of witnesses, most of whom had east African

names that she struggled to pronounce. She read through the list quickly, as the entire room silently agreed that it was impossible that elderly white Minnesotans would know any Ethiopian immigrants.

Then the judge asked whether anyone had any health problems that would get in the way of jury service. One man, Frank, dressed in jeans and a stained blue hooded sweatshirt, raised his hand. He had a white beard and looked to be about fifty-five years old. He delivered the following remarks into the court records: “I have this condition where if I take this medication I have to go pee, like, every hour. I mean, I don’t *have* to take these pills, but I usually do, so, I don’t know. What do you think?” The judge informed the man that, “I’m not a doctor. I’m a judge. You have to decide for yourself as to whether your medical condition would impair your ability to serve on this jury.” The man said, “Okay, I guess I’ll be able to hold it.”

Having resolved all urinary-related matters, the judge moved on and asked if anyone had been a victim of a crime. The urinary sufferer’s hand went up. “I was the victim of a hit-and-run,” he said. “Well, actually, two separate hit-and-runs. One time I was hit by a car, and another time a car ran right into my house. Right into it.”

Frank’s remarks sparked a series of questions from the judge and the attorneys, all of which revealed that Frank had little to no memory of either incident.

As it turns out, most people have been victims of crimes if you include getting your car broken into or having your jacket stolen at a bar. One by one, potential jurors recounted various mind-numbing tales of GPS unit theft and attempted-theft-of-quarters-from-car-cup-holder.

Then an older guy casually said, “When I was working in Boston back in the ‘70s, I was robbed when I was closing up the pharmacy where I worked. I went back to put the deposit in the safe, and this guy with a gun grabbed me and slammed me against the wall. He punched me and tied me up and kicked me in the stomach, and then he shoved me into the men’s bathroom and dragged a big filing cabinet in front of the door. This was before when everyone had phones. I was in there for hours, just bleeding.”

Suddenly, everyone in the room was paying attention. Everyone was concerned and felt stupid for sharing their boring stories.

I felt bad for the guy and started thinking about whether it was fair to require people to share these sorts of things with a group of strangers. One of the attorneys said, “Wow. I mean, wow. That’s really awful.”

“But,” the guy said, “You know what the worst part was? They tried to claim that I set the whole thing up. They hired a private investigator and everything. They followed me around for months, but they couldn’t come up with a single thing.”

As everyone in the room made the conversion from “sympathetic listener” to “confused listener,” the guy explained, “But that was Boston in the ‘70s. That’s just how it was.”

Indeed. A flurry of questioning from the attorneys and the judge yielded no additional information. “It was Boston in the ‘70s,” he repeated. “I mean, what can I say?”

At this point, I began to contemplate a scenario in which I was on trial for a crime, say, hoarding Lucky Charms during a famine, and a man with urinary problems and an inability to remember basic facts would deliberate my fate with another man who was maybe a failed mobster or maybe just completely insane. I vowed to secure my famine-preparedness cereal in the most secretive location possible.

The judge turned the questioning over to the prosecutor, a thirty-something man with a bad haircut and a poorly fitted gray suit. His job appeared to be twofold: one, weed out certain jurors, and two, demonstrate his intellectual and delightfully dramatic command of the English language. The second job appeared primary.

“Let’s see,” he said, while he reviewed the juror questionnaires everyone had submitted weeks ago. The forms required you to provide your name, address, age, marital status, number of children, and occupation.

“Some of you have listed jobs that I’m not familiar with,” he said. “It’s very important for me to take the time to understand more about the work that you do.”

I readied myself for some revelatory occupational descriptions. What could these seemingly average potential jurors be doing that would require clarification?

The prosecutor turned to a potential juror in the back row. “Now it says here that you,” he paused, “work in office administration.” He paused again, and then pronounced the words more slowly,





in a manner that appeared designed to elicit the maximum irritation from the broad swath of humanity assembled in the room. "Office administration." He paused. "Administration of an office?" He gestured toward the potential juror. "If you could," he paused, extending his right hand for additional dramatic effect, "explain."

These are the tough questions that all jurors should fear. How to explain such a job?

"Well, I basically just work in an office, do computer stuff, sort the mail, that kind of stuff," she said. "Office stuff."

"Office stuff," he said, as he appeared to ponder the implication of this new information. "Office stuff." He took some notes. "Thank you very much for your willingness to share this with me."

He moved on to a juror in the front row. "It says here that you work in... Let me make sure I have this correct. Product shipping and distribution, right?"

The guy nodded, and the prosecutor nodded back. "I'm not familiar with this position. Can you explain a little bit about the work you do?"

"Sure," the guy said. "I basically work in a warehouse, and we ship stuff: DVDs."

"Wait," the prosecutor said. "I'm not sure I understand."

"Well, we just ship stuff. You know, like anime, those Japanese DVDs? We ship those."

"Wait. DVDs?" the prosecutor sighed. "I'm sorry. I'm just trying to understand the type of work that you do."

"Okay," the guy said. "Here's what I do. I take ten DVDs and I stack them up. And then I take that stack and put it next to another

stack. And then when I have ten stacks, I put those stacks into a box. And then I put that box into a larger box with other boxes. And then I put the big box on a pallet. That's what I do."

It was the best job description I'd heard in some time.

The prosecutor was clearly either a.) very picky or b.) unaware of contemporary employment. During two hours, yes, *two hours* of employment-related questioning, I began to wonder what careers this man was familiar with. Whaling? Land surveying? Perhaps he would declare half of the jury unfit based on the obscure nature of their daily lives.

The prosecutor moved into a new line of questioning. "How many of you feel like you are particularly skilled at determining whether someone is telling the truth?"

A middle-aged woman raised her hand. "This comes up sometimes in my job." She explained that she works in an autism clinic where she handles calls from the parents of patients who receive medications like Adderall and Ritalin.

Sometimes, she said, a family might have several incidents that require extra prescriptions, like, for example, a family that said they accidentally flushed the original written prescription down the toilet, and then called to request a new prescription, and then filled that, but lost the medication while on vacation.

At this point, I think it's safe to say that the entire room knew where this was headed.

"So, you must be pretty good at determining which parents are lying," the prosecutor said, encouragingly.

During two hours, yes, two hours of employment-related questioning,

I began to wonder what careers this man was familiar with.

Whaling? Land surveying?

"Yeah, I think so," she said. "But in some cases, like with that family I mentioned, it's really impossible to say what happened."

I think I speak for everyone in the room when I say that this woman would be likely to acquit Jeffrey Dahmer on the grounds that, "It's really impossible to say *how* the severed heads ended up in his refrigerator."

At this point, the judge asked the public defender if he had any questions for the jury. "Nope," he said, appearing to indicate that a.) none of the jurors seemed capable of doing the job, and b.) he could give a shit one way or the other.

The judge gestured to the back of the courtroom, where I sat with my fellow rejected jurors. "All of you need to go back down to the jury room," she said.

No problem! Another day of reading and listening to the Tranzmitors on my iPod! In high spirits, I rejoined the group of several dozen jurors. Then came the shocking words.

"I have good news for you," the jury room manager announced. "There aren't any more trials scheduled this week, so I am dismissing all of you. Thank you for your service. You are free to go."

The traitors around me broke into applause. I broke into a state of deep despair. As I left the building, a woman said to me, "It's even better. They can only call you to be a juror, like, every seven years."

Seven years? If anything, the entire experience made it even less likely that I would be able to judge my fellow citizen!

Imagine if a young, violent man wanted to serve his country by killing foreigners. Would we say to him, "Well, you'll have to wait until we call your name?" No, we would not! We would allow him to bypass the draft process entirely, catapulting him to the frontlines as soon as possible, while the less blood-thirsty frantically sought a way to avoid service. Now *that* is an American concept I can get behind!

The End!

—Maddy Tight Pants





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Dan Monick's Photo Page

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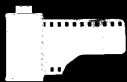


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## Shanty Cheryl's Photo Page

The Clorox Girls at Harold's, San Pedro, California



# TOO MANY





# DAVES

interview by todd taylor  
layout by daryl gussin



**Scenario number one:** Mid-life crisis sets in. You'd played in a band once: high school, late college. You weren't half as good as you thought you were. Ideals and musical instruments are distant memories, somehow transformed into an overpriced mortgage, car payments, a too-big house, trips to chain stores and chain restaurants, and a suburban jail cell that you wallpaper with thoughts of, "At least I'm making decent money." And, "At least I look kinda good in these khakis... I am filling out a bit, though."

**Scenario number two:** Mid-life crisis sets in. You're in a band that "means something." That band has some success. You toured the country several times. Sold both "merch" and "dise." Moved units. Opened markets. But you can't keep on doing this forever at this level. You need some security. You tone "the message" down a couple notches. You keep repeating that you're going "to infect the masses and the majors," and insist on fresh towels after a set. You have band meetings where everyone has to agree to fair notice if any band member is getting a haircut. Lining up equipment and tour sponsorships are also high on the agenda. You realize the world's more fucked than ever, but the personal trainer's tips are really helping out tone your tummy for the shirtless numbers. Nice.

**Scenario number three:** Mid life awesomeness sets in. Your life's always been sort of a wreck the past thirty, forty years, and you've never had any real career plans beyond the next twelve pack guarantee and not sleeping with your head in the dog's food bowl. Shit's pretty tight. Stuff that's designed to implode doesn't. Being fat and/or stoned and/or an alcoholic and/or a degenerate and/or a daddy isn't a liability because that punk rock shantytown in your brain is still all about making music with your friends. It just happens to be multiple decades after you first picked up a musical instrument.

Too Many Daves is scenario number three. Unapologetic. Honest. Funny. Real folks who aren't out to step on toes, but really couldn't give a fuck if you like them or not...

...and they somehow manage to remain a band. A very good one.

NICOLE KIBERT



RACHEL MURRAY

**Todd:** How did you get so fucking awesome?

**Disorder:** If you look up Too Many Daves in a dictionary, the literal definition is 1.) "Fucking awesome bunch of dudes who hang on the reg." 2.) "Poem by some old dead dude." We are neither of those.

**Dave H:** I sold my soul to Eddie Hazel's (lead guitarist of Parliament-Funkadelic) ghost when I was like thirteen or fourteen years old.

**Decker:** I went to school in the ghetto back in '88. I listened to punk rock and hip hop. I had crazy multi-colored hair and BMX'ed,

skateboarded, and played football. I hated jocks but I loved football. I played wide receiver and running back. I was the only white boy on the team. All my friends were black or Hispanic. White people didn't like me at my school. They used to jump me after school and call me a wigger fag. That didn't last long 'cause my football brothers got my back and those ignorant redneck and skinhead fucks got the violence they deserved. Pacifism got you nothing in my neighborhood. Point is, I learned color, culture, and diversity meant nothing on the

surface and true friendship meant everything, regardless of race. I learned true love for my brothers and sisters and that's what the Daves are for me. That's why I cry my eyes out when we play.

**Davey:** I'm not that awesome, except for the fact that my parents didn't raise me in a shitty ghetto or dress me up so stupid. I got beat up at school.

**Todd:** Who's the big Dr. Seuss fan in the band—Too Many Daves is one of his short stories, right? Was the name of the band a nod to him or that there were... a lot of dudes named Dave in the band?

**Disorder:** We've only done one band interview for the Daves, other than this one here, but the first thing the journalist dude asked us in the other interview was, "How the band got together." We ended up with four different versions of why we decided to do this shit, so I can only imagine that none of us knew what the fuck we were talking about. The one thing most everybody remembers was shot gunning beers on my porch. The Dr. Seuss thing is either a mere coincidence or subconscious brain fart by one or all of us. More often than not, I think of something brilliant, feel all good about myself and shit, only to find out it came from somewhere or somebody else.

**Decker:** I never knew about the Seuss thing. Gotta love Seuss, though!

**Davey:** Ya'll motherfuckers lyin' and getting me pissed. Fucking doctors... how do they work?

**Todd:** Were there any other names being considered before Too Many Daves, like "No, The Other Bear Paw"? Something?

**Decker:** Don't think so, but Bear Paw always makes sure I don't sleep behind a dumpster when I'm in San Diego. You're invited to my funeral, Bear Paw. Love ya, man. I usually have the bad ideas. Thankfully, they get dismissed by the management.

**Disorder:** Naw, dude. We were born to rock the name Dave. It's like the Kiss Army without all the drag queen clothes and makeup.

**Davey:** We were named by Shayna (Disorder's gracious wife).

**Todd:** When is stupid just stupid instead of being Too Many Daves stupid? Where's the line?

**Disorder:** Who you callin' stupid, stupid?

**Dave H:** "Funny ain't stupid," Hurley.

**Disorder:** Who the fuck is Hurley?

**Davey:** It seems we're balancing the stupid slash jock slash misogyny line so delicately, but at the same time, there's not much onion peel on the floor. There are definite limits but there's really no need to police one's self. If that was the case, I'd be a bigger asshole than I already feel. Punch me in the face if crass slash absurd slash stupid crosses that line and punch me twice if I get lectured on male privilege for writing something like "dudes room."

**Todd:** What's the last "bad idea" for a square band that was actually a great idea for Too Many Daves?

**Dave H:** "Let's get together for a week or so every year" then every step since.

**Disorder:** I'm going to go with good idea in lieu of bad and say the Jump In The Saddle Band with doin' the "Curly Shuffle."



**Todd:** What are some of the most sacred Too Many Daves credos? Is it safe to say that some are embedded in songs?

**Dave H:** Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.

**Disorder:** Pizza, beer, weed is a mantra. Credo is the dude who Han Solo shot.

**Davey:** 1.) Keep it short, stupid. 2.) There's no crying in Daves unless your pants are hanging around your ass and your name is Decker. 3) Don't say "no." Say "maybe later."

**Todd:** What are some activities that a Dave will never do?

**Disorder:** Wear skinny jeans.

**Decker:** Tell Mike Hale that he's awesome... Don't take this personal, Mike, but I talk when musicians play. Never hush the crowd. It makes 'em think you're a dick. [laughs] I'm sure you're sweet deep down, though. I'm sure you're a "beautiful creature of god."

**Todd:** Have you had any other Too Many Dave regimens that didn't work? I'm thinking out loud, like "Pilates, 2-Hour Energy Drink, Guitar Center"?

**Decker:** No, it's magic. We could always use more Adderall, though.

**Disorder:** Define "work." One time we came off the bench with Joose, Pink Panty Pulldown, and Adderall. That shit was tight.

**Todd:** What's in a Pink Panty Pulldown?

**Disorder:** It's a beverage that was conceived by my good friends Tommy Laskus (RIP), and Steve Miller. You take a case of beer, big bottle of vodka, peach schnapps, some pink lemonade tubes, and throw it all in a cooler, wheelbarrow, whatever. Then the dude with the hairiest arm stirs it up. It's delicious.

**Dave H:** Dude. I never knew how to spell Smurf. Too many 5 Hour Energies n' Joose for the Dude Jams split was a pretty bad idea. Shit sucked.

**Disorder:** Oh yeah, 5 Hour Energy. We played a show right when Davey got to town. I was so doped up on that shit. I jumped off this high stage, not once, but several times. Later that night, the drugs wore off and I couldn't walk anymore. I was on crutches the whole week the Dave's were together. At the end of the week, we played a show with Dude Jams and I decided to wrap my ankle up real good; fuck the crutches. Couldn't help myself from going apeshit. Don't remember much, 'cause of the Pink Panty Pulldown. Heard I was break dancing at the end of our set? Big purple foot. I hurt myself a lot.

**Davey:** Whatever regimen made us come up with "Dudes Don't Text." That regimen stunk.

**Todd:** Dave Disorder, after putting out so many other bands on your own label, what made you decide that Too Many Daves was the one for you to start playing in?

**Disorder:** This band was never intended to do anything other than implode. Somehow it all backfired.

**Todd:** What bands were you in before?

**Disorder:** When I was in high school circa '90-'91, I was in a band called Gog. It's biblical. We were supposed to be awesome but we were not. Then right before Daves, me and Joe Dave played in a band with a friend called Tampa Bay Rowdies where we played AC/DC and Thin Lizzy covers, and

# Fucking doctors... how do they work?



NICOLE KIBERT



some original stuff that sounded a lot like oi music. It was more of a reason to drink beer and annoy the neighbors. I have another band right now with Dave H called Catholic Priest, but we've only played one show, and have not practiced for a good while.

**Todd:** How many hours of TV are logged in per song?

**Davey:** Unhealthy and addictive amounts, but it produces results.

**Joe Dave:** Tons. Thankfully, there isn't a TV at the band room or we might never be a band.

**Todd:** How important would you say TV is to Too Many Daves, as either a daily regimen or for creative content?

**Disorder:** For *Weekend at Daves*, we have this cardboard record mailer with lyrics written all over it. It's a combination of things all of us said, or something we heard while watching television.

**Todd:** "Restraining Order" is a song with just the lyrics: "Restraining order." Who in the band has deals with restraining orders?

**Dave H:** I dated a girl who had a restraining order filed on her right after we met. Erg.

**Davey:** Hell is the most obvious place to find a buncha doods sittin' around, cracking jokes, looking for something to do.

**Disorder:** No restraining orders, but I've sat in jail quite a few times. I hate boloney.

**Todd:** How did you get the *Weekend at Dave's* album so elaborate for a five-hundred press run: Double gatefold for a record that's so short it could almost be one-sided, CD included, poster, lyric sheet, full color?

**Disorder:** It's the *Yellow Submarine* of punk rock albums. Weed is a helluva drug, and one night I was listening to Queen—"It's Late"—and the artwork for *News of the World* has this really tight gatefold art of a robot eating the band. I saw that and was like, "I want our album to look nothing like this one."

**Todd:** Who's kid says, quite cutely, "Fuck the police" in the Body Count cover of the same name?

**Disorder:** "Cop Killer," duder. "Fuck the Police" is NWA.

**Joe Dave:** I don't know whose kids did that, but my two boys both sang on the cover we did of "Cop Killer" by Body Count.

**Todd:** Fuck. Sorry. Wrong band. Wrong song. I was thinking "Cop Killer." Whose idea was it to use the kids?

**Disorder:** I wanted to use a huge chorus of kids. At least ten. But Joe only has two kids, and no one else was smart enough to let us record their kids saying, "Fuck the police."

**Joe Dave:** Ice T brought out his kid during a show for Lollapalooza, so I figured my kids would do it. I've been teaching them to fear men with badges and guns, also politicians. Two Tampa cops were shot dead just two blocks from the studio when we did it. No joke.

**Disorder:** I was on the way to the studio and there were cops literally everywhere, driving up and down streets, helicopters, the whole deal. I knew something had just gone down, but didn't exactly know what. When I arrived at the studio, Joe was there with his kids in the recording booth singing "fuck the

police." Didn't find out till later that night that two cops were shot dead just a block or so away from the studio. Oh, the irony.

**Todd:** If you could get a really cool monkey, what would be the first thing that you would train it to do?

**Disorder:** Talk to the media.

**Joe Dave:** Take notes for me when my wife talks.

**Dave H:** Definitely roll tweeds and flip records. I used to sit on the roof of my parents' home when I lived there and listen to records. Always wanted a monkey to help with the getting high and the efficiency of vinyl. I do hear they're a pain in the ass though.

**Davey:** I'd train it to beat the shit out of the monkey who wrote these interview questions.

**Todd:** Fuuuck. I tried on over half of these questions... Have you known anyone who's actually owned a monkey? My Dad did. He said it was trouble. It had a diaper. When it got angry, it would poop in its hand shoved in the diaper, then fling the shit around.

A lot. I guess the emphasis is on a cool monkey.

**Disorder:** That's so stereotypical. I wish just once I could hear a tale of a monkey who could knit a lovely sweater or hem up a nice fitting pair of slacks. Everybody needs a good solid pair of slacks.

**Davey:** Yeah, an old boss of mine had a monkey. It would tear off its diaper and jerk off on her all day and night long, in addition to the throwing of the poops. I assume pretty much any animal plays with its poop and peener after a while. Ever been married? Same thing.

**Todd:** What are some songs you've had to axe or modify because they wouldn't make sense to anyone who's not in the band? I mean, some people may say Too Many Daves is "stupid." I just say "populist." I know what you're singing about and the message is clear. You can't blame Too Many Daves for being too opaque lyrically.

**Disorder:** What's wrong with being popular?

**Davey:** There are songs that won't ever make it past our ears, for whatever reason. Too stupid, too opaque, too much weed going into the thought process. Hell, trying to explain "Simple Jack" to people is bad enough. There's really not all that much going on behind the scenes. Sorry if our awesome is true to form, purely honest, and appears boring. The day that a song goes to committee is the day we fail as friends makin' noise. We really are this funny.

**Todd:** Explain "Simple Jack" to people.

**Dave H:** It's a ballad of the working man's struggle to maintain his ethical and moral DIY ideals in a subculture where many mainstays abandon the

beliefs that once claimed they would die for. **Todd:** Surprise the reader with something that shows that you can function in a day-to-day reality.

**Disorder:** Every morning I wake up. I can also open my own beer. Thank you very much.

**Dave H:** Play two days and twenty bucks and I passed a drug test.

**Joe Dave:** I'm married with two kids and I still play music.

**Davey:** Don't bother me with makin' me think. I spend my day halfway waiting for something to happen and if nothing happens, I'll make something happen on my own.

**Todd:** Besides a hot dog spinner, what would you put in your dudes room to make it a signature of your personality?

**Joe Dave:** A block of wood for throwing a hatchet.

**Dave H:** Some recreation of Lance Mountain's skate house in *Future Primitive*. With a showroom, too.



**Who's moderating this  
"failing the test of life debate"?  
If it's like Rodney Dangerfield's ghost  
or Alf,  
I like our odds.**

DAN TANTRUM





**Disorder:** Maybe make some flubber for our shoes. You know, so we could reach the top shelf stuff.

**Decker:** I would add a chili pump. I like chili dogs. I would put a wax statue of Ian MacKaye in there also. He could beat Jesus' ass. I would still drink coffee and booze and tell him to, "Deal with it." He and I are getting published in an upcoming book where he tells stories of high ticket prices and I talked about getting ass fucked by a dominatrix back in the Clairmel days—'96. Still, I named my son after him. He's a hero.

**Davey:** Mark Harpur on acid. Harpur is the Canadian Sean Watkins.

**Disorder:** MaximumCanadianMark.

**Todd:** It's obvious that all of you guys are huge fans, longtime friends with a lot of musicians. Too Many Daves, has a *Simpsons*-like ability to Easter egg little things in your songs, like in *Weekend*, saying "Track five. Terror"—like Radon. What's

been your not-so-obvious tip of the hat to some of your favorite dudes and bands in Too Many Daves songs?

**Dave H:** Gotta say the Tupac etching on the vinyl. "If I wasn't high I'd probably try to blow my brains out—hopeless."

**Decker:** R Cade tipped me off on this one 'cause I struggled a bit. A big nod to Tim Version. "No More Star Tattoos"; that part rips and those dudes are brothers.

**Davey:** Traditionally, an Easter egg hunt gets ruined if the rabbit tells you where he pooped. You found the Radon one and I guess The Tim Version one is apparent to folks who know The Tim Version. That part isn't entirely a Tim Version ripoff as much as it is inspired by some good times with the Crispus Attucks dudes.

**Todd:** Dave Decker, you have your name tattooed quite largely on the small of your back. Has this ever been used as a homing device?

**Decker:** No. I got this tattoo twelve years ago out in Santa Monica. The tattooer said he did Anthony Kiedis's tribal shit. Whatever. I was drunk. Fuck that Hollywood shit. People call it my tramp stamp. I did it to make my dead poppa proud.

**Todd:** Have you ever been identified by cops in a bad way from it?

**Decker:** I'm a proud Decker. Although, you got me thinking. Backwards, it spells, "Rekced."

**Todd:** Have you ever looked in the mirror and wondered why it's spelled backwards?

**Decker:** Weird, dude.

**Todd:** Perhaps I'm listening too closely, but it seems that with *Weekend at Daves*, there's a lot of darkness creeping in, like this: "Is that sorry enough, 'cause that's about as sorry as I can get," from "Curb Stomp Your Enthusiasm." It's no longer just awesome anthems of a stupid tomorrow, but facing the reality of getting older, especially as a husband or being part of a family.

**The safety of the song allows me to harbor superpowers to overcome the hell, hatred, and sadness in my heart.**





**Dave H:** "Sometimes I hate my life..."

**Decker:** My kid loves the songs. These guys write love songs built in sarcasm. They make me happy. I can laugh or cry in life. I'd rather laugh.

**Todd:** What are the pressures or life changes that have shaped the Daves—difficult marriages, kids, disappointed parents—I've got a long list.

**Dave H:** Hell yeah. *Behind the Music* kinda shit.

**Disorder:** I used to be able to get beer from the gas station on the corner, but they shut it down last year and it has not reopened. Now, I have to cross the street, which sucks, and get beer from the dirtier, shittier, gas station.

**Davey:** Of course it's obvious. The safety of the song allows me to harbor superpowers to overcome the hell, hatred, and sadness in my heart. You can't get me drunk and make me talk about right now. That's for bros at the bar time. "Dudes Room" is a cry for help. "Just Fuckin Kill Me" is a song of hope. Maybe not lyrically, but it kept Korny and me alive for a night.

**Todd:** Korny?

**Dave H:** I respond to Korny, Rcade, Haber, and sometimes Boomhauer.

**Todd:** Has there been any backlash to the Daves? Does anyone take offense to your "Dudes-isms," like they can't be part of the fat, sweaty mass that you celebrate in a song like "Fat Doodles"?

**Dave H:** This last Fest I offered some guy a CD for a smoke. He gave me the smoke but said he didn't want the new Daves record. I could have asked him if he hated the Daves, but now I'll never know. I kinda think he did. Some people don't think we're funny. Still makes me laugh, though.

**Disorder:** I heard from you, Todd, there was a pin going around at Awesome Fest that said "Shirts on, Dudes off." I didn't see it, but that's more satisfying to me than someone going, "You guys are pretty good, I guess." But we understand the situation. Being the greatest band currently in operation, we are dedicated individuals so engulfed in our craft that we'll play a song fourteen times in a row in front of a festival crowd, not with the intent to annoy the audience, but to teach them a lesson — to prove to them that all of us are indeed stupid, and also, with each other to the bitter uncomfortable end. So why not bond?

**Decker:** Fuck 'em. Besides, we're gentlemen.

**Davey:** Hey, this is timely because I read Lauren Measure's piece that mentioned boys being able to take their shirts off as being a separator. Sure, the sentiment is straight out of *MRR* #4 but still valid. How can I argue with that? If it makes you feel uncomfortable, speak up. Tiltwheel has always had a microphone up on stage for anyone to sing, read, speak up, criticize. So because of that opportunity I really don't think she was mentioning what goes on at these Fest-type things in the sweltering heat. It's true. Our penis gives us privilege.

I'm a fat kid, made fun of my whole life, low self esteem around both sexes. Fraught with the eternal penis envy, the very real

fear that my body image will keep me away from hundreds of otherwise potentially good people and perhaps even love. We all break easily. Shirt off, dudes on, or whatever jokey fucking schtick has more history in "I'm a fat man, it's humid in Florida, and I need to cool off."

Soon to find out I'm not damn unpretty. Yes, it's a joke. If you feel uncomfortable or offended, I guarantee you won't find a more empathetic person willing to listen and consider your side. But you've also got a guy who's been stabbed at a show, whose watched people die at shows, who rarely left a show when I was young without seeing blood. We had a very violent scene here in San Diego growing up. My tolerance for scene politics is right up there with my tolerance for violence and the holy R/S/H trinity. I see her piece as a valid observation lacking any resolve or new information. I agree with her one hundred percent.

I'm forty-two years old and if I have half as much fun as Sean From Hard Skin, then I did good.

**Todd:** What's the R/S/H trinity?

**Davey:** Racism, sexism, homophobia.

**Disorder:** There's an ad for the new Measure record in *Razorcake* #59 and one of them is shirtless.

[The photo they're referencing was taken at Best Friends Day at the water park. Lauren's shirt is wet, over her bathing suit top. Fid, another member, is also shirtless while holding Beavie and Walter, two stuffed animal beavers, in front of his chest.]

So I guess if a show is at the beach or water park, a dude can take his shirt off and not be separating themselves because there's a body of water nearby. I swear semantics are a bitch, and you can spin anything the wrong way. Society separates us and shirts off is solidarity. We're not trying to alienate anybody. I guess we could all shave our heads because girls can do that too, but then everybody would think we were either a bunch of cancer patients or skinheads.

**Todd:** The bummer reality is that we live in a country and time where it's not a great idea for a woman to take her shirt off in public, punk shows included. It gets even stickier if she's photographed or videotaped. Yeah, there are often some women who do take their shirts off during "Dudes On, Shirts Off" time. Definitely not the majority. I totally understand that everyone wants to let off some steam and have a fun time, too, because the world's fucked and partying's fun. At the same time, no matter how pure the intent of the action—because of the real world we live in and I don't want to alienate anyone who's on our side—it's problematic, to be sure...

**Davey:** I don't know how shirts off started, but my guess is: fuck it. I'm not trying to impress any of these girls or guys with my outward appearance.

**Todd:** That makes sense, too. Dave Disorder or any of the Tampa Daves, does it piss you off, just a little bit, that Valencia, California has adopted its official town slogan as "Awesometown"?

**Decker:** We live in Awesometown. The real one. Ask Freddie Mercury.

**Todd:** Why?

**Disorder:** Why not?

**Todd:** Why him?

**Disorder:** My uncle actually used to be his driver. Never met him. But I did see him sitting in his limo one time when it was parked outside of my uncle's house.

**Joe Dave:** No, Awesome Town is wherever you make it awesome. And someone usually gets voted Mayor of Awesome Town by being awesome. You could also be by yourself and get awesome and be mayor of your own Awesome Town.

**Disorder:** "Just Another Day in Awesome Town." Wow, totes. I think that's fucking hilarious. I'd like to give us credit for the term "Awesome Town," but that was coined by the original Mayor of "Awesome Town," Shawn Watkins. One night we were all out bowling. He was killing it, in the pocket all goddamn night. So he proclaimed himself "Mayor of Awesome Town." And with that, comes many responsibilities. Nothing else to it other than a drunk dude on a roll.

**Davey:** Do we still have to pay our tabs in Awesometown?

**Todd:** When was the last time you saw a beer cry?

**Disorder:** Every time it gets hot. The cans weep instantly. Then I'm forced to put them out of their misery.

**Todd:** When was the last time you actually did cry while drinking a beer and you were sad?

**Dave H:** In Toronto when I found out Stiff passed.

**Davey:** I get choked up at good shows all the time. I wrote a song a few weeks ago that makes me cry. My voice cracks too and I can't sing the song good. Just this past Sunday I was having an amazing day because two bars I love released Pliny the Younger. I was with good friends. Someone was missing from that group and it made me very sad. I do get sad when the people I want to share a moment with can't be there.

**Todd:** When was the last time you actually did cry while drinking a beer and you were happy?

**Dave H:** Watching Grabass last Fest.

**Davey:** I've had a couple more great ones since then, but that's my favorite recent memory. I tend to boo hoo when a great band inspires me. That's why I cry when I listen to Daves.

**Disorder:** I was all choked up during the singalong at the end of the Arrivals set. It was so unifying and cathartic, but then Dave Decker jumped onstage and started acting like a monkey.

**Todd:** Is being a Dave like being a Ramone in that anyone who joins has their first name become Dave, or are they all real Daves?

**Disorder:** We have one Joe. He goes by Joe Dave. We, the Daves, call him Joe. He's got a "Dave" Tattoo on his ankle.

**Dave H:** "All the Way" is my favorite Ramones song, if that's what you were asking.

**Davey:** For years, being a Dave meant not much at all. Now, it means having to explain myself.

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NICOLE KIBERT

# I can laugh or cry in life. I'd rather laugh.

**Todd:** Explain the last episode that, to the outside world, would look like that you're "failing the test of life" and explain to the outside world how, in fact, you are not failing that test at all and they're the ones who've got it wrong.

**Dave H:** Paying off my warrant last year... Then successful bankruptcy.

**Disorder:** Who's moderating this "failing the test of life debate"? If it's like Rodney Dangerfield's ghost or Alf, I like our odds.

**Todd:** Are there any product endorsements you'd take and by taking it, it'd save you hundreds, maybe thousands of dollars a year?

**Dave H:** Bugler, Jim Beam, n' Yuengling.

**Disorder:** I like money.

**Davey:** I'd be supportive of a musical library where I could borrow instruments for a while and return them. Oh, and it has good beer at overdue book rates.

**Todd:** The last time you hallucinated, what did you see?

**Davey:** I saw one of the bands I was in going on tour. Instead, I turned into some netherworldly blob of shit who struggles with a Katy Perry addiction.

**Dave H:** I saw Obama's face on a woman's body breathing fire, bitchin' about how Hüsker Dü should have had more time in the studio for *Zen Arcade*.

**Joe Dave:** Money in my wallet. When I sobered up, it disappeared.

**Disorder:** I wasn't on drugs, but I was in the company of dudes on drugs. I was

hanging out with some of my friends in New Mexico who were on mushrooms. We were all walking over to this pool in the middle of the night and we had to cross this small vacant lot to get to the property. None of them had ever been there before so I told them we were almost there and it was just a couple more miles through this stretch of desert. You could totally see them trip out for a second until they realized it was only like a hundred feet away. Then when we got to the pool; it was drained two thirds of the way, and the part that wasn't empty was mostly muddy water. I had to talk them out of jumping in that shit. They thought I was still fucking with them and it was all sparkly water and mermaids.

**Todd:** What's the difference between a "dude" and a "bro"?

**Dave H:** Dudes on, bros off.

**Disorder:** I think it works out something like this mathematically: dude = good, bro = good, dude + bro = not good. Kind of the same relationship protons and electrons have, but with more feces throwing.

**Joe Dave:** A dude could be a guy or a girl, but a bro is almost always a dude.

**Davey:** Dude, if you have to ask, you ain't either, bro.

**Todd:** I don't want to mislead the reader into thinking that Too Many Daves is like the Fifteen meets Stevie Vai of punk rock—that it's all serious and technical—but there's a serious side to Too Many Daves.

You rail against organized religion, sing about being honest with one's feelings, and still sound like a party. I'm assuming this is intentional. Why?

**Disorder:** 'Cause it's funny.

**Davey:** I can laugh at myself. It's my most endearing quality, no matter how annoying it may seem to some people. I have that finely honed edge.

**Todd:** Why not just be a stupid-stupid punk band like the Casualties?

**Davey:** You mean we're not? Just because we don't have fashionable dragons to chase... Look, we don't pollute the atmosphere with hairspray and we don't press enough records to scare the landfills into submission.

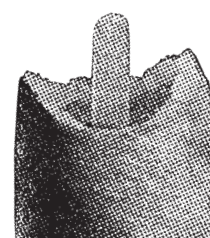
**Todd:** Back to monkeys... and record art. If chimps were really drinking beers on the moon, wouldn't those cans just explode?

**Dave H:** Way to shatter a dream.

**Joe Dave:** No, that was just another fake moon landing. That picture was taken during a break in shooting.

**Disorder:** I don't know. I failed astronomy. I guess if they poked a hole in the bottom of the can, they could shotgun beers really slowly.

**Davey:** That's the idea! Trick the monkeys into going on a mooncation and dangle beers in front of them. Did you know Tampa means "land of OOOH OOOH EEEE EEEEEEE!!!"?









A black and white photograph of a shelf. On the shelf is a classical bust of a person's head and a tall, slender vase filled with dark, feathery objects. The background is a wall with a plaid pattern.

# ROBERT SCOTT

## **Interview by Ryan Leach**

Photos by Tim Soter,  
Mor Fleisher, Ryan Leach and  
courtesy of Robert Scott

Layout by Lauren Measure

Over the course of his thirty-year career, Robert Scott has proven himself to be a top-notch songwriter and a pillar of New Zealand music. Like a number of musicians associated with the Flying Nun label, Robert has consistently put out records since the early 1980s. A complete discography of his work would be massive, but it's his two main projects, The Clean and The Bats, that Robert is best known for. And, that's for good reason. The two groups have had a major impact not only on New Zealand musicians, but artists worldwide, notably the late Jay Reatard.

Robert's first band, Electric Blood, was formed with his brother Andrew and local schoolmates in 1977. Although hard to come by, Electric Blood's shambolic albums are excellent, displaying some of the same uninhibited naïveté found in Dan Treacy and Syd Barrett's work. Electric Blood recorded infrequently, but the band's influence would be felt on much of

Robert's later work.

In 1980, Robert joined brothers David and Hamish Kilgour in a revamped version of The Clean. Over the span of the next two years, the band would change the course of New Zealand music.

The Clean's debut EP, *Boodle, Boodle, Boodle*, started a scene. The New Zealand rock press went so far as to dub bands associated with The Clean as members of the Dunedin Sound—a sound loosely identified by lo-fidelity recordings (courtesy of the brilliant Chris Knox and Doug Hood) and (sometimes) jangly guitars.

Just after the dissolution of The Clean, Robert formed The Bats in late 1982. With a few breaks here and there, The Bats have been active ever since with the same lineup: Robert Scott (vocals, guitar), Kaye Woodward (guitar, vocals), ex-Toy Love member Paul Kean (bass, vocals) and Marshall Grant (drums). A



main vehicle for Robert's songwriting, all of The Bats' albums are respectable and consistent—but Daddy's Highway (1987) is the best place to start for the uninitiated.

In the late 1980s, The Clean reunited. Throughout much of the '90s, Robert oscillated between The Clean and The Bats. In the early 2000s, he released his first solo record, *The Creeping Unknown*, followed a few years later by a collection of New Zealand folk songs called *Songs of Otago's Past* (2004). Robert recently released another solo record (2010's *Ends Run Together*) and is currently busy recording new albums with both The Bats and The Clean. Thirty years on, and Robert has yet to slow down.



**Ryan:** What was growing up in Dunedin like?

**Robert:** Well, my dad grew up in Scotland. He went to university in Manchester and received a degree in zoology. There weren't any jobs in Scotland so he looked around the world for one. He ended up getting a job in Dunedin, which is quite a big university town. There's a big school here called the University of Otago, which 20,000 people attend. My parents built a house about ten miles out of Dunedin in a place called East Taieri. I grew up there. It was rural. There were a lot of farms. We had a pretty good time growing up. We played outside a lot. We played sports with the kids up and down the road. There was quite a lot of music in the house as well. My mum played organ at the local church. My dad played old Scottish folk songs on the piano. We didn't have TV growing up. Arts and music were kind of a focus for us. We made up quite a lot of our own entertainment. That's sort of where I got my musical bent from. We were encouraged to make up our own fun and do our own thing. We'd often sing songs.

Later on, I went to art school out in Dunedin which was my first brush with a different kind of lifestyle, really. That was in 1979. Punk was sort of happening. One of the first people I met was David Kilgour. He was going to art school as well. I was flatting with his girlfriend,

which is how I met him. I was teaching myself guitar and bass guitar around that time. I had taken piano lessons as a kid, so I had a bit of musical knowledge.

When I met David, the original version of The Clean (David Kilgour on guitar, David's older brother Hamish Kilgour on drums and Peter Gutteridge on bass) had just broken up. Hamish had moved up to Auckland on the top of the North Island. David and I were jamming together, writing a few tunes. Shortly after, David told Hamish, "Hey, I found a bass player, so come back down to Dunedin." That's pretty much how I got into the Clean.

**Ryan:** You were sort of living outside of consumer culture.

**Robert:** Very much so. It was an interesting mixture. Although we were living in New Zealand, my mum was English and my dad was Scottish, so we had a slightly different upbringing from the average Kiwi. It shaped who we were in terms of us using our imaginations and trying to be creative. It's quite different from today where kids are bombarded with information from the Internet and TV.

**Ryan:** I'm interested in the band you formed before The Clean, Electric Blood. I've heard some Electric Blood tracks and I like them. There isn't too much documentation out there on your first band, which played a pretty big role in your musical development.

**Robert:** All the Electric Blood stuff we recorded onto cassette tape. Over the last few years, I've been digitizing it—putting it on CD. I've been selling it to anyone who's interested. Every once in a while I'll get an e-mail or a request on Facebook for it, and I'll sell a handful of them to people. A guy named Mike McGonigal in Portland has been picking up on Electric Blood. He's been getting it a bit of promotion through his magazine called *Yeti*.

The Electric Blood stuff was really me and my brother Andrew, who is also a musician, playing along with a few guys who were living up the road; they were sort of non-musicians. It was a band that really evolved around me learning how to write songs and trying to get these other guys to join in and make a band of some kind. We had a sort of acoustic phase, which was comprised of piano, acoustic guitar, and cardboard boxes for drums. There was a lot of yelling and handheld percussion. We then went into a



Photo by Tim Soter

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We made up quite a lot of our own entertainment. That's sort of where I got my musical bent from.





semi-electric phase when a couple of us got a hold of some electric guitars and one of the guys obtained a proper drum kit. We had a year of doing that kind of stuff. We did covers like “Bad Leroy Brown” and “Bad Moon Rising.” Electric Blood went through several different versions.

**Ryan:** The Electric Blood recordings remind me of some of the songs Alex Chilton was cutting right after Big Star.

**Robert:** *Like Flies on Sherbet*.

**Ryan:** Absolutely. I love that record. It’s one of my favorites.

**Robert:** When we were doing the Electric Blood stuff, we had never really heard anything else. During that time, my sister had records by the Beatles, Dylan, and Neil Young, and that was about it. I heard those records growing up. But I had never heard anything very left of field until later when I bumped into David Kilgour. After that, I started listening to a lot of different stuff. Early on, though, I didn’t have a huge musical background in terms of music most other people were listening to.

**Ryan:** With that in mind, there are certain records that seem to sum up a scene. A good example of that would be the *No New York* compilation. The *AK-79* record has been cited by many, notably John Dix (author of *Stranded in Paradise*, the definitive history of rock’n’roll in New Zealand), as a comprehensive representation of New Zealand punk rock. Did that compilation jibe with you when it came out or did it sort of pass you by?

**Robert:** When that scene was happening in ‘79, I wasn’t aware of it at all. Having said that, the first gig I saw in Dunedin was The Enemy and The Clean. That was the version of The Clean that existed before I joined them, and later The Enemy turned into Toy Love. After I saw that show, I walked away thinking, “Wow! That’s something different.” There was a strong scene in ‘79 and ‘80. Of course, Flying Nun was starting. I began buying a lot of punk records. Suicide, the Velvet Underground, and the Ramones were quite popular here. The English groups like Wire, the Stranglers, and the Buzzcocks were popular as well. So much was developing in a very short amount of time.

**Ryan:** How long were you playing with The Clean before you released the “Tally Ho” single?

**Robert:** We started playing together in early 1980 when Hamish came down from Auckland. We played probably ten or fifteen shows through 1980. We played a few shows in early ‘81. One of them was in Christchurch, which is where Roger Shepherd saw us; very shortly after that we recorded the “Tally Ho” single. Later on in the year, we recorded *Boodle, Boodle, Boodle* (1981) up in Auckland. The next year we recorded *Great Sounds Great* (1982) and *Getting Older* (1982) and that was it. The Clean was all finished.

**Ryan:** Being from New Zealand and going into a recording studio for the first time and cutting a single—“Tally Ho”—that reached number nineteen on the NZ singles charts was pretty unheard of at the time, especially for a bunch of guys in their early twenties.

*Bats ‘84: far left photo (left to right): Robert Scott, Malcolm Grant, Paul Kean, Kaye Woodward.*

*Bats ‘84: middle photo (left to right): Robert Scott, Kay Woodward, Malcolm Grant, Paul Kean.*

**Robert:** It wasn’t the norm, put it that way. It was a new thing for a New Zealand band doing original material to appear on the charts like that. We had done a bit of touring up and down the country. There was a supportive TV show called *Radio with Pictures* that highlighted groups playing in New Zealand. When the records started coming out on Flying Nun, a lot of people who had been to the concerts were, I guess, pretty pleased and happy to purchase a record from a band they could see live. Quite a few people bought our records. The rest of the chart stuff was really boring at that time. It was like a breath of fresh air.

**Ryan:** There was also a huge stylistic difference in ethos between you and the New Zealand pub rock bands that preceded you, like Hello Sailor.

**Robert:** Yeah, very much so.

**Ryan:** *Boodle, Boodle, Boodle* is a seminal record. Do you remember cutting the EP with Doug Hood and Chris Knox?

**Robert:** I actually remember it fairly well. Some of the songs, like “Point That Thing” and “Anything Could Happen,” were from the previous incarnation of The Clean. They were in our set right from the beginning. “Billy Two” we wrote when I joined the band. “Thumbs Off” was one I wrote. We just selected a group of songs we wanted to do and recorded them quickly. We put them all down on a four-track recorder, so we had to work out how we were going to approach it, in terms of trying to fit the drums, bass, and rhythm guitar on two tracks, and the vocals, percussion, and extra guitar on the other two tracks. We really had to plan the recording. We were in a small, wooden hall—forty foot by forty foot. The hall had a really nice and natural sound. We just set our equipment up like we were doing a gig. We recorded and mixed it all in two days.

**Ryan:** In *Heavenly Pop Hits* (a documentary on Flying Nun named after a Chills song), Roger Shepherd states that you were uneasy with the success you had achieved with The Clean. Do you agree?

**Robert:** Yes and no. There was more pressure on David because he was the guitarist. He was doing some interesting stuff on the guitar and felt obliged to do something different each night. There was quite a bit of success and a lot of people were asking us to do stuff. Hamish and David felt like confounding people a bit, surprising them. So they just went, “Okay, that’s it.” [laughs]

**Ryan:** I imagine The Clean ending so abruptly had to have been difficult on you.

**Robert:** I was a bit sad, really. Things were going well. We had also moved up to Christchurch. That’s when The Clean suddenly stopped. I then hooked up with Kay (Woodward), Paul (Kean), and later Malcolm (Grant). I started writing more songs on guitar. I had a great time with The Clean but it was time to move on and find another output for my songs.





**Ryan:** A lot of journalists comment on the simplicity of your songs with The Bats. Nevertheless, I think people overlook your rhythm section, particularly Paul Kean, who's a very melodic bassist, not afraid to play some fairly complex lines. You don't find bass players of his caliber or imagination in rock music too often. I imagine having Paul flush out your ideas has to be exciting as a songwriter.

**Robert:** I guess that is sort of taken for granted, especially since we've been playing together for so long; you sort of grow with it. In some ways our songs are fairly straightforward and pretty simple. I don't write very complicated guitar parts; mostly just chords and Kaye puts her lead on top and Paul is usually pretty busy on the lower end. Malcolm sort of plays more with me to propel the songs along. Paul's a great player.

**Ryan:** As an outsider looking in, it seemed that Flying Nun produced a disproportionate amount of EPs. Take a band like Look Blue Go Purple, who released three EPs and some singles, yet never produced a full length. It wasn't until 1987 that you put out your first long player, after several years of playing with The Clean and The Bats.

**Robert:** That was partly because it was cheaper to record EPs and because they counted as singles so they could get on the singles charts—seeing as they ran at 45 RPMs. Also, the bands on Flying Nun would have a bunch of new songs and, in their enthusiasm, they'd cut them before they could get a full length done. That was part of it.

**Ryan:** *Daddy's Highway* (1987) was the first LP you cut and it felt like a culmination of The Bats EPs you had recorded before it. The songs are all really excellent and the album's best moments remind me of John Cale's *Paris 1919* record.

**Robert:** That's interesting. That's one of my favorite records of all time.

**Ryan:** It's one of mine too. *Vintage Violence* as well. In your songwriting and in Cale's, we get these abstract glimpses into people's lives. There's also a brutal honesty with both of your voices. Cale wasn't trying to affect his voice or hide the fact that he's Welsh.

RAZORCAKE 50

I find it hard to write about things that are specific, like war or pollution. Often, those songs end up sounding very clichéd and hackneyed, so I try to stay away from that.

**Robert:** When I sing, I can't sing in any other way. I'm trying to sing in tune, for a start, which has taken me a few records to learn. Some people put on a bit of voice, but with me whatever comes out comes out. I'm going for the melody. Singing is a funny thing. You only have a certain amount of control over it. Your voice isn't like an instrument where you can use effects. You can't change your voice very much. At least I can't. It's one of those things where you do it to the very best of your ability and find out later whether people think it's any good or not. [laughs]

**Ryan:** Thomas Wolfe is someone who wrote extremely personal autobiographical works that stand as some of the best novels of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Wolfe found himself in situations where he'd have to leave cities because of his brutally honest portrayals of people. Songs off of *Daddy's Highway* like "Some Peace Tonight" and "Had to Be You" seem to come out of that mold. Do you find that writing about personal experiences is how you work best?

**Robert:** That's interesting. A lot of the songs are autobiographical. There are other times where I'll write something and people will ask me about it: "When did this happen to you?" In actuality, the event never happened to me. A lot of times people can't believe it. They feel the song is too believable. Some of my ideas for lyrics come from dreams and half-awake states. Other times, it's just a made-up story. Quite often my lyrics revolve around observations I make about people and their surroundings and how they interact. Sometimes I find it hard to write about things that are specific, like war or pollution. Often, those songs end up sounding very clichéd and hackneyed, so I try to stay away from that, not sermonizing or lecturing. I tend to hide things and place them in different scenarios. I like word play and double meaning.

**Ryan:** I read Matthew Bannister's book, *Positively George Street*. In it, he describes the hardships his band (Sneaky Feelings) faced in London. Martin Phillips (of The Chills) faced much of the same. Fortunately for The Bats, it seemed as though England treated you well when you went there in 1986, although I'm sure you experienced some regional snobbery.

**Robert:** The British press made a lot of sheep jokes. Even worse, they made kangaroo jokes, meaning they got us confused with Australians. But "Made Up in Blue" was named Single of the Week in the *NME*. We got a lot of good press. The gigs were good as well. We had a great time. The Chills had been there previously. We hooked up with their manager Craig Taylor and he got us some gigs and we booked some ourselves. There were a lot of ex-pats in England so they'd come to the shows. We got some gigs in Germany. On one of them we got to play with Alex Chilton, which was one of the highlights of my career. That was right when he put out that AIDS single, "No Sex." It was kind of an eye-opener going to England. We had some savings. We bought a van and some amplifiers over there. We tried to be really self-reliant and not rely on too many people.

**Ryan:** One Brit who comes up again and again in the punk and post-punk years—often in a very supportive role to visiting bands—is Geoff Travis of Rough Trade Records. He'd eventually put out *Vehicle* (1990), the first LP you released with the reformed Clean. Was he around on that first trip to England?

**Robert:** Not originally. I guess Geoff was aware of Flying Nun by the





Photo by Tim Soter

end of the '80s. It was a short time period for us, in a way. The Bats went back there in '88 and The Clean went over there in '89. We had written the songs that would appear on *Vehicle* when Geoff saw us. He asked us if we'd like to record and release something. We only had about three days left before we had to fly home to New Zealand. We got into a studio and in three days knocked out *Vehicle*. Unfortunately, shortly after the recording, Rough Trade went under.

**Ryan:** Although *Vehicle* was recorded in a marathon-type run, you guys had gotten much tighter over the years.

**Robert:** Those songs we had been playing all tour. We knew them really well. On other Clean albums, we'd sometimes write stuff in the studio or gather together old ideas and pieces, which is why some of the other records sound ramshackle. The *Vehicle* material we had been playing for a year on the road here and there, so when we came to the studio, it was like going through the set list. It was an easy album to do.

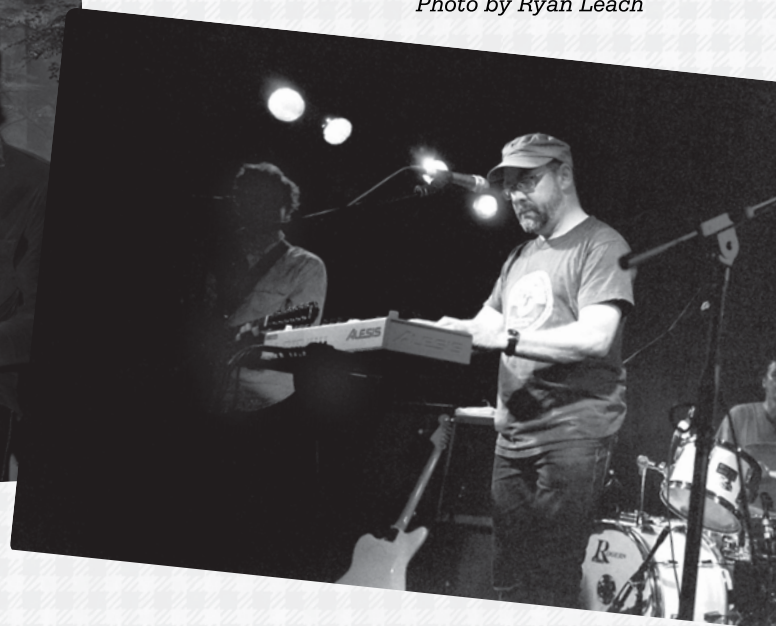
**Ryan:** Like a lot of Flying Nun bands, you kept a lot of jobs in-house. In the '80s, you recorded most of your work at NightShift Studios in Christchurch with Paul Kean producing. You began using outside producers and recording at other studios in the '90s. What was that experience like?

**Robert:** The early stuff we did at NightShift. Paul is a lot more technically savvy than me, so he handled a lot of the production work. *Daddy's Highway* we recorded partially by ourselves; the rest of the album was cut with a friend in Scotland. *The Law of Things* (1990) we did with Brent McLachlan of Bailter Space in Wellington.

*Fear of God* (1991), we recorded with Nick Sansano who was like a second engineer on *Daydream Nation* by Sonic Youth. Mushroom Record had put some serious money into the project and wanted a producer with a name, I guess. Nick was brought over to New Zealand. It was sort of a mixed success. It was his first time away from America. During the recording of the album, the first Gulf War happened, so he sort of freaked out being away from home. He tried to change a lot of what we were doing. We ran out of studio time. He ended up mixing the album in New York and sending cassette tapes back, asking us what we thought. That was hard work.

*Silverbeet* (1993), we recorded with Lou Giordano and that was a lot more successful. We were much more on the same wavelength. It was recorded in Lou's studio, just outside of Boston. We were camped in there and able to concentrate on the songs. We had been playing those songs for about a year on the road so we were a lot more confident with them. We were a lot happier with the results we got with *Silverbeet*.

Photo by Ryan Leach



*Couchmaster* (1995) is where we went back to doing things ourselves. That was recorded back at NightShift. We had spent a lot of money on the previous two albums. We had sold a bit of them but they weren't hugely successful. We came to the conclusion that instead of spending all this money, we should just do it ourselves. We also enjoyed the process of recording and working on our own. We had more confidence with what we were doing by that point.

**Ryan:** The late '90s was a bit of a slower period for you.

Photo by Tim Soter





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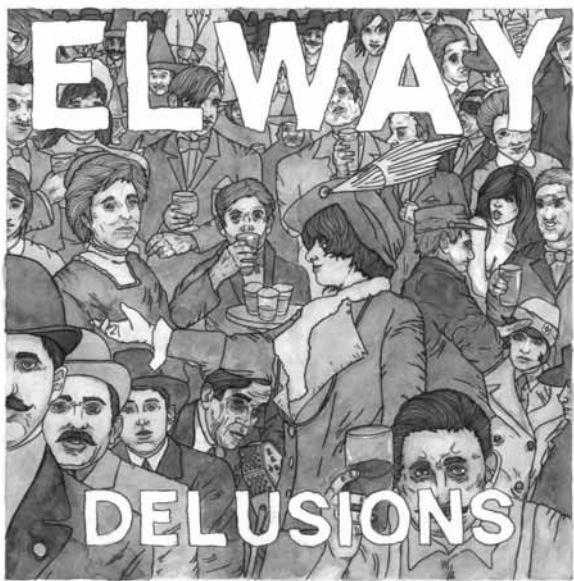
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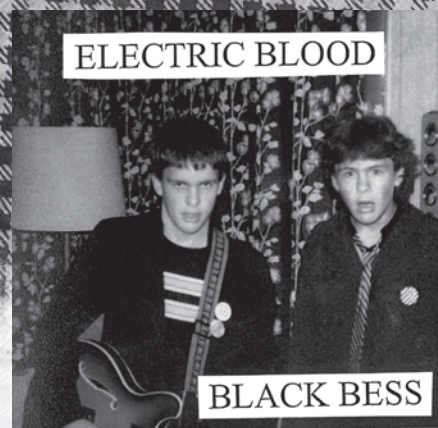
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Left photo, left to right: Andrew Scott, Philip Tompkins, Robert Scott (1979)

Right photo, left to right: Robert Scott, Andrew Scott (1979)



**Robert:** We were all sort of busy with work and kids. It was a slow period. The Clean was doing things then as well. So it was a bit of a break for The Bats stuff. Before we knew it, a few years had gone by. It wasn't through lack of writing. I could've done an album every two years. Some of it was The Clean time. Other times it was The Bats time. We got back into things in the 2000s.

**Ryan:** Probably because of that down period, you were able to record *Tascam Hits*, which eventually came out in 2004.

**Robert:** I recorded all of that stuff in 1998 on a home cassette studio.

**Ryan:** When I think of that record, I'm reminded of the phrase Marshall McLuhan coined: the medium is the message. Through using this very affordable recorder, you were able to produce different music. There's a lot of instrumental and ambient music that probably wouldn't have been released had you not utilized the Tascam.

**Robert:** Yeah. You're freed up from doing something that you'd later try to do live, so there are no constraints there. I was exploring different musical ideas. *Tascam Hits* was never meant for proper release. It was more or less just ideas for songs. I ran some CDs off of it and gave it to friends. A few people said, "Oh! that sounds like an album." There's a label in New Zealand called Power Tools and they ended up releasing it.

I did the sort of pop solo album called *The Creeping Unknown* in 2001. I got a government grant to do that one. It was kind of fun.

**Ryan:** You also received a government grant to do *Songs of Otago's Past* (2004). I'm particularly curious about that album because I'm interested in labor history and working-class concerns. You spent a lot of time recording songs about events that happened many, many decades ago and even further back, which I'm sure a lot of people were benighted to. What inspired you to record these songs from Otago's past?

**Robert:** There had been a big folk tradition in New Zealand. There are a lot of folk songs that were locally written and recorded, yet they do not get released outside of New Zealand. Some of those songs are obviously derived from

Irish, English, and Scottish folk music—taking existing tunes and adapting them by placing local words to them. What got me into the idea of recording *Songs of Otago's Past* was an English artist named Nic Jones. Nic Jones was a folk artist from the late '60s through the '70s. He was in a very bad car accident in 1982 and couldn't do anything anymore. He injured his hand. But on the album he released just prior to his accident, he recorded a New Zealand folk song, "Farewell to the Gold." I was listening to that and it was basically all about my area's history. There was a gold rush in the 1840s and 1850s. Jones found this folk song written

The British press made a lot of sheep jokes. Even worse, they made kangaroo jokes, meaning they got us confused with Australians.



Clean, live, July 16, 1982:  
(left to right):  
Hamish Kilgour (drums),  
David Kilgour



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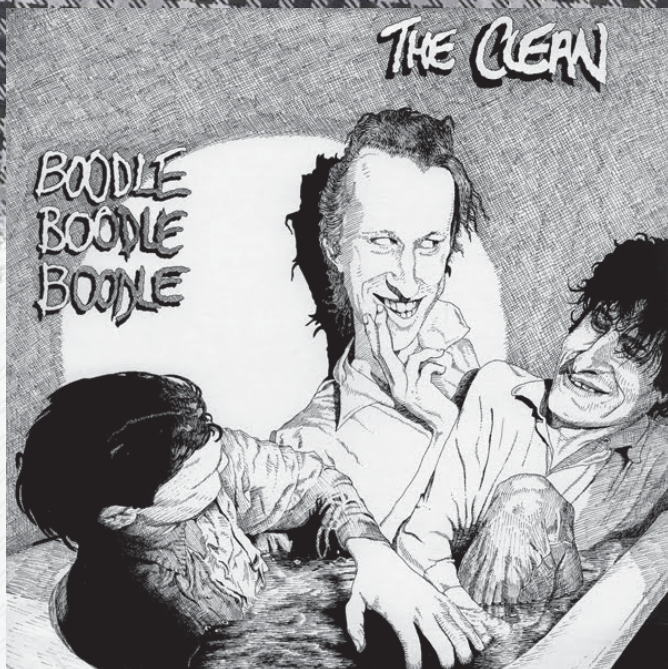
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by a New Zealander and he covered it. I thought to myself, "Oh! Here's an English guy doing a New Zealand folk song. I should do a bunch more and do an album of it." I did a bunch of research, went to different libraries. I found a whole bunch of songs. Some of them had been already done by other people on other albums, but most of them were unknown.

**Ryan:** How long did the research process last?

**Robert:** It took about a year and a half. There's a good library and museum called the Hocken Library in Dunedin. They've got a lot of information on the history of New Zealand in terms of writing and song. There was an endless supply of stuff. It was more of me not knowing whether it had been released or not. I pretty much stuck to songs relating to Otago, as that's my province. A lot of the songs were bits of writing which I made up my own tunes for; some of them were existing tunes that I learned and played. I tried to interpret them as best I could. It was a really interesting process.

**Ryan:** I'm curious as to how you arranged the songs.

**Robert:** There are songs about sheering, gold mining, and whaling. A lot of them could have been used as poems—meaning spoken word—but the metre and the rhythm of them was quite strong. I found it very easy to put a basic chord structure behind them. They turned into songs, at least to my ears.

**Ryan:** When I saw you a few months back at the Kings Arms in Auckland, you were finishing up a Bats show and heading off the following week to the States to perform with The Clean. Although you're busy with work and your family, the last five years have been some of the busiest you've experienced in terms of music.

**Robert:** Yeah. It has been interesting. The Clean has gotten busy again. The last Bats album (2008's *The Guilty Office*) went really well. We went to Europe with it. We just recorded a new Bats record which we're still working on. My solo album, *Ends Run Together*, just came out. It'll be out in America this month. I recorded that one through '09 to '10. We recently did two Clean tours. Things have been busy. The advent of the Internet has opened a lot of opportunities for us, in a way. I guess it has sort of inspired us to capitalize on some of the recent interest. It's inspiring as a songwriter. The interest makes you want to try and better your last effort and do something similar or perhaps different but equally well received.

**Ryan:** On that note, with The Bats you were open to including some relatively unorthodox instruments on recordings. On *Ends Run Together* I think a saw is being played on "Messages."



*Clean, live, July 16, 1982: Robert Scott*

**Robert:** That's a saw and a hammer dulcimer. That's an American playing those instruments, Alan Starrett. He played on a lot of The Bats and The Clean stuff. He can pretty much play anything.

**Ryan:** Lesley Paris plays drums on a couple *Ends Run Together* tracks. I was quite happy to see that. Look Blue Go Purple is a really overlooked band. In the wake of the success of the Vivian Girls, it'd be nice to see Look Blue Go Purple get some more recognition for their great EPs.

**Robert:** That's right. Look Blue Go Purple was an amazing band and Lesley was an incredible drummer. She carried on doing quite a bit of drumming after LBG, but hadn't been playing much over the last couple years. I put her on the spot and told her she had to play on the record. I wouldn't take no for an answer! It was great to get her to play on the album.

**Ryan:** What's on the horizon?

**Robert:** I'm going to be recording the vocals for the upcoming Bats album over the next couple of weeks. We recorded that with Dale Cotton, who I worked on with *Ends Run Together*. That was a bit of departure for us. We're also going to be recording a new Clean album in March before we go to Australia.

**Ryan:** It's like you're in the '70s, bouncing between two super groups!

**Robert:** [laughs] It can be a bit overwhelming at times when both bands are active at the same moment. It's hard to schedule stuff with work. In the '70s, I might not have had a job. I'd probably be doing well-paid gigs or something. It is kind of hard to generate enough cash to live off of. My job is pretty flexible, though, and they give me a lot of time off to tour. I'm pretty lucky. I work at a school with kids, teaching them music.



**It's all so ridiculous and fun and it's  
almost like any idea has to be  
retarded and extreme.**

**Agreed.**



**MEAN J**



CANDERSON

# MEAN JEANS

**T**HERE ARE MANY SHADES OF STUPID, EVEN SHADES OF STUPID THE NAKED, HUMAN EYE CAN'T SEE.

Infrared stupid. Ultraviolet stupid. Ramones mixed with *Operation Dumbo Drop* stupid. Atmospherically stupid. Marianas Trench stupid.

But stupid is like Keno. Inspired stupid doesn't settle in the averages. It has to hit all the numbers for it to really pay off.

One person's comic genius is another's constant annoyance.

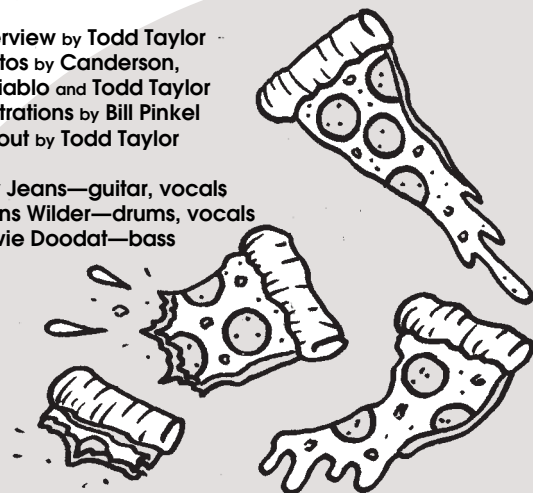
For me, the Mean Jeans are the Albert Einsteins of stupid, the Rodney Dangerfields of quantum physics, and way more rockin' and catchy than just another stupid party band thinking of what rhymes with "fart" and "ex-girlfriend." They've disassembled the stupidity clock. Where the gears and clicking weights traditionally are, they've jammed in bongos, partying cockroaches, 3-D glasses, slices of pizza, cheap beer, poorly executed skate tricks, and little baggies of crystallized doubt and disappointment. Time passing with the Mean Jeans—just tick tocking on by—becomes party anthems.

The world is chock full of stupid ideas that are stupid.

Here's the raddest stupid party band to come out of Portland, Oregon... since Poison Idea.

Interview by Todd Taylor  
Photos by Canderson,  
El Diablo and Todd Taylor  
Illustrations by Bill Pinkel  
Layout by Todd Taylor

Billy Jeans—guitar, vocals  
Jeans Wilder—drums, vocals  
Howie Doodat—bass





**We got "Band of the Year" by some guy  
at the donut place and he etched  
our name into a trophy that he  
bought from Goodwill.**



CANDERSON

**That was pretty cool.  
He bought us twelve  
donuts and an RC Cola.**



**Todd:** Let's start in 2006. You're in C-Rex, a rap band, correct?

**Billy:** Something like that. I have to give an explanation. We had a friend who likes rap who was running a recording studio. [to Jeans] Could that be called a recording studio? A pot den where they recorded rap. He was encouraging me to record rap—which I wouldn't have on my own—if I was so inclined to put out an album or something. But, he let me come over to his place and get wasted and do that. Jeans Wilder and myself actually produced a rap album. I can't remember what we were thinking of at the time or what the motivation was, but we did do that.

**Jeans:** There was nothing to do. This was in Arlington, Virginia and we would go and get drunk at someone's parents' house—who were out of town—and while getting wasted would have a ProTools rig set up and record some songs. I'd already known him through friends.

**Todd:** [to Jeans] Because you're in the videos also.

**Jeans:** Yeah. So some of those songs on the album we worked on together in my parents' basement. I have a little thing down there.

**Billy:** Teenage lifestyle. Post-high school. Pretty depressing. So you come up with some shitty ideas.

**Todd:** Just quoting a lyric to give some head space: "Leanin' on some titties like it was a head rest."

**Billy:** [laughs] You're starting the conversation out with 2006. The entire year is pretty hazy to me. My perspective is that there were people egging me on to record rap and there were people egging us on to make music videos. Making music videos is fun as shit. At this point in the game, anyone who isn't making music videos is retarded because it's so easy and fun and fun to watch.

**Todd:** I would have to say that your videos are awesome.

**Billy:** And, sadly, most people listen to music on the internet. I'd rather just watch the people making the music doing something stupid than stare at a picture and listen to them. I have little patience.

**Todd:** And, in C-Rex you can be naked with a 40oz bottle in front of your crotch.

**Jeans:** We finished that album of his. Then we're hanging out. The video was done and we were like, "What's next?" And then we started the Mean Jeans in the same spot.

**Billy:** There was no focus on C-Rex. That's not something we've ever done since, but it was fun at the time and I will say that a few months ago a dude from L.A. named Chad called me on the phone asking if they could use a C-Rex song in this movie they are making. It's a Milla Jovovich, Bill Pullman movie called *Bringing Up Bobby*. It's one of the shittiest songs that we did. It's terrible. The lyrics are obnoxious and... sexually uncompromising. They already sent me a check, which is tight. I spent all that money. And not only is the song in it—the movie's about an eight-year-old kid and his mom walks in on him playing Rock Band and the song he's doing is this shitty C-Rex song. They were trying to find a song

with sexually graphic lyrics and they chose mine. For fifty-nine seconds of the movie, apparently, the kid is singing it and the lyrics are scrolling across the bottom of the screen. So I had to transcribe the lyrics, which include my mother's full name. Anyway, I'm looking forward to the release.

**Todd:** Why the move from Washington DC to Portland, Oregon?

**Jeans:** It was us two. For a year, it was still us two just playing as a two piece. We came out in my van. I left the seats in Virginia. We moved out, got a house. I play drums. He plays guitar. We both sang. Probably after a year, this guy Howie, who was a freak then—probably still is now—came up after one of our shows and was like, "Yo, do you guys have a place where you play?" "Yeah." "Oh, cool. I play bass. We should jam."

**Billy:** He said we were tight but we needed some low end. And then there was an awkward silence. And he asked for your phone number.

**Jeans:** It was right after we played and got off stage. And I was like, "Okay." And then it got awkward. Then I said, "Do you want to exchange numbers?" He's like, "Yeahyeahyeah." Didn't talk to him the rest of the night. I got a text the next day that said, "Yo, bro. When's practice?"

**Billy:** We thought that was audacious enough and hilarious enough that we should have him come over. He didn't know how to play the songs, or maybe play bass at all. But he was hilarious and he's a bonafide party animal, so we thought, "Maybe it's the right idea."

**Todd:** When did he buy you guys matching Backstreet Boys costumes?

**Billy:** Probably a few weeks after.

**Jeans:** And then we wore them out prematurely and ruined it. Right after he got back from Wal Mart after buying them, we tried them on and went to a different show at Slabtown.

**Billy:** Howie got arrested wearing that Backstreet Boys outfit, having barf all over it. That's rock n roll.

**Jeans:** I think he threw up some shrooms and then ate 'em again because he didn't want to waste them.

**Todd:** Who was in the Berklee School of Music?

**Jeans:** He [nodding to Billy] went to some summer class there. I got accepted to the Berklee School of Music and never went.

**Todd:** Who taught metal guitar?

**Jeans:** He did.

**Billy:** [silence] I was lying when I said that. That's just not true. I'm sorry.

**Todd:** I do have a follow-up question, though. What's the difference between a "critical" solo and a "ferocious" solo, as mentioned in your lyrics?

**Billy:** They're arbitrary adjectives that make guitar solos sound cooler than they actually are.

**Jeans:** I still haven't been allowed to do a drum solo yet. Next album. Chock full. All the guitar solos gone, all the drum solos in, and I'll be playing saxophone.

**Todd:** At the same time?

**Jeans:** Probably.

**Billy:** It will sound like he's doing it at the same time.



**Todd:** Why the transition to the Mean Jeans? Were the Mean Jeans something you always wanted to do? [Silence. Fart sound which turns out to be Billy's leather jacket against the fogging window.] You've named the Riverdales.

**Billy:** You asked about moving to Portland and doing whatever we did when we started the Mean Jeans. I think Jeans Wilder could explain it better. [turns to Jeans] You introduced me to a theory that makes a lot of sense—metalheads who grew up and started amazing metal bands and can shred amazingly, they didn't grow up in a party atmosphere where there's a ton of fun stuff to do. You have to be in a boring, shitty place to get amazing at metal guitar. We were on the other end of that, living in a boring, shitty place. "We gotta start a party band and go somewhere tight where we can party."

**Jeans:** I was looking through your records and saw that you had a Riverdales record and I was like, "Oh shit. I didn't know anybody else listened to them." I really like that, he really liked that. And, of course, we listened to the Ramones.

**Billy:** We were listening to *Subterranean Jungle* on repeat.

**Jeans:** A lot. Later Ramones. And then stuff like The Queers. "Dude, let's get together and play some stuff like that, where you're not necessarily trying to rip off the Ramones, but trying to be just as dumb as the Queers and the Riverdales. Even dumber."

**Billy:** Third generation of dumbing down.

**Todd:** The thing with the Mean Jeans is that you've found the fun part.

**Jeans:** That's my favorite aspect of it. It's all so ridiculous and fun and it's almost like any idea has to be retarded and extreme.

**Billy:** Agreed.

**Jeans:** There's no putting your heart on your sleeve or putting yourself out there. If we played a shitty show, it's not like, afterwards, hanging your head low, and being like, "Aw, man." It's like, "Okay. We got wasted and played really shittily and you didn't like it, but you're not going to hurt our feelings by saying anything about it."

**Billy:** I'm too much of an asshole to continue doing something if it isn't fun. Even like this tour that we're on right now, if it wasn't fun, goofy, wasted, and retarded—I'm not trying





to kid anyone that I've got good ideas or something like that.

**Jeans:** I feel the same way. It has to be half joking or else I wouldn't be able to pull it off. I can't get up on stage and be like, "This is what I do. I take it really seriously. I really hope you like it." [Makes a duck quacking sound.]

**Billy:** It's embarrassing in 2011 to watch people do that.

**Todd:** You'll see a lot of those people at South By Southwest.

**Jeans:** Oh, good. But, you know, when you're done playing, people feel the need: "Oh, man, good show. It sounded good." If it didn't, it's not going to hurt my feelings. "Dude, that was stupid." "All right. Cool."

**Todd:** Jeans, did your parents come to see you when you played San Diego last time?

**Jeans:** Not even close. My dad said he would dress up in disguise, but nah. They know that they would hate it.

**Billy:** They know that we have a song called "2 Much Cocaine," or do they?

**Jeans:** I dunno. I assume. My dad boxes to my electro beats and he likes that music that I make. He's like, "I looked up the Mean Jeans." He figured out how to use the internet. He's like, "I like your other stuff better." And that was it. That's all that's ever been said. I assume, when they looked it up, we had one video, "Stoned 2 the Bone."

**Todd:** It's not for everybody.

**Jeans:** I don't have cool parents. But they are cool.

**Todd:** They're supportive in other ways?

**Jeans:** [Laughs while shaking his head.] Sure.

**Todd:** I have some marginally conceptual questions. Why Keanu Reeves?

**Billy:** What is that supposed to mean?

**Todd:** His awesomeness is—as a person, as a musician, or as an actor?

**Billy:** I think we're probably living in the past. When I think of Keanu Reeves, I'm not considering who he is. I'm thinking of his character in *River's Edge* and *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*.

**Jeans:** Almost those two movies exclusively.

**Billy:** *Teenage Dream*.

**Jeans:** Oh, that was pretty good, too. "To believe is to dream." That's our motto.

**Todd:** Billy Ocean.

**Jeans:** Love it. That's where we got *License 2 Chill* (the EP) from. When we were out cruisin', we had the Billy Ocean CD in the car, *Licensed to Chill*. "Dude, check out this track." I think a year went by and Billy wrote that song. I don't know what Billy Ocean's "license to chill" exactly was. Most of his stuff was chilling with girls.

**Billy:** His music is mostly focused on getting laid.

**Todd:** "Get Out of My Dreams and Get into My Car."

**Jeans:** Yeah. And I assume that our version was more like a license to be a complete fuckup.

**Billy:** And chilling out.

**Todd:** Do you know Billy Ocean's real name?

**Both:** William E. Ocean.

**Todd:** It's Leslie Sebastian Charles.

[laughter]

**Billy:** Leslie?

**Jeans:** Not a joke; I love Billy Ocean.

**Billy:** Also, as far as the license to chill thing, both Jeans and I both believe in this day and age that referencing other classic music or great music—whether people appreciate it or not—that has already happened in the long history of rock'n'roll is something of an art form. Nobunny, for instance, is a master. Everything he does is ripping off something in one way or another, but it's referencing classic shit and awesome music. And doing something cool to it. Plenty of our ideas are inspired by off-the-wall, shitty music of the past.

**Jeans:** I would say that most of the music that I actually like is shitty '80s music, but there's something you can take from all of that and then move it over to what we do. It's not a punk band ripping off another punk band. Take some ideas from Men At Work or Flock Of Seagulls or something like that. [Makes whistling sound.] Maybe Billy Ocean was serious about *License to Chill* and was like, "You and me, girl."

**Billy:** But we're chillin' hard as fuck.

**Jeans:** Where the girls aren't even going to come over because we're wasted already, partying, listening to Billy Ocean. Us two dudes.

**Billy:** Beastie Boys—*License to Ill*—that does nothing for me, but Billy Ocean, *License to Chill*, that speaks.

**Jeans:** And I can do the entire air drums to "Loverboy," which is a Billy Ocean song—not the band Loverboy.

**Billy:** I've seen him do it karaoke. Good times.

**Todd:** Off of that, the keyboard breakdown in "Slime Time." Is that from Bruce Springsteen's "Dancing in the Dark"?

**Jeans:** [laughs] We wish. When we started doing music together, I have a lot of '80s drum machines and synthesizers and I make music like that, which are mostly two or three minute long ideas that aren't really songs.

**Billy:** He's really good at it. He just keeps it to himself.

**Jeans:** So on this particular one, I showed it to him. "All right. Whatever." Then we turned that melody into a Mean Jeans song. And then it was like, "Wouldn't it be funny to put in that?" That was just a four track recording.

**Billy:** That's "Slime Time," I think we combined your electro end-credits-of-an-'80s-movie-sounding *Miami Vice* shit with (Teenage Mutant Ninja) Turtles theme song. That was how we came up with "Slime Time." On the guitar, it's actually very similar. We stole a couple of chords.

**Todd:** We're still in the concept area of the interview. Danny Glover or Jimi Hendrix?

**Jeans:** Danny Glover.

**Billy:** [to Jeans] You used to be in a project that concerned Danny Glover.

**Jeans:** I was in *Brothers from another Mother*, featuring Danny Glover. Then I did an art project with a Crispin Glover mask and a Danny Glover mask, playing electro tunes. I dunno. It was fun.

**Todd:** Which Danny Glover are we talking about?

**Jeans:** *Operation Dumbo Drop*. [laughter]

**Todd:** [At a loss, laughing.]

**Billy:** You gotta stay on your toes, bro.

**Todd:** Is there any Mean Jeans love for Jimi Hendrix?

**Jeans:** I think we were just trying to think of an album name. It could either be Mean Jeans self-titled or whatever or something stupid. And then I was thinking, "Are you serious?" As in, "This shit blows. Are you serious?" And then, on the label on the record is that rip-off the Jimi Hendrix thing (the cover of *Are You Experienced?*), but if you don't see that artwork, I don't think anyone would put it together.

**Billy:** That just begs the question, "Are you serious?"

**Jeans:** The answer is, "No."

**Billy:** Words to the band, from the listener.

**Todd:** Why, specifically, Malibu from *American Gladiator*?

**Billy:** There's a YouTube video that you've never seen.

**Todd:** Malibu was only on for one season.

**Billy:** You haven't seen the highlight of that season, have you? You wouldn't have to ask the question if you knew what we know.

**Jeans:** The tape that we did with this tape label out of Portland. I think they made eighty tapes.

**Billy:** Gnar Tapes.

**Jeans:** We went over to Erik Gnar Tapes' house and we had all of our B-sides or whatever on his computer and just plugged it to a tape machine. Put a couple songs in and then clips from YouTube while we were getting drunk and one of them is Malibu's... dissertation. It's very good.

**Todd:** A spiel?

**Jeans:** It's a little interview with him.

**Billy:** Essentially, Malibu got injured on the show and then he was out for a few episodes and he comes back and he's interviewed about how he healed himself. Malibu is the ultimate dude. He stands alone amongst the gladiators.

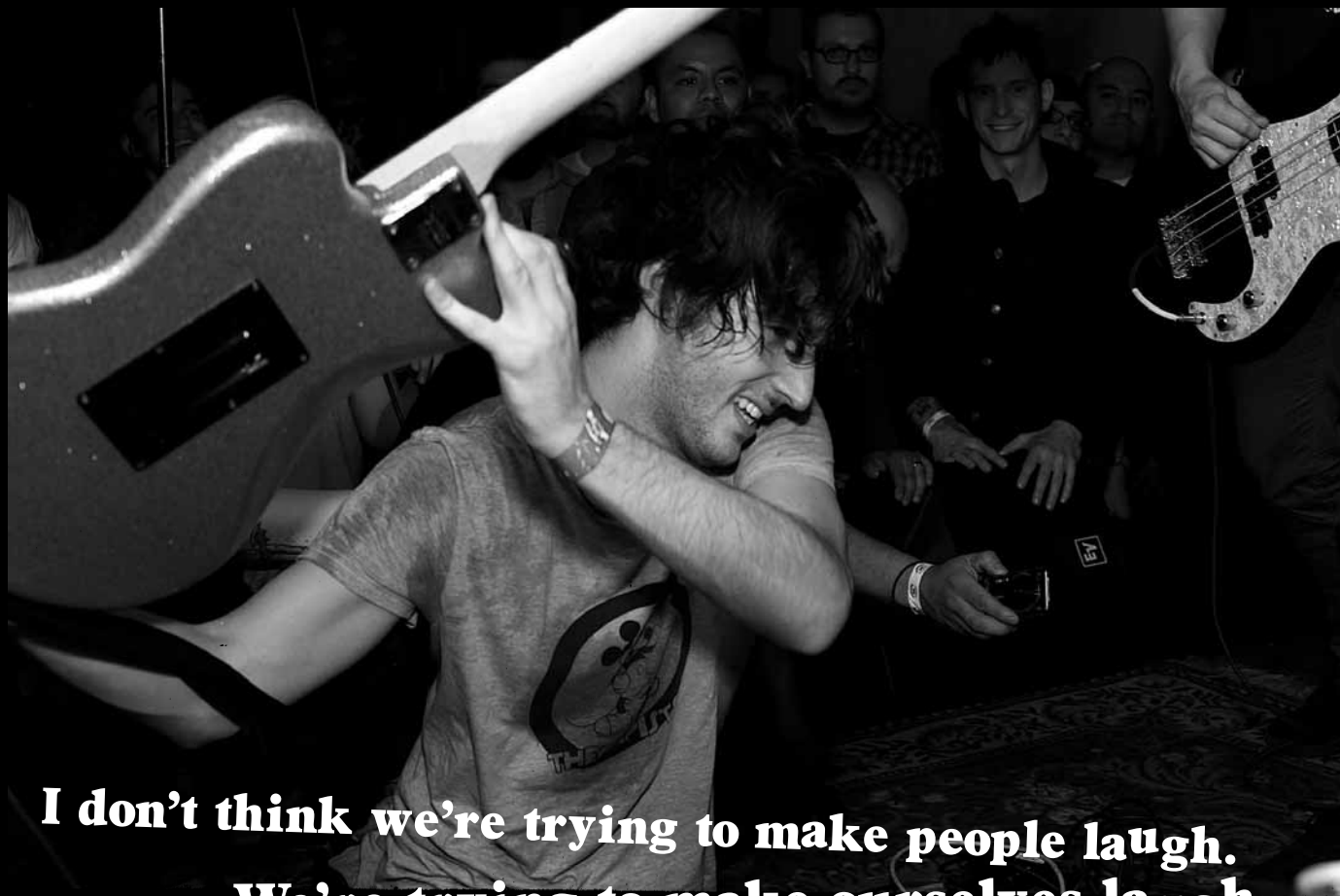
**Todd:** Are the Mean Jeans developing a vocabulary?

**Jeans:** Definitely between us there is. In front of the bass drum, you see "Das Was Up" and "Das Wasabi."

**Billy:** I don't know what you're asking.

**Todd:** "Yayo."

**Billy:** That's what Tony Montana in *Scarface*



**I don't think we're trying to make people laugh.  
We're trying to make ourselves laugh.**



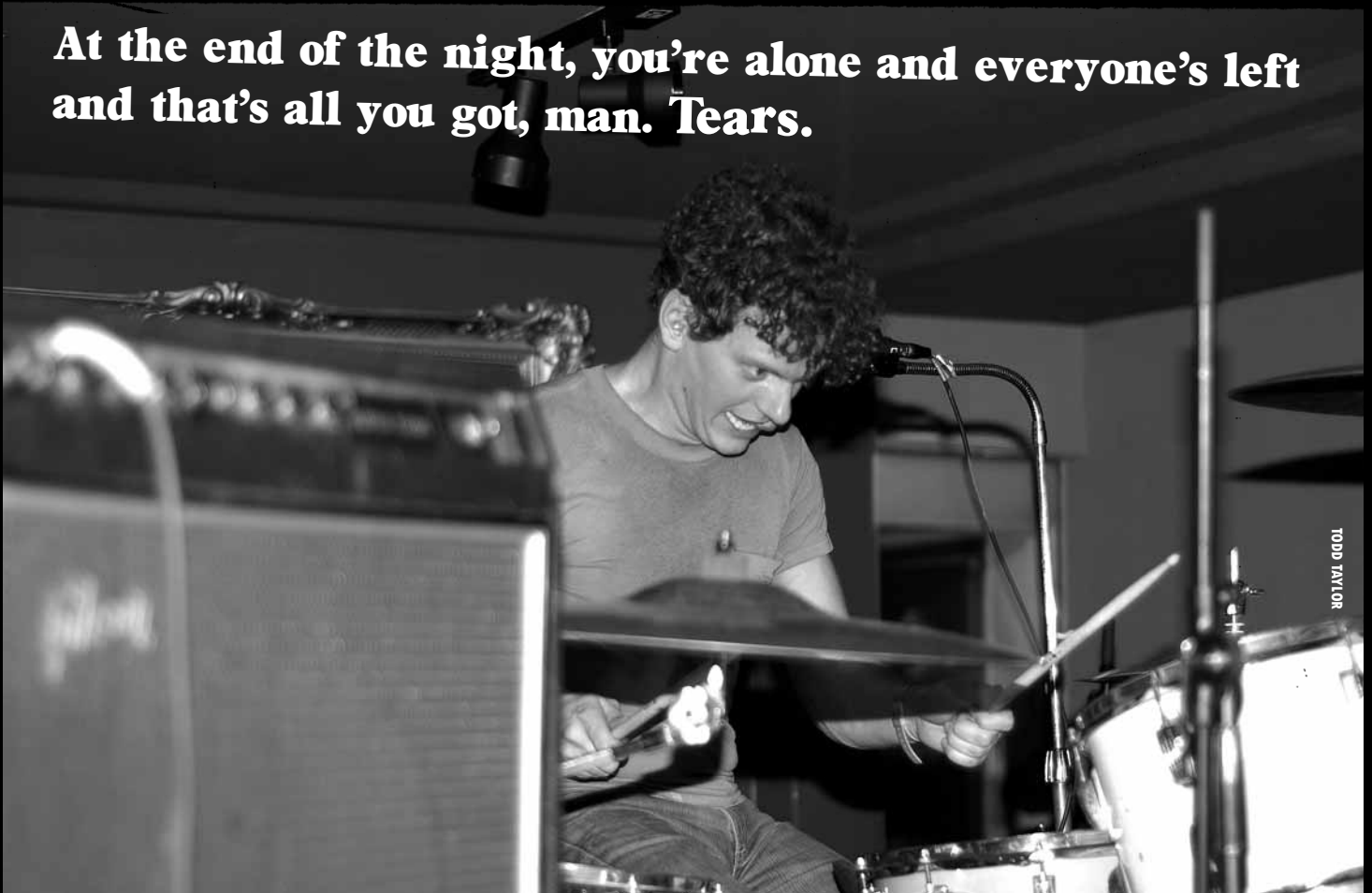


**I'm the type to party all night  
and have a blast.**



CANDERSON

**At the end of the night, you're alone and everyone's left  
and that's all you got, man. Tears.**



TODD TAYLOR

calls cocaine. I don't know how you spell it. I think it's español for "very low."

**Jeans:** But there's even a rapper called Tony Yayo.

**Billy:** For sure. He's in G Unit with 50 Cent.

**Todd:** "Stones."

**Billy:** We're big fans when our favorite beer companies come up with a new name—you don't have a name for a twelve pack, an eighteen pack, or a case, but a thirty rack, it's so much beer that some of these beer companies have felt like they need to come up with a new name. For instance, Milwaukee's Best calls it a Best Chest. "Go buy one." That's what it says. Keystone—which is our favorite, our beverage of choice—it's called "Thirty Stones." I think we mentioned that in one of the songs, maybe.

**Todd:** "Twerk."

**Billy:** You could look that up in the urban dictionary. I had nothing to do with the etymology of twerk. I actually looked it up. It's a word that I like. Juicy J and Project Pat of Three 6 Mafia have a song called "Twerk", as in "Twerk that ass". It's short for footwork, apparently, actually.

**Jeans:** Oh, see, I didn't even know that. Everything gets as goofed up as much as possible. Misspelling stuff. I think when he and I text each other, a lot of the times, my goal is to misspell every single word in the text message.

**Billy:** Just about every word.

**Jeans:** Then, you know, even a boring question is humorous. Like, "Hey, when are we meeting up for practice?"—even though we don't practice, so this is hypothetical—three "k"s in one word instead of just one "c."

**Billy:** Like Ice Cube's *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*. Three "k"s.

**Jeans:** That was probably some sort of... race.

**Billy:** That was a high concept that I didn't quite get. I just thought he was spelling it sweet.

**Todd:** You guys have a couple other projects that you've mentioned before. An animated series, ala *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, the animated series.

**Billy:** You've seen the animated series of Bill and Ted?

**Todd:** Parts.

**Billy:** I can't remember the specific interview, but someone was asking us our goals, not for the near future, but goals in life. That goes up on there, but I won't pretend that I wake up and work on that. That's going to take some time.

**Jeans:** At one point, the two of us kind of looked like Bill and Ted.

**Billy:** I had long hair for a long time. I don't any more because this past Halloween we were the Wyld Stallyns. The Means Jeans were. Howie Doodat was death. Jeans Wilder was Bill S. Preston, Esquire, and I was Ted Theodore Logan. Keanu Reeves again. It all comes full circle. He's somebody that we look up to, at least the characters that he plays. I cut my long hair off to look like him.

**Todd:** Dedication.

**Billy:** It seemed like a good idea at the time. We covered "God Gave Rock'n'roll to You." [Due to circumstances beyond our control, the careful plan of interviewing the Mean

Jeans at the Razorcake bunker fell through, so five of us got into a truck for some privacy and interview quiet time. Bill Pinkel was silent the whole time. Nater, the owner of the truck squeezed into the back seat, next to Billy and Jeans for awhile, then left.]

**Jeans:** Can you get on here how close we're sitting next to each other, even though he left? Because I want that in there. **Todd:** What's the best place to go tubin' around Portland?

**Jeans:** Sandy River?

**Billy:** Sandy River. It really doesn't matter, the river.

**Todd:** Some rivers are too cold.

**Jeans:** But that one's good because you actually make a tubing event out of it. You have to drive two cars. Park one there, go up, get in a tube, and it takes you down. There are other places to go and sit in a tube.

**Todd:** Oh, no. We need motion... how long is that distance of tubing?

**Jeans:** Two hours.

**Billy:** We tubed in Boise when we played a fest there. It was sweet.

**Jeans:** And that was pretty intense. The one in Boise, I wasn't even prepared. There were like rapids.

**Billy:** I find myself having a primal attraction to tubin', which is maybe because on the East Coast, we never really did that. It seems like an under-appreciated recreational activity to me.

**Jeans:** I think the last few times I went, you get off to such a late start because everyone you know is so... whatever... that you get there at three or four or later and then start and by the time you're getting towards the end, nightfall is coming and you're freezing and you're like, "What the hell?"

**Billy:** In an ideal situation, it requires as much energy as watching TV and you're just sitting on your ass, drinking beer, smoking weed. But you're in nature and you're cruising, which is ideal.

**Jeans:** And if you wear really little swimming pants—that's what I call them—when you're in the tube, it looks like you're wearing nothing. And all the ladies on the beach are, "Arrr awrroohhh!"

**Billy:** That's true. That girl was flipping out because she thought you were naked.

**Todd:** She wanted to join you in your natural state.

**Jeans:** Exactly... which is pathetic. [laughter]

**Todd:** So, the *Portland Mercury* declared "Mean Jeans Week."

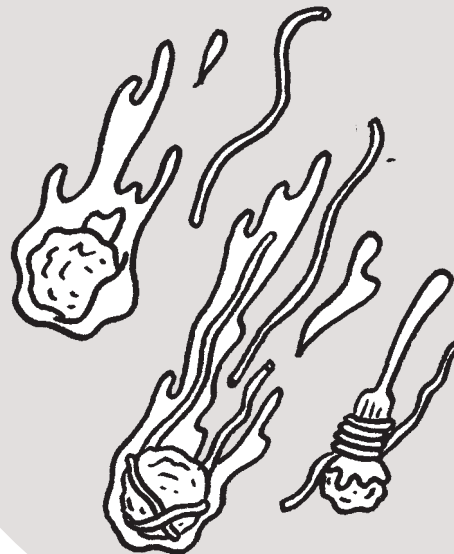
**Jeans:** I hope so. That must have been right after we left. Was that last night at midnight? We've been out of the loop. We've been in a car for two days.

**Billy:** I don't read that shit. I don't know, man. **Todd:** I was hoping that they'd give you something cool, at least.

**Jeans:** We got "Band of the Year" by some guy at the donut place and he etched our name into a trophy that he bought from Goodwill. That was pretty cool. He bought us twelve donuts and an RC Cola. Or did you get milk?

**Billy:** I don't drink milk.

**Todd:** Do you think you guys are a divisive band in Portland?



**Billy:** I think I'm too spaced out—generally speaking—to have an actual perspective on that, but, we get filed into pop punk, which is just a title. I don't care if we are a pop punk band or not. It doesn't mean that much to me. I don't think it's a particularly popular thing, to be in a pop punk band. I'm very specific in my tastes of what bands are filed as pop punk that I enjoy a lot, though there are some. It's one of those genres, I guess, that the vast majority is totally shitty, though. I could see many people in Portland hating drunk pop punk.

**Jeans:** Sure. I think a lot of people, when they hear pop punk, they think of these newer bands. Everything's really glossy, kinda serious, and "Wha oh, wha oh!"

**Todd:** And want to be taken seriously, too.

**Jeans:** And we'll put little parts of that in, but we think it's funny and that it's a joke. I don't think we're trying to make people laugh. We're trying to make ourselves laugh. So, I'm not too worried about it. In terms of people hating it, it's fun to read stuff. That's the exact thing about not taking yourselves too seriously and not putting your heart and soul out there. Just doing shit for fun because you're bored, which is how it all started, and when then when people hate on it, it's just kind of funny. "This record fuckin' sucks. These guys are lame. I hate it." I'd rather read that than, "This kinda sounds like the Ramones and it's all right."

**Billy:** I'm perfectly willing to accept that Jeans Wilder and myself like the Ramones, but if you don't like the Ramones then you're stupid.

**Todd:** I agree. I don't understand the criticism of "Oh, this band isn't trying anything new." Stuff that I hear that's new, I just don't like, like the robot auto-tune stuff or people like they're dressed up for *Tron*. I can't even respond to it because I've never listened to a Coldplay record. I don't understand the importance.

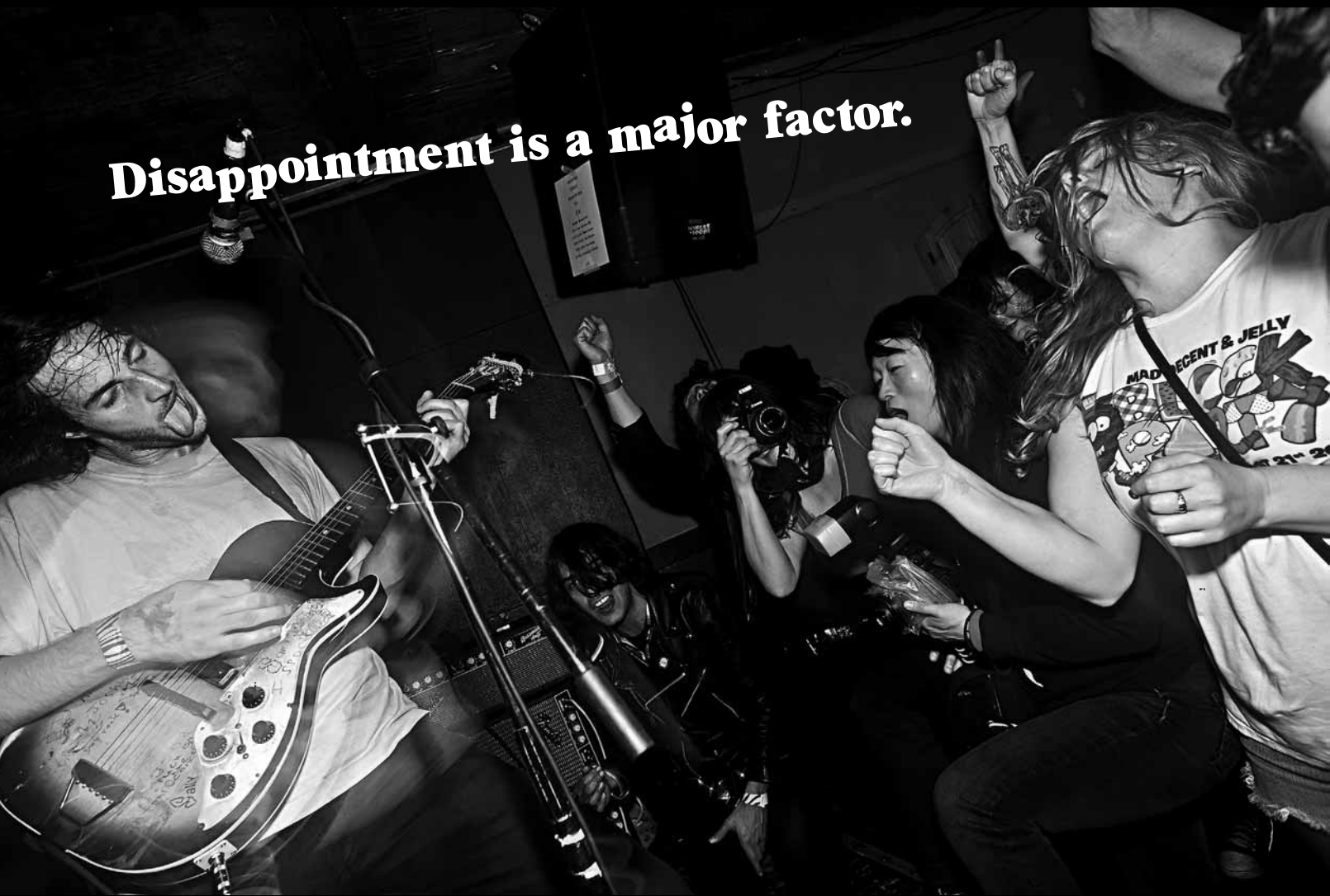
**Billy:** Rock'n'roll is based on ripping stuff off. It's the entire idea.

**Todd:** In good ways. There's a lot to rip off from the Ramones, but I think many bands zero in on only one or two things.

**Jeans:** I never listen to one of our songs or records and think, "Oh my god, that sounds just like this Ramones song." I would probably be pretty excited if we came up with, "Wow, this sounds exactly like that Ramones song that I like off of *Pleasant*



# Disappointment is a major factor.



CANDERSON

*Dreams* or *Subterranean Jungle*." They never do. There are a lot of three chords, fast, goofy, and short.

**Todd:** I think the voice, too.

**Jeans:** Yeah, yeah. And I've heard that, too.

**Todd:** But it doesn't sound affected. It sounds like Billy's real voice... Who has the "Dude or die" tattoo?

**Billy:** It's from ages ago. Of that crew, the people who wound up with the "Dude or die" tattoo is always hilarious to me. That was this French guy who moved to the States. Partied really hard with him. He got that on his ass because we told him to. He lives in Chile now and he's a man among men.

**Todd:** The third line of your LP is kinda sad. Contrary to popular belief, Mean Jeans aren't *all* about partying. "I was born on a Saturday night / My mom told me it would be all right / *She was wrong and then she died* / I was born on a Saturday night."

**Billy:** I'm down with the sad. Any band that I've ever dug, they have some sad songs.

**Todd:** You've got to have the light and the dark. It's a very happy-sounding song. It sounds like a celebration. Saturday night's a party night. Party song.

**Billy:** She was bullshitting me, trying to be

a good mom—things weren't okay. But we should probably party anyways.

**Jeans:** I'm the type to party all night and have a blast. At the end of the night, you're alone and everyone's left and that's all you got, man. Tears.

**Todd:** That dovetails into my next question. Who's the last person you disappointed, not including yourself?

**Jeans:** It can't be you, and it can't be your mom because she died. I didn't smoke any weed on the way down from San Francisco. In the car, they passed it around. I was like, "Nah, I'm good." And they were like, "God." They were disappointed. "I thought you were in a band and you sing a song called 'Stoned 2 the Bone.' What the hell's your problem?" But I'm like, "Yeah, but I'm going to get bored if I get high."

**Billy:** If I could tie those ideas together, frankly, the song "Stoned 2 the Bone" is only about disappointment. It's less to do with the act of smoking pot—which I'm into—but feeling out of place, being disappointed everywhere you go and with everyone you see. As a reaction, getting stoned. I just figure that if you were to write an entire catalog of party songs, you have to branch out beyond just the

idea of partying for no reason. You have to face the facts of what inspires you to party. What are the reasons that you feel the need?

**Todd:** As a release.

**Jeans:** I never really thought of that.

**Billy:** Disappointment is a major factor.

**Jeans:** I don't think we have any songs that are all, "We're gonna have fun tonight! Everything's all right! Yeah! Ungh!" I think, almost in every one, something shitty happens.

**Billy:** I always thought it was bizarre and off point that every classic rock'n'roll song says, "It's all right!"

**Todd:** Crappiest skate trick, ever, done by you guys?

**Jeans:** I used to skate. I was all right for awhile and then I moved and didn't have any friends who skated. So I stopped skating, 'cause I didn't want to skate by myself. The longer you wait, when you're twenty-three and there's thirteen-year-olds who are flippin' circles around your head, then it's like, "Shit." Or at least for me. I'm not one of those dudes who's like, "Whatever. I like to do whatever I do." I always think people are watching me and thinking, "That guy sucks at everything."

**Todd:** What was the crappiest skate trick you saw on TV as a kid? I have a vivid memory of Arnold in *Diff'rent Strokes* putting the skateboard upside down on the top of his feet and then just jumping up, flipping it, and landing on top of it.

**Jeans:** Sweet. Yeah. Here was my first skate trick when I was four or five. I had a Back to the Future skateboard and you put it up on its side, stand on the wheels, and knock it so you're standing on it. So that would be my shittiest performance and shittiest trick. About five years ago, I also tried to drop in, so I went to a half pipe with this dude and we were going to skate. I was, "I'm not that good anymore." He went to his car to get something and I was, "I'm going to drop in when he's not watching." I just fell off, onto my stomach, knocked the wind out of myself, and had to leave. So that was pretty good. That was my best.

**Todd:** There are kiddie pools in a lot of your videos. How many mishaps have you had with them?

**Billy:** We had multiple kiddie pools in our backyard.

**Todd:** They looked pretty dangerous.

**Billy:** I'm a guy who loves to have a kiddie pool in my backyard. The two that we had that summer were both popped by raccoons. It said on the box that there's like 1,400 gallons of water in there. It's a big kiddie pool, and it takes forever to fill up, as I recall. But when a raccoon pops it, it's not like all the water rushes out. It's sort of slow, watching 1,400 gallons go into our next door neighbor's yard—whose never said anything about it. And the second time a raccoon popped it, I remember that me and my man Gibby, we were taking g-bong hits at like four in the morning. We weren't listening to a record and there was this weird sound. We went to the backyard. Raccoons are indignant. They don't care.

**Todd:** Oh, they're bastards.

**Billy:** Yeah. They're motherfuckers. He was walking the edge of my pool, popping tiny holes with all five claws on all four feet. Twenty holes every step that he took. And we stood there. I was throwing bricks at him. I was throwing beer cans. Everything we could find at him and he did not care. I just watched—insanely stoned—as he just stood on the edge and watched the water slowly dribble away. It's something I'll always remember.

**Jeans:** And that Gibby is the one who does the boneless off of the lifeguard chair (in the video to "Steve Don't Party No More"), into the pool. Good guy.

**Todd:** So, you guys are playing a bowling alley...

**Billy:** Hypothetical?

**Todd:** No, no. This is true.

**Jeans:** I thought you were driving us somewhere.

**Todd:** In the past, you've played in a bowling alley. Did that establishment have shows prior to you guys playing?

**Jeans:** Yes, they had had shows before, 'cause that girl had been involved with some before, but I guess ours got the zaniest. It wasn't even

that zany, really. It's strange to play fifteen feet down the lanes and the audience wasn't allowed past the greasy point—which is the same rules as my girlfriend. They were kept back. People were getting up on chairs and they could see that some shit was going to happen. I don't understand what bands could have played there before. You weren't even allowed to pump your fist.

**Todd:** It seemed like a strange arrangement: putting fifteen feet of space between the band and the audience. The establishment told you to stop a couple of times.

**Jeans:** A bunch of times.

**Billy:** My hair was in my face. I couldn't see anything.

**Jeans:** But then they said we could start again. Stop again. Start again. Stop again.

**Todd:** You guys also played Burgerville?

**Jeans:** Twice now.

**Billy:** We've played a couple different Burgerville locations.

**Todd:** How do you get that gig? Birthday parties?

**Billy:** I wish I could remember how we got that gig, but we're definitely—above anything else—interested in playing—I was going to say off-kilter, but that's not the descriptor I'm looking for...

**Jeans:** Unusual.

**Billy:** Unusual venues. At this point, I'm twenty-seven. I've been to thousands of punk shows. It's, basically, always the same dynamic, whether you're on the ground or on a stage. But playing at fast food restaurants is a ball.

**Jeans:** The story is good no matter what, even if the show sucks.

**Todd:** And the photos are awesome. Balloons and shit.

**Jeans:** Even if it sounds horrible, no one's digging it, you bother every body; your whole life, you can be like, "Yeah, but we played at a burger place." That's cool.

**Billy:** We've played on a number of boats. I love playing on a boat.

**Todd:** Did you play in Hamburg on a boat?

**Jeans:** Yeah. It was awesome.

**Billy:** We played in Stockholm on a boat, also. That's the way to do it.

**Jeans:** The one in Stockholm is stationary and there was actually sort of a club underneath and the one in Hamburg was a tiny boat that actually sailed around.

**Billy:** That was awesome. We were watching the White Wires play while the sun was setting, cruising on a boat in Hamburg. I jizzed.

**Jeans:** And everyone is trapped there. Captive audience.

**Todd:** World class.

**Jeans:** And there are tentative plans to play and eight-year-old girl's birthday party when we get back.

**Billy:** Who saw us for the first time at Burgerville.

**Jeans:** When was she was seven. Now she's turning eight and she said, "Dad, I want you to get that band, the Mean Jeans."

**Billy:** Dude, you know what actually happened? I got the story. This is possibly insulting to the Chemicals, who we're on tour

with right now. So, the guy who printed our T-shirts, his daughter saw us at Burgerville and liked us and she wants us to play. Jeff from the Chemicals, who are probably playing inside right now, is friends with the guy who printed the shirts and he was hanging out with the seven-year-old girl and offered to play at her party and she said, "I don't like the Chemicals. I want the Mean Jeans to play." [laughter] Her dad told me that and I was super stoked. Three days ago, he told me that. That's the best compliment ever.

**Todd:** Who has told you to stop playing more often: someone with a tie or someone with a badge?

**Billy:** Tie.

**Jeans:** My answer is neither. We played at someone's house outside, a few summers ago, and the next door neighbor lady came out in her bathrobe and stood behind me, while I'm playing the drums, looking at me very, very disappointedly.

**Billy:** She waited the entire set.

**Jeans:** She very nicely came up to me. "Can you please stop now because it's a really nice night. I have the windows open and I would like to sleep." We were like, "Thank you. We will shut up." Then another time was our Australian neighbor, came and bought us a six pack at the window at our house and said, "Will you take these beers and be quiet?" She had an Australian accent. Very attractive.

**Billy:** As far as getting turned off by authority figures, I always enjoy that. I feel like that's happened a number of times. It always fun because they don't know how to turn anything off, so it doesn't matter. Unless you turn it off, it's not going to stop. It's always fun to have a security guard of some sort shining a flashlight and telling you to stop and just not stopping because there's nothing they can do. Well, there's something they can do; they just don't know how to turn off an amp.

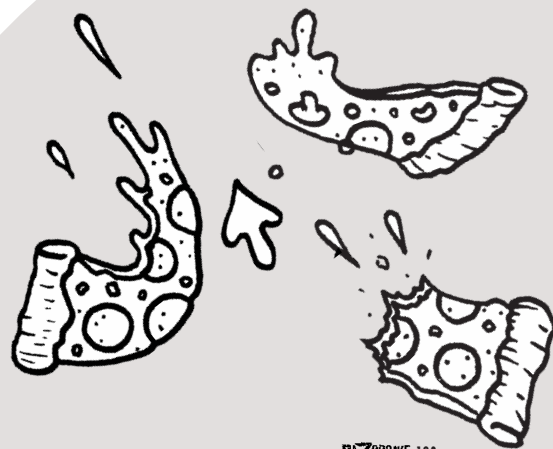
**Jeans:** So that lady at the bowling alley had a tie.

**Billy:** She had a towel also. She was whipping the people with the towel. That was her weapon of choice.

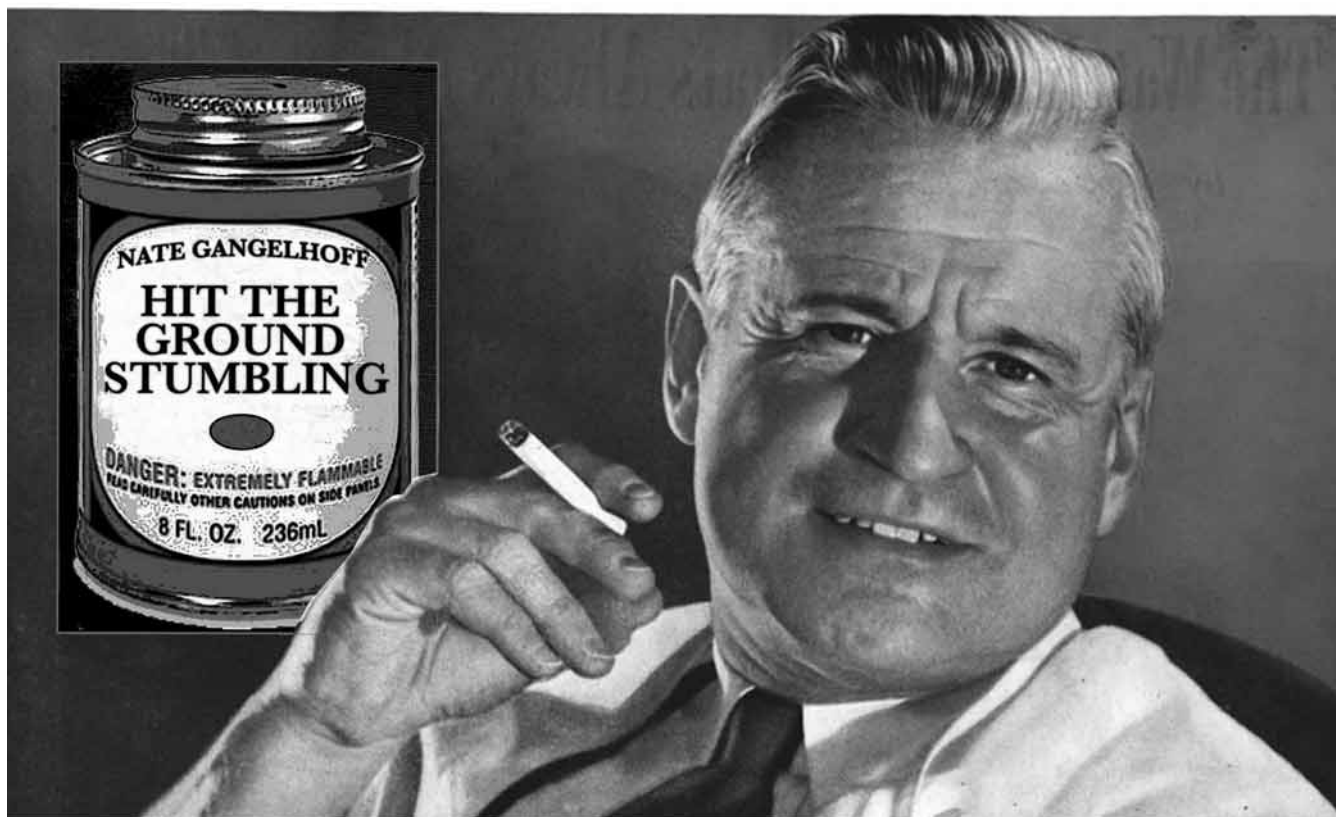
**Jeans:** Let's say the answer: "It's a tie between tie and tie."

**Todd:** Another lyrics question: Why would a doctor call you a faggot?

**Billy:** You'd have to ask that doctor.







*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

# MORE DOCTORS READ HIT THE GROUND STUMBLING

A BOOK BY NATE GANGELHOFF, THE GUY WHO WROTE 'YOU IDIOT' AND PLAYS IN BANNER PILOT AND GATEWAY DISTRICT AND OWTB AND OTHER BANDS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT KNOW OR CARE ABOUT. EITHER WAY, THE BOOK IS ABOUT A KID THE AUTHOR KNEW GROWING

up who, from the age of 13 to 15, went from being a sullen kid in a weird christian family to a drug-using pseudo-satanist who got thrown in and then escaped from rehabs and mental institutes, was involved in various thefts & robberies, and made goofy tattoos of demons yelling 'Lucifer!' on his leg. The book examines this change, and compares it to the author's own uneasy stumble into adulthood. Through the funny and weird and sometimes scary actions, there's a story about a friendship forming and breaking, about early age attempts at figuring out who you are and where you're going, and about how seemingly minor throwaway decisions you make end up tracking you and setting your course.

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Thanks  
T-Zone!

Why would a doctor call you a faggot?

“Dude, it was the ‘80s.”  
Or me saying that.



“Dude, can that be the big quote?”  
Or maybe all three of those.

CANDERSON

**Todd:** Is this a direct quote from when you were a kid?

**Billy:** It was the first thing that I remember.

**Todd:** Because that sounds highly unprofessional to me.

**Billy:** Dude, it was the ‘80s. [laughter]

**Jeans:** Can that be one of the big quotes in the middle? “Dude, it was the ‘80s.” Or me saying that. “Dude, can that be the big quote?” Or maybe all three of those.

**Billy:** It’s supposed to symbolize being called a faggot your entire life, from the get go. You gotta read deep into these lyrics.

**Todd:** Okay, so reading deep into your lyrics, are cockroaches your best party companions after Armageddon?

**Jeans:** Yes, we would party with each other for a little while, until that got boring. So, the idea was that the whole world explodes and the cockroaches—who have been around since the dinosaurs—they make it through anything. The dinosaurs were, apparently, killed by a giant explosion. So it was trying to make the ridiculous statement that once everything else combusts, we’ll still be around, drinking beer and it will be cool because all of the liquor stores will be unoccupied. When you go to the beer aisle, left to right. That’s where I belong, down at the shitty section. I think, even if everyone disappeared and the beer was all there, I would still instinctively go to the Keystone Light at the end.

**Billy:** I’ve also been getting really into Coors Light.

**Jeans:** I’ve been told that Keystone Light and Coors Light are the same thing with different cans around them.

**Billy:** Bring it on.

**Jeans:** Frost-brewed lining. “Cold as the Andes” or whatever. Right?

**Todd:** I have three Gene questions. What was Gene Wilder’s most inspired performance?

**Jeans:** Mine, no lie, would have to be *See No Evil, Hear No Evil* with Richard Pryor. I like that one. They have a specific thing to work with. One of them’s blind. One of them’s deaf. They gotta work as a team and the whole movie works off of that. My oldest friend of all time, when I first met him, he told me that I looked like Gene Wilder, which isn’t good when you’re twelve. “Oh, you

have curly hair and your face is weird-looking.” Basically, that’s what that means. So, when we were coming up with stupid band names, that one came up and that one made sense.

**Todd:** So, if you guys ever get a manager, can you name them...

**Billy:** I don’t think we’re going to get a manager.

**Jeans:** Probably not.

**Billy:** Unmanageable.

**Todd:** I’m just trying to make a joke. My timing’s bad. You can call them “Mean Gene” Okerlund, after the wrestling announcer.

**Jeans:** But we’d call ‘em that, or just get him. Depending on how well the next album sells.

**Todd:** And he does have a small burger chain, Mean Gene’s.

**Jeans:** Booger chain?

**Billy:** We’re working on a booger chain.

**Jeans:** That’s copyrighted.

**Todd:** And if you ever have women back up vocals, Billie Jean King, after the tennis lady.

**Jeans:** See, but I like to do backup vocals that sound kind of like—well, more like a twelve-year-old boy than a girl—so, yeah, we could do that.

**Todd:** Last question. Is it easier just not thinking?

**Billy:** Is that a reference to something?

**Todd:** No. Just a philosophical question.

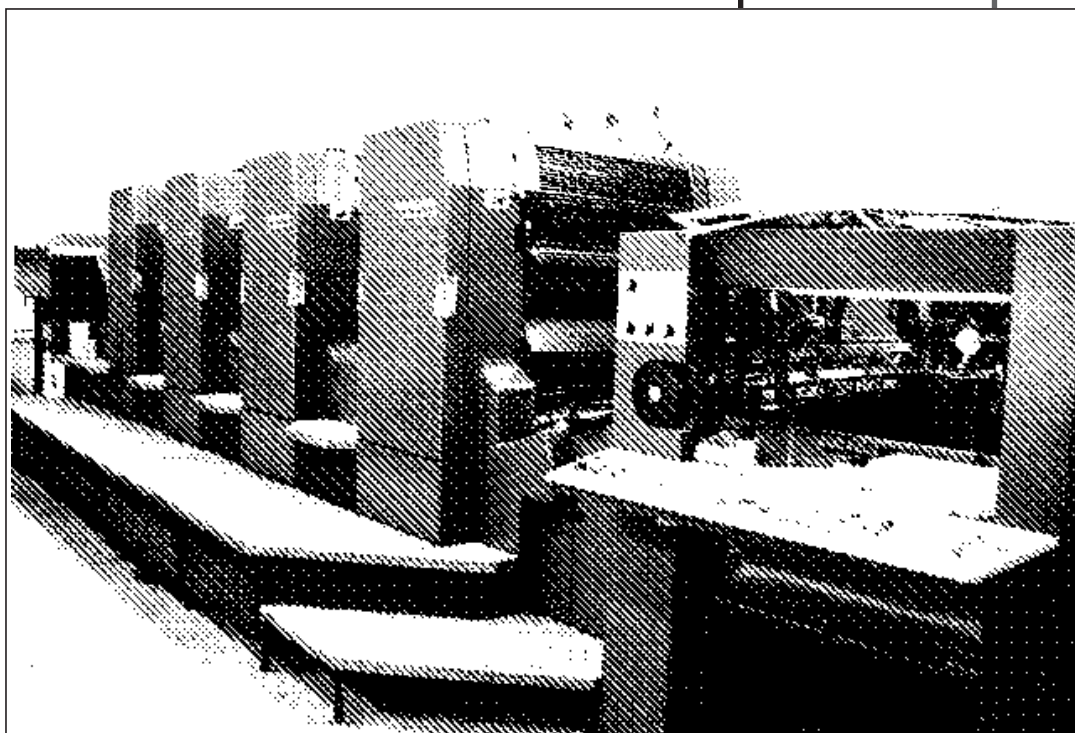
**Billy:** ...Probably.

**Jeans:** It’d be too obvious to say, “We’ll have to think about that...”





# mountza



Interview and layout by Matt Average  
Photos courtesy of Mountza

**W**e all have our, “If I won the lottery, I would...” lists: buy the nice house, quit work, travel the world, gate-crash a celebrity party, wreak havoc, etc. One of the things at the top of my list, is I’d set up Mountza fanzine with enough money to publish at least four times a year for as long as its editors could keep it going. It’s that good. The layouts are tight and clean. The photo reproduction is unbelievable (inspiring a few conversations at the Razorcake bunker for sure). Plus, the writing is interesting, informed, and humorous. They somehow manage to get all the great bands over in Europe, Japan, and the U.S. Not just the popular bands making the rounds, but some that seem out of reach to the average zine (issue four had Fenriz of Darkthrone, for example). Whenever I get a copy to review I feel pretty damn fortunate. Mountza definitely is in my permanent collection. If you like zines at all, and obviously you do—you’re reading one—send away for a copy of Mountza. Get hooked. I am.

A “mountza” is a traditional gesture of insult, where the hand is open, palm facing the person the gesture is intended for, and all five fingers are extended. The gesture dates back to ancient times when chained prisoners were paraded through town, facing backward riding on a donkey, with ash smeared on their face for further ridicule. Cinder in medieval Greece was called “mountza.” The cinder was collected in the palm of the hand, and smearing it on the prisoner’s face, with the applying hand’s fingers extended for more coverage. With that information in mind, let’s join the editors George, Kostas, and Asthma.

**Matt:** Why did you choose to call your zine *Mountza*?

**George:** *Mountza* is just something that came up incidentally, across the walnuts and the wine, you know? We liked it firstly because it sounded right—pronounced in a specific way, it sounds like a freaked-out Japanese call to war or something. The punk and middle-finger raising connotations were there of course as well but, to be honest, *Mountza* the zine is so much more than a simple gesture of insult. *Mountza* is first and foremost a display of inspiring sights, sounds, and ideas, a print-exhibition of what we consider noteworthy. *Mountza* is a statement in favor of all the things we truly enjoy rather than against all the fuckers we deeply detest.

**Kostas:** We were actually looking for a Greek name—as an English one seemed too corny—that can be written and read easily in English. George came up with *Mountza* and it seemed perfect at the time. Four issues later and I’m still enthusiastic about it. It’s

short. It’s straight forward. It’s punk rock.

**Asthma:** Apart from the above, even the local gays call girls “Mountza” in a sarcastic way.

**Matt:** Greece is not known for its punk rock scene. Could you give us a brief history? Who were some of the important bands?

**Asthma:** Hey, be patient ‘cause I’ll run an extended article on Greek punk history and discography in *Mountza* issue #5. But you are right. The Greek punk scene of the early ‘80s and ‘90s was never that known outside Greece. At the same time, I know many collectors that would sell their kidneys for Greek punk vinyl.

Punk came in Greece with a delay, since the country was under dictatorship from 1967 to 1974. During the glory days of punk rock, it was impossible for the locals to have regular access to such a revolutionary music movement. What’s kind of weird is that during the dictatorship years a very strong psychedelic rock scene had started here and you could tell that this was the first pre-punk

**Fuck the artists and their high, overhyped and overpriced art. We are all workers.**



scene, since it was still a very progressive and ground-breaking movement by local conservative standards.

**George:** ‘60s rock’n’roll in Greece was a poppy bourgeois thing unworthy of mention and Demis Roussos sucks big time. If you ask me, the best band that has ever sprung out of Greece is Trypes.

**Asthma:** From 1973 to 1976, the rock movement faded away for a while since the youth gave a strong struggle against the dictatorship, which came to a fall in 1974. During that time people were mostly listening to Greek music that featured strong anti-dictatorship and revolutionary lyrics.

Dimitris Poulikakos is quite a popular musician and actor in Greece but his action, music, and lyrics back in the ‘70s put him in trouble since he was spreading strong anti-state messages through his music from the early ‘70s. Both the dictatorship and later politicians really hated him.

The first official punk movement rose in the beginning of the ‘80s by a group of



bands that until nowadays have a strong impact on the local scene. It all started from bands such as Adixodo, Stress, Ex-Humans, Chaos Generation (Genia tou Chaus), Grover, and Panx Romana. These bands shared the stage, did the first Greek punk compilation *Disturbing Social Peace* on Enigma Records, and more or less started the local punk movement which was obviously influenced by '80s U.K. punk. All of them had Greek lyrics and released records that are considered all-time classics.

By the late '80s, the punk scene started to get a DIY character and after 1990 the majority of the bands were strongly related to the anarcho movement of the time. Many squats were started at the time all over Greece. Villa Amalias in Athens and Villa Varvara in Thessaloniki were squats run by punks at that time and had their own teams that were setting ups shows there. Punk shows started to take place within the universities—where police access is forbidden until nowadays, records were released by the bands themselves, and, in general, the Greek scene developed a really strong Do It Yourself mentality which, at times, could be described even as hardline. Last but not least, a really important record label for the time was Wipe Out Records, which released records by many of the aforementioned bands.

**Matt:** Early Greek fanzines?

**George:** As for zines, my personal favorites are *the Thing*, which was active during the '90s: rock'n'roll at its finest, *Teridona*, which lasted sixteen issues. The last one came out in the early '00s. High-quality story-telling. And *To Papari*, which was alive from the late '80s until the late '90s. I just love that guy.

**Matt:** Was there an early local zine that was the equivalent of *Maximum Rocknroll* for Greece?

**George:** No, there wasn't.

**Asthma:** The fanzine culture was quite popular in Greece, especially from the mid-'80s until the mid-'90s. At this time, numerous fanzines were pressed. All different genres of music were covered but you, of course, had fanzines that were focused on the punk/metal scene and later on you also had fanzines focused on DIY punk.

**Matt:** Before *Mountza*, you were involved in another zine called *Immigrant*. What was that zine like? Why did you feel it was time to move on from there?

**Kostas:** *Immigrant* zine was the very first attempt to put together a fanzine. We didn't work on it all together because most of the people involved were studying abroad. Four issues got printed and the line-up in each one consisted of whoever was around at that time. It was like four different zines and it

may sound interesting but it wasn't really. *Immigrant* never had its own identity. We knew that and lived with it until the whole process eventually stopped being fun. Having a less chaotic lineup this time with *Mountza*, we do things differently and we will keep on doing it for as long as it continues to make sense to us.

**Asthma:** We tried to save it for awhile but then we realized that this team had come to an end. We already had a lot of material ready for *Immigrant* # 4, which never came out, so together with George and Kostas we decided to start something fresh that would be way closer to our interests.

**Matt:** Is there a strong anarchist movement in Greece? Are many of the punks anarchists?

**George:** If by "strong" you mean numerous or violent, then yes, I guess you could call it "strong." If, on the other hand, by "strong" you mean well-read beyond the point of Bakunin or Proudhon and conversant with contemporary challenges—such as the emergence of a multipolar world, the rise of Islamic fundamentalism, the toxic securities, the credit default swaps, the IMF, the credit rating agencies, the numerous speculative bubbles, the growth of neo-Ottomanism, the erosion of worker's rights, and the power of new technologies—then no, you won't find any special anarchist strength in this part of the world.



Apart from a small minority of restless individuals, the anarchists here in Greece—and in other parts of the world I assume—have been acting as followers of a religious dogma according to which all the complexities of this world are pretty much summed up into one single simplistic line: the state—not human nature—is the root of all evil, as if the state is something that simply fell from the sky.

The problem with anarchists in Greece is that, while the world around them changed rapidly and continues to change at a postmodern pace, they stopped questioning themselves and their own worldview. You know why? Because people are fucking lazy! They prefer attacking cops over delving deep into the true essence of contemporary thinking. The former might demand courage, which a lot of Greek anarchists do have, but the latter demands a great deal of brainwork, which a lot of Greek anarchists unfortunately are not willing to assume. Now, as far as the wild image of Greek anarchism is concerned, I know that photos from Athenian riots usually make world news and front pages. In true Situationist spirit though, one could argue that these images show a fake, transient reality which masks the real capitalist-induced degradation of trade unions and anarcho-syndicalism.

In other words, some people are allowed to “win” small “victories” by attacking the cops on the street for just a few minutes in some particular areas of town, while at the same time, not just them but everyone all around the country loses money, rights, and liberties for the years to come.

**Matt:** What about the argument that these are little steps that could lead to bigger changes?

**George:** The main issue is this: What are you after when you take these little steps? If you wanna overthrow capitalism, you won't do it by consuming its products. If

you simply want a different, more balanced, and humane kind of capitalism, then fair enough. I doubt, though, if capitalism can be balanced or humane.

**Asthma:** I agree with George more or less, but I just believe that these small steps are better than nothing. The people who follow such movements probably feel better with themselves, but if somebody expects to change the world through lifestyle politics, they are just fooling themselves.

**Matt:** I feel George's critique of the anarchists in your country, and perhaps the world, could also be applied to the punk scene at large. Does punk have relevance in today's world?

**Asthma:** I don't really know how things are in the States or Asia, but in Europe punk still serves as an entry for those who wanna get involved with politics, do it yourself ethics, and the autonomous/anti-authoritarian movements. Personally, I wouldn't still be into punk if it weren't for the music and the few great people I've met through it. There are still many great individuals involved in the punk scenes worldwide but, apparently, they are not enough to make things change.

The majority of the punks are just poseurs who at the end of the day just fuck up the whole movement.

**George:** I feel that punk has lost its social and political relevance. It's just a rehash of things: slogans, chords, structures of production and distribution, forms of action and reaction, which have been said and done and pretty much realized to their full potential years ago.

Having said that, I have to acknowledge that DIY punk has pretty much shaped my life. I've met most of my friends through punk. I became part of a bigger community through punk—a community of active individuals and not of obedient music consumers. I got socially aware and active through punk by setting up shows, by doing

zines, by supporting squats and social centers. I viewed culture in a different way because of punk. Fuck the artists and their high, overhyped and overpriced art. We are all workers. I traveled through punk and last but not least, I had the time of my life. No, I never felt this way before. Yes, I swear it's the truth, and I owe it all to punk rock, dude.

**Matt:** What is there about the punk scene where you live that is unique compared to anywhere else?

**George:** The fact that bands who play squats, do not play in clubs or bars and vice-versa.

**Asthma:** Yes, this is something that's quite strong down here but if you ask me how much do we—the three *Mountza* dudes—support this segregation nowadays then, I would end up with a paragraph as long as George's answer to your previous question and I don't think it's worth it to spend Razorcake's ink for such issues. Oh, and Greek bands usually play live sets that last over an hour while ninety percent of them don't even have a single track released on tangible format. This is quite ridiculous and annoying, to say the least.

**Kostas:** I could make a list in seconds of the things I don't like in the Greek punk scene but I'll just focus on the bright side, such as the sweaty shows that take place in the lovely basement of Katarameno Syndromio. The place, the friends, the whole feeling in general, often reminds me of why I started going to shows in the first place. On the other hand, a show outdoors is something that anyone can set up here easily, especially during summertime. Blame it on the sunny weather, but it's not too complicated to set up your amps, arrange a punk show in a park, garage, or huge balcony, usually without any formal license and without having the cops coming and ruining everything.

**Matt:** Why are the columns, and some of the articles and interviews in *Mountza*, only printed in Greek?

## BRIEF HISTORY OF GREEK PUNK

by Asthma

It all started in the mid-'60s where the first Greek rock'n'roll garage bands showed up with most notable names being the Forminx, the Olympians, Idols, Junios, the Charms, and George Romanos. In 1967, together with the beginning for the dictatorship, came the birth of a really strong and worldwide-known Greek psychedelic rock movement with bands such as the Socrates Drank The Conium, Aphrodite's Child, Peloma Mpokiou, Nostradamos, Bouboulia And D. Savopoulos, Four Levels Of Existence, Akritas, Costas Tournas, and others.

Bands like Dimitris Poulikakos with Metafore Ekdrome O Mitsos, Exadaktylos (Poulikakos again), Spyridoula, Pavlos Sydiropoulos, and others resurrected the local rock scene again by the late '70s.

A natural follow-up was the birth of many more bands that were both influenced by the pioneers of the local scene and worldwide punk. From the middle '80s until the middle '90s, the most noteworthy bands are: Anti (electro

noise punk), Goulag (from Thessaloniki with a more Dischord-style/free punk sound), Trypes (a really great band with very wide popularity in Greece; they could be considered as the Greek Wipers), Antidras (chaotic, raw hardcore with a Gism metal sound), Chaotic End and Forgotten Prophecy (some of the best local early crust bands with strong Amebix influence), Negative Stance (they started with a more punk sound but their last record was more metallic with a clear hardcore feel), Naftia (an all-time favorite crust band from Thessaloniki), Pissa & Poupoula / Tar & Feathers (great melodic punk with strong personal sound), Chaotiki Diastasi/Chaotic Dimension (killer melodic punk), Villa 21 (garage punk), Nekriki Sigi (many Japcore bands would be jealous of their melodic hardcore guitar lines), ALT TC (political crust hardcore from Corfu Island), Anasa Staxti / Ash Breath (raw metal crust from Athens), Birthward 82 (which later changed its name to Birthward), Panikos (crust hardcore with a weird psychedelic approach), Vandaloup (crazy rock'n'roll punk with really smart and sarcastic lyrics), Ektos Eleghou (melodic punk).



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## If somebody expects to change the world through lifestyle politics, they are just fooling themselves.

**George:** This is a debate we used to have with Panos since the *Immigrant* days. He wanted the zine to be in English, "Because nobody in Greece cares about what we do," and I wanted it to be in Greek: "So that people will start caring at some point." So, we ended up having both. However, Panos proved to be right. Today, after four issues of *Mountza*, ninety percent of our copies get distributed abroad.

However, we keep some things—columns, personal stories, and opinions—in Greek because our English is not as good as we would like it to be. This is our biggest weakness, if you ask me. Personally, I prefer to write in Greek for three main reasons: 1) Because my main aim is to communicate my thoughts first and foremost to the people around me so that we can hopefully get together, learn from each other, do things together, cooperate, and leave a mark on this city. 2) Because no one else writes about what we do in Greek. 3) Because I can write better in Greek than in English.

**Asthma:** The majority of the youth here are able to read English since we all take English language classes from a very early age.

**Kostas:** Columns are based on our everyday-life which takes place most of the time in our hometown and it just make sense for them to be in Greek. The same goes for the interviews with Greek bands. That or lack of time for hours translating.

**Matt:** How do you manage to have such high production values—clean and tight layouts, solid blacks on nice white paper—

not gray newsprint—and incredible photo reproduction with the magazine?

**Kostas:** Well, I'm glad you took the time to appreciate the typography since I put so much effort into it. *Punk Planet* was and will be a huge influence as you probably can imagine. For me, typography always comes first before "design," which is in fact as a term way too hyped. It's important that you be able to read *Mountza* without getting a headache and that's why I pay attention to details such as the type of the fonts, the size, the space in between, and the amount of white space on each page. I then add the graphics and logos in order to give a certain concept to the interview or article but try also to maintain a coherence. I co-own a printshop and that makes it easy for me to control details such as the paper, the inks, or the reproduction of the photos and the whole printing process in general. Plus, when *Mountza* is ready for the production floor, I give my employees the day off and jump on the press to do the job myself. It feels great to have absolute control of the whole process.

**Matt:** Kostas, why do you find the term "design" to be overhyped?

**Kostas:** The fact that everything is so easy nowadays has made everyone a graphic designer, or worse, an "artist." Putting some new trendy font on the right bottom of a blank page or stealing some random lame vectors—see Chinese flowers—from the web and putting them all together on your CD cover is neither meaningful nor deep anymore. But hey, I don't wanna be just another negative

jerk. After all, it's their work that expires after a couple of months.

**Matt:** I know Asthma is in Antimob. Do you other guys do anything else outside of *Mountza*, such as book shows, play in other bands, or run a record label?

**George:** Nope.

**Asthma:** I had been involved with setting up shows and doing fanzines with my mates long before I got started with Antimob. George has also been involved in his own way, always helping out in the shows we have set up during the years. So, since 2002 I have been setting up shows with more or less the same group of people in order to make it possible for foreign bands to come and play down here.

We all got involved through Villa Amalias squat but after a few years we started our own collective which nowadays has ended up having its own venue, called Katarameno Syndromo ([myspace.com/kataramenosyndromo](http://myspace.com/kataramenosyndromo)). With this collective we have managed to book some of our all-time favorite bands, to meet with some of the greatest people from all over the globe, and to have some of craziest nights of our lives. I am also distributing *Maximum Rocknroll* in Greece and, from time to time, I distro record releases I believe my friends might like. A record label was always on my mind and I have been seriously talking about it with a good friend of mine. Be on the lookout.

**Kostas:** I'm the black sheep here. I play ska through the Smoking Barrels and more recently, the Raindogs. If you have a ska

## BRIEF HISTORY OF GREEK ZINES

by Asthma

The most popular fanzines, that were: *Oi Skies tou B23* (The Shadow of B23), *the Rolling Under*, *Merlin's Music Box*, and *Vromia* (Dirt). These fanzines were covering punk music but also other related music genres that were started during those years, like early grunge, alternative, and garage punk. Other worthy of mention fanzines were *The Thing*, *Roller Coaster*, *Mass Media*, *Saturnalia* (from the island of Crete), *TV Eye*, *Ilektriko Maxeri* (Electric Prune), to *Leoforio* (The Bus), *the Junk*, *the B Side*...

Punk fanzines were the *Panikos* and *B23* in the mid-'80s. In the beginning of the '90s there was an explosion of good fanzines like *Papari* (run by a really good friend and early member of Negative Stance), *Actions of Rebirth* (also run by a Negative Stance member in English), *Skliroutita* (harshness), *Happy Harry*, *Thermokipio*, *Ante Portas*, *Apagorevmenos Typos*, *Nea Poria* (straight edge), *Screaming for a Change* (it

turned out to a Christian fanzine), *Audiatur et Altera Pars*, *Koinokio Mpaloma* (social patch), *Pankiki Foni* (punk voice), *Noise Core*, *Toxic Zine*, *Montechristos* zine, *Kolofilada* (shit paper), *Self Control*, *Teridona*, *Noise Core*, *New Rock*, *Mensi* zine (the first oi fanzine), *Punk Kinotita* (punk society).

Popular fanzines made from people outside Athens were the *Stress*, *Pligma*, *the Cult & the Axon of the Few*. Popular metal fanzines were the *Decapitated* (also early black metal label that was renamed to Unisound), *Not Fanzine*, *Buttfuck*, *Guillotine* (Thessaloniki), *Thrash Metal*, *Mega Mosh*, *Metal Mad*, *Metal Execution*, *Merciless Maniac*, *Mass Dementia*, *Metaloud*, *Neural Paralysis*, *Metal Attack*, *Metal Militia*, *Flag of Metal*. The very early Greek fanzines in the late '70s were the *Ideo-Dromio* (promoting autonomy and culture issues), *The comic of the Wild Cat*, *Open City* (hippie psychedelic), *Colubra* and *Freak Out* (maybe the first official Greek fanzine).





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**When *Mountza* is ready for the production floor, I give my employees the day off and jump on the press to do the job myself. It feels great to have absolute control of the whole process.**

band, the name has to start with “the”... it’s important. I was on the trumpet, now I’m trying the trombone since I continuously failed on every string instrument. Sometimes I wish I could pick up the guitar or the bass in order to form one of those garage/psychodelic/experimental type of bands that are super trendy nowadays and have my *Mountza* friends shaking all-over.

**Matt:** What criteria do you apply to the bands and people you interview for the zine? **George:** The first thing of course is to really like the music and the band’s general attitude—the way they promote themselves as well as the way their label promotes them. Personally, I am not interested in rock stars, rock star wannabes and big label employees. It goes without saying that *Mountza* will never ever cover bands which are racist, nationalist, or right-wing. The second and most important thing is to manage to conduct an interview that’s worth reading. Worth reading, as far as I am concerned, is something that’s honest, thoughtful, thought-provoking, opinionated, spirited, interesting, informative, or simply funny. If none of the above is there, then the interview will not make it to the printers.

**Matt:** How did you land the Darkthrone interview?

**Asthma:** I had sent *Mountza* copies to Fenriz and he dug the zine. Thus, I e-mailed him the questions and he answered the whole interview overnight. I was into Darkthrone before I got into punk and it was an honor for me to have Darkthrone in our pages ‘cause while they have been a band for over twenty years now and have made it to the mass media pages, they still think and act romantically and remain always loyal to

their beliefs. I have big respect for Fenriz and I think everybody would feel the same after reading this interview.

**Matt:** Also, how did you get the article on Sugi? Someone like that strikes me as being very selective of whom he would make himself available to.

**Asthma:** Sugi is also one of the kindest persons I’ve ever come in contact with. I don’t know how selective he is with others, but he was extremely friendly with me from the very beginning and we still keep in touch. From the little I’ve known him, he is totally down to earth and a really sweet person, a pure punk at heart who responds when somebody is interested in his art. Sugi is the Man and a real influence for all those who love classic Japanese hardcore.

**Matt:** Can we expect more noise and experimental music coverage from Bill Kouligas?

**Asthma:** Yeah, he’d better do it or else I’ll make him eat his Necros t-shirt. Bill is one of our best friends and we are sharing the same views on the current punk scene. If he is not extremely busy with the rest of his projects—Family Battle Snake, and PAN—then he will definitely come up with a new music column for *Mountza*.

**Matt:** If someone told you that they were starting a zine, what advice would you give?

**Asthma:** Go ahead. Just keep in mind that it would be better to try and make something outstanding and fresh. It’s always good to put out things you are really proud of. Last but not least, fresh layout ideas are always a plus.

**George:** Do it only if you are really passionate about something. If you wanna do something more superficial, just use the web.

Design is way more demanding than most people think. So, find someone who can do it right. Printing is expensive. So, I guess it would be a good idea to marry the printer’s daughter. Also, shipping is expensive. So, it would be great if the printer’s daughter had a sister who works in the post office.

**Kostas:** Get ready to lose money and try not to fuck other people over.

**Matt:** Will Antimob ever tour the U.S.? In particular, will you come tour the West Coast?

**Asthma:** I wish we could make it someday. We now rehearse material for our full-length, which should be out around September. Then we might hit the road for a short Euro tour again in November 2011. Anyhow, what we mostly care about now is to record a good LP. Shows and tours can’t be our priority since all of us have busy life schedules. And what’s the use of touring without having an interesting new record with you? Visiting the U.S. is, for sure, in my plans.

**Matt:** When will the new issue of *Mountza* come out? Who, and what will be in it?

**Asthma:** Number five should have already been out but it ain’t ready yet. It will come out for sure. When? I have no clue. We are sooo busy. You can always keep an eye on [www.mountza.com](http://www.mountza.com) for updates. What I can guarantee is that it will be our best issue to date. So be patient cause something really exciting is in the works. We will never give up this paper, but it might not always be limited to strictly hardcore punk stuff since all of us listen to a bunch of different genres. However, deep inside *Mountza* was, is and will always be *punk!*





# TOP FIVES

## RAZORCAKE STAFF

### Andy Conway

1. Deep Sleep, *Turn Me Off* LP
2. Gridlink, *Orphan LP*
3. No Qualms, *No, You Calm Down LP*
4. Lil B The Based God, *Illusions of Grandeur Mixtape*
5. Louis C.K., *Hilarious CD*

### Aphid Peewit

- Gaggers [England], *Fix Me Up 7"*
- Harelip [Sweden], Self-titled 7"
- OFF! live at the Triple Rock
- Wet Bags [Sweden], Self-titled 7"
- *Life Inc.: How the World Became a Corporation and How to Take it Back*, by Douglas Rushkoff (Book)

### Art Ettinger

- Lenguas Largas, Self-titled LP
- Condemned 84, *The Real Oi! 7"*
- Homostupids, *Strawberry Orange Peach Banana LP*
- Murder Junkies, *Road Killer LP*
- Screeching Weasel, *First World Manifesto LP*

### Ben Snakepit

- Top 5 Bands I Saw at SXSW*
1. Personal And The Pizzas
  2. The band I saw at Trailer Space on Friday that had the bass player from Vivian Girls.
  3. Ratos Del Vaticano
  4. The Vomettes
  5. Shitty Beach Boys

### Bill Pinkel

- The Descendents live in Long Beach!
- Lenguas Largas, Self-titled LP
- Sedatives, Self-titled LP
- Gateway District, *Perfect's Gonna Fail LP*
- Dark Rides 7"

### Bryan Static

- Mean Jeans/White Wires, Split 7" on Dirtnap ("R U Mental?") might be the greatest song of all time. My sympathy goes out to every band who did not win this award.)
- The Heartburns, *Fixin' to Die*
- Headache City, Self-titled
- Cola Freaks, Self-titled
- CoCoComa, Self-titled

### Candice Tobin

1. Cheap Freaks, *Teenage Brains*
2. Brick Mower, *Under the Sink*
3. *Guilty Gear X* Soundtrack
4. Be My Doppelganger, *No Composure*
5. Fugazi, *13 Songs*

### Chris Mason

1. Lenguas Largas, Self-titled LP
2. Deep Sleep, *Turn Me on LP*
3. Weird TV, Demo
4. Measure [SA], *Notes LP*
5. Sonic Avenues, Self-titled LP

### Craig Horky

1. Obits, *Moody, Standard and Poor LP*
2. The Night Marchers, "Thar She Blows" b/w "All Hits" 7"
3. The Fucking Cops, *Fuck You Up with Some Truth*
4. Small Brown Bike, *Fell & Found LP*
5. City Yards

### Craven Rock

1. Reading Group, Prideswallower, Des Ark, Pygmy Lush at the Keswick Democratic Club, Louisville, KY.
2. Tie: Spiders 4 Eyes first show with The New Mexicans at Keswick Democratic Club/Spider 4 Eyes, *Songs for Nobody 7"* "Fuck you, boss! We're gettin' the band together!"
3. Getting killed by Jesus (The) Christ in *Superhell 3*, my first movie role.
4. P.O.S., *Never Better CD*
5. Operation Ivy, *Energy CD*

### CT Terry

1. Two Bit Dezperadoes CD
2. Fat Shadow, Demo
3. Schoolboy Q, *Setbacks Mixtape*
4. Colson Whitehead, *Sag Harbor* (book)
5. Neutron Bomb, punk rock reading series

### Daryl Gussin

- Cave Wimp, *Rehearsal 1 CD-R*
- Dead Dog, *Don't Touch Me 12" EP*
- School Jerks, *Control EP 7"*
- Jus' Folks, live
- Marvelous Darlings, *Live at Gales LP*

### Designated Dale

*Top 5 Rock & Roll/Metal Covers That Should Have Been (Or Still Need To Be)*

1. Black Sabbath's "Never Say Die" by Big Drill Car
2. Motörhead's "Rock 'N' Roll" by Off With Their Heads
3. Iron Maiden's "Drifter" by Hollywood Hate
4. Slayer's "Darkness of Christ" by It's Casual
5. AC/DC's "Riff Raff" by The Candy Snatchers

### Dave Williams

1. Cold Cave, *Cherish the Light Years LP*
2. Deafheaven, *Roads to Judah LP*
3. Terrible Feelings, THH Records 7"
4. The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart, *Belong LP*
5. Victims, *A Dissident LP*

### Ever a.k.a The Girl About Town

1. Godspeed You! Black Emperor at The Fox
2. Bastard Noise at the Rock Fest Pomona
3. U.R.T.C. & Boats at The Redwood
4. Second annual Hellfish record swap in Laguna Hills
5. *Something's Gone Wrong Again, The Buzzcocks Covers Compilation* (Thanks Dale !)

### Jake Shut

1. The leftist resistance in Madison to Wisconsin Governor Scott Walker's radical, right-wing agenda.
2. The Gateway District, *Perfect's Gonna Fail*
3. Hannibal Buress, *My Name Is Hannibal*
4. Red Fang, *Murder the Mountains*
5. Les Breastfeeders, *Dans La Gueule Des Jours*

### Jessica T

*Top 5 Mono Men Songs*

1. "You're Gonna Miss Me"
2. "Already Gone"
3. "Over the Edge"
4. "No Time"
5. "See My Soul"

### Jimmy Alvarado

*Five Tunes I Recommend You Play Full Blast at Work Between the Hours Of 3-4 P.M.*

- The Soft Moon, "Tiny Spiders"
- Devo, "Penetration in the Centerfold"
- Swell Maps, "Another Day"
- Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, "Baby Doll"
- Rhys Chatham, "Drastic Classicalism"

### Joe Dana

1. Success, the Pillowfights, The Albert Square at Ramano's Pizza in Riverside. (Show was originally planned for Warehouse at 12th & G but had to be moved because the Warehouse is closing. I'm sure the Warehouse will come back as something even better.)
2. Motörhead at the Nokia Theater and then the Mean Jeans at the 5 Star Bar in the *same night* (The first time the eight-band punk bill worked out in a good way (for me).)
3. Madison Bloodbath at the Down And Out in Downtown L.A. for the Los Angeles Burrito Project. Great cause. Great band.
4. Getting yelled at by (supposedly) Blake Schwarzenbach's mom during The Forgetters show at the Center of the Arts, Eagle Rock. We gave her a heartfelt apology.

Watch a  
women's college  
volleyball game live.

5. Putting together the 5th Annual Dre Day at the Blue Star with the Maxies (covered "Ain't No Fun" by Snoop Dogg), Toys That Kill (covered "Nobody Move" by Eazy E), and the Jew Cocks (covered a plethora of Dre Tunes).

#### Joe Evans III

- Bobby Joe Ebola And The Children Macnuggits, *F* LP
- Hüsker Dü, *Spot's Arcade* LP
- Spazz, *Crush Kill Destroy* LP
- Vacation, *Dream Dad* 7"
- "Downtown Soulville With Mr. Fine Wine," (Radio show/podcast)

#### Joshua Ian Robles

1. Shonen Knife, "Sushi Bar"
2. Leatherface, "Diego Garcia"
3. Wreckless Eric, "Whole Wide World"
4. Be My Doppelgänger, "Chemical Spin"
5. Shonen Knife, "I Am a Cat"

#### Juan Espinosa

- Mind Spiders, Self-titled LP
- Folded Shirt, Self-titled LP
- Naw Dude/It Burns, Split cassette
- Much Worse, *Absolute Nightmare* EP
- Gridlink, *Orphan/Amber Gray* LP

#### Keith Rosson

- Pretty Boy Thorson & the Slow Death / The Strait A's, Split 7"
- The Thumbs, *Make America Strong* CD (and word of reissues/unreleased stuff out soon via Grave Mistake! Holy shit!)
- Strawman, *They Sing Us Pop Songs* 7"
- Insurgent, *Inside Every Kid* 10"
- Good Men Die Like Dogs, *Postscript* 7" and Self-titled 10"

#### Kiyoshi Nakazawa

*Top 5 Pro Tips to Succeed at Cartooning*

1. Marry a person more famous than your comic.
2. Play in a band that is more famous than your comic.
3. Commit a crime more famous than your comic.
4. Start a rivalry with someone whose comic is more famous than your comic.
5. Sell the comic book adaptation movie rights about the story of people more famous than your comic for millions of dollars.

#### Kurt Morris

1. WTF with Marc Maron (Podcast)
2. Mark Kozelek live at First Church Congregational in Cambridge, MA
3. Audrey Ryan live at The Nave in Somerville, MA
4. Audrey Ryan, *Thick Skin*
5. Pig Destroyer (everything)

#### Marcos Siref

- The World/Inferno Friendship Society, *The Anarchy and the Ecstasy*
- The Sugar Stems, *Sweet Sounds of*
- For Science, *Way Out of Control* EP
- New Creases, *Self-titled* CDEP
- Cake, *Showroom of Compassion*

#### Mark Twistworthy

*Top 5 Shows I Absolutely Cannot Miss at Chaos In Tejas 2011*

1. The Marked Men / FYP / This Is My Fist / Chinese Telephones show!
2. Milk Music
3. Universal Order Of Armageddon
4. Citizens Arrest
5. Spits / Arrivals / Shellshag show!

#### Matt Average

- Cülo, live and *Toxic Vision* EP
- School Jerks, live and new EP
- *Girls to the Front: The True Story of the Riot Grrrl Revolution*, by Sara Marcus
- Demon's Claws, *Laserbeam* 7"
- Oak, *II* LP

#### Mike Dumps

- Unfun, *Sick Outside* LP
- ADD/C, *Busy Days* LP
- Dark Rides, Self-titled 7"EP
- Awful Man, *New Ways to Say Fuck Off!* 7"EP
- Dead Dog, *Don't Touch Me* LP

#### Mike Faloon

*Top 5 Book Recommendations I Got While on Tour*

1. *Revolt of the Cockroach People*, by Oscar Zeta Acosta
2. *Willard and His Bowling Trophies*, by Richard Brautigan
3. *The Land of Laughs*, by Jonathan Carroll
4. *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*, by Junot Diaz
5. *Monsieur*, by Jean-Philippe Toussaint

#### Mike Frame

1. Hunx And His Punx, *Too Young to Be in Love*
2. Lucinda Williams, *Blessed*

3. Chixdiggit, *Safeways Here We Come*
4. Drive By Truckers, *Big to Do*
5. Biters, two EPs and live

#### Nardwuar

1. B-Lines, Self-titled 12"
2. White Wires, live at SXSW
3. Unnatural Helpers, live at SXSW
4. Jail, *There's No Sky* LP
5. The Martial Arts, *Do it Riot* Grrl CD

#### Nighthawk

*Top 5 Things I Plan to Do in 2011:*

- Finally record my rap album, *Straight Outta Lemay*.
- Start writing my book, *If Everyone in the World Was Like Me*.
- Learn to play bass guitar.
- Take my dad to his first Cards/Cubs game at Wrigley Field.
- Watch a women's college volleyball game live.

#### Paul J. Comeau

1. No Lessons Learned, Demo 2010 Cassette
2. So Adult, *Rookie* Cassette
3. Red Fang, *Murder the Mountains* CD
4. Sleepwalkers, *Your Hell Looks Like Heaven to Me* CD
5. Youth Avoiders, Demo 2010 Cassette

#### Rene Navarro

1. DFMK, *Manual Practico Para La Autodestruccion* CD
2. Weird TV, Calafia Puta, and San Pedro El Cortez live in Tijuana
3. *Ecstasy* by Irvine Welsh
4. Lenguas Largas, *How a Man Should Live* 7"
5. Os Mutantes, *Everything Is Possible* CD

#### Replay Dave

- Chris Wollard and Addison Burns 7"
- Napalm Death, flexi 7" from *Decibel*
- High Tension Wires, *Welcome New Machine* LP
- Fuses, *I Wanna Burn* LP
- Obits, *Moody, Standard and Poor* LP

#### Ryan Horky

1. Rotten Sound, *Cursed* LP
2. Mike Watt, *Hyphenated-Man* LP
3. Wormrot, *Dirge* LP
4. Gateway District, *Perfect's Gonna Fail* LP
5. Billy Joel, *Greatest Hits I and II* 2 x LP

#### Sean Koeppenick

- Songs at 4/9/11 DYS show at The Ottobar, Baltimore, MD*
1. "Wolfpack"
  2. "No Escape"
  3. "Circle Storm"
  4. "Sound of Our Town" (New!)
  5. "We Are the Road Crew" (Motörhead)

#### Steve Hart

1. William Fitzsimmons, *Gold in the Shadow*
2. Otis Redding, *Otis Blue*
3. *A Band of Misfits*, by Andrew Baggary (book)
4. *Back to the Future*, by David Sirota (book)
5. Kriegshöh, Self-titled LP

#### Steve Larder

- Fell Voices, second LP
- Torn Apart/Sick Suckin-O, Split EP
- Closure, second EP
- Mob Rules, *The Donor* LP
- A Birthday Party Band, *Lead Sky* LP

#### Todd Taylor

- ADD/C, *Busy Days* LP
- Mind Spiders LP
- Overnight Lows, "Slit Wrist Rock n Roll" b/w "I'll Be Everything" 7"
- The Assassins, *I Disse Mørke Tider* 7"EP
- Young Governor, "Firing Squad" b/w "25 with a Bullet" 7"
- Pretty Boy Thorson And The Falling Angels / Worthwhile Way split 7"EP

#### Ty Stranglehold

- Top 5 "T" Bands*
1. Toys That Kill
  2. Teengenerate
  3. Teenage Head
  4. Tiltwheel
  5. TSOL

#### Vincent Battilana

- Deltron 3030, Self-titled LP reissue
- Spacemen 3, 12" singles reissues
- The English Singles, live at The Hub and CD-R
- The anticipation of what will come from Milk And Alcohol Records
- The anticipation of getting to see Archers Of Loaf live





## 20 BELOWS, THE: *For Better Days*: CD

This four-piece power pop band from Denmark offers up a solid record here that's a bit hard to categorize at first listen. "Like a Choke Slam" and "Double Gin" are standouts. Solid guitar riffs—and maybe a bit of Mike Ness in the vocals—but way more exciting than any Social Distortion song. I like how three out of the four guys in the inside cover photo are all dressed the same. The one guy who didn't get the memo should get with the program for the next photo op. —Sean Koepenick (Monster Zero)

## 24 HOURS: *No Party People*: CD

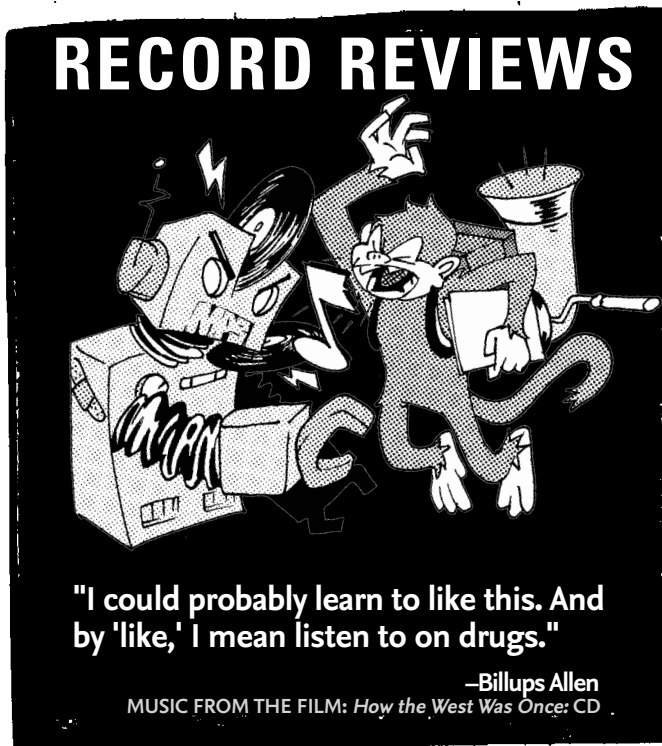
Dancey indie rock from Beijing, of all places. Oddly enough, this is also produced by Martin Atkins, one-time drummer for Public Image Ltd. and seemingly every successful industrial band from the '80s and '90s. This band sounds like they could easily be from Brooklyn or Portland and go on tour with the Liars or Deerhoof. The music is well produced and it does not offend the ear. The male vocals, though, aren't quite up to par with the female vocals on some of the tracks, like "Earthquake," which has some awkward phrasing in the singing. The lead-off track, "Fuzz," with its catchy whistle, shiny guitar, and rolling snare drum intro that launches into a danceable backbeat is the high point. With a kickass single, I could see this band garnering some attention in the right circles, even though the band's not quite there yet. The final verdict is that this is a group showing potential, especially if they ratchet up the hooks on their next release. —Adrian (Maybe Mars, distroed by Tenzenmen)

## AMERICANS IN FRANCE: *Crawling*: CD

I was horribly suspicious of the posed, in-studio photo on the inside of a bearded guy in a sling and instead of an elastic bandage, he's got toilet paper (or a rough-pulped, design-impressed paper product) loosely wrapped around his forearm and there's no pressure on the silk sling his armed hanging on. I don't know if it's supposed to be a joke, commentary that's unexplained, or if I'm supposed to take it seriously and not notice the details. The music had the same effect. It kept me suspicious and tight lipped. Nothing was adding up; so much so that I didn't enjoy it at all. Glib. Ironic. Eccentric. Noodly. Way too arty. Not my thing at all. Pass. —Todd (Odessa)

## ANDY HUMAN: *Self-titled*: 7"

Catchy retro-new wave is the order of the day here, dripping with pop hooks and slight '50s undertones. Perfect for your next KROQ Flashback Weekend



"I could probably learn to like this. And by 'like,' I mean listen to on drugs."

—Billups Allen

MUSIC FROM THE FILM: *How the West Was Once*: CD

get-together. —Jimmy Alvarado (Tic Tac Totally, tictactotally.com)

## ANTHROT: *Self-titled*: CD-R

These kids cover both Dredhead and Rudimentary Peni, which, fortuitously enough, also serve as nice parameters on where they're coming from. They're dolin' out hardcore, and tons of it, vacillating between hyper-speed and slower 'n' brooding with nihilistic lyrics addressing children, chem trails, the Jesus punk scourge, and other topics. Dunno if this is their first recorded outing, but if so, they're off to a flying start 'n' it'll be interesting to see where they go from here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Loop The Feedback, loopthefeedback@gmail.com)

## ANTI YOU: *Two-Bit Schemes and Cold War Dreams*: CD

Speedy hardcore, courtesy of these Italian thrash monsters. You get the seventeen tracks that comprise the album itself, plus the tracks from the *Johnny Baghdad* and *Pig City Life* EPs and covers of Discharge's "Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing" and Descendents' "I'm Not a Loser." The lion's share of stuff here is amped way the fuck up and will surely warm the hearts of your favorite speed freak punker pals. —Jimmy Alvarado (Six Weeks, sixweeksrecords.com)

## ANTILECTUAL: *Start from Scratch!*: CD

Mediocre, overproduced punk rock with a very '90s vibe. Some of the tracks go sort of emo in a Promise Ring way and the faster songs sound like Pennywise outtakes. Not the worst thing I ever heard, but nothing I would recommend. —Jake Shut (Shield, shieldrecordings.com)

## ANTI-SYSTEM: *Self-titled*: CD

Anti-System were an English band closely tied to that country's legendary early '80s anarcho-punk scene. What set them apart from many of their peers was their adherence to a thrasher sound more along the lines of the UK82 crop of bands than the almost artsy approach of bands like Poison Girls, Crass, and The Mob. The tunes here, pulled from assorted demos, albums, and EPs, show the band's progression from some raging hardcore to a slower, yet no less intense sound. Despite numerous spelling errors, the packaging is top notch, with the CD accompanied by a thick booklet crammed with old fanzine interviews, informational flyers the band ostensibly once distributed, photos, and even the band's family tree. Kudos all the way 'round here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Anti-Society, antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk)

## APATIA:

### *100 Percent Vegetarian Band*: LP

Not uncommon; I had to do some research on this band. Originally formed in Poland back in 1989 and this is a re-release of their 2000 LP. It's interesting that the songs are from the time span of 1989-1991. From what I read, this was their fourth LP or release. I'm guessing that writing music came slowly for this highly regarded band. It's interesting that there is a Good Riddance cover, too, since their musical stylings are not similar. This band's music is more in line with their Eastern European lineage in sound. More '80s than new millennium. Raw production that is more on the clean side. It gives the guitar sound that twangy tone. The punk rock is solid, though, with some sprinkling of metal riffs on some and a post punk edge on others, giving it the grit that it needs to keep my attention. Also, the playfulness with the new wave intros is a nice touch. I love releases like this. It's like a history lesson on a new subject. —Donofthedeath (Pasazer)

## ARTIFICIAL PEACE:

### *Complete Session November 1981*: CD

It's quite a coincidence that this session is put out by Dischord now, along with a recently unearthed Government Issue session. At Government Issue's one-off reunion show recently, drummer Mike Manos of Artificial Peace got up and played a few songs with the opening band. Okay, maybe that's not amazing, but this record is. Only released in pieces back in the day, this is seventeen songs clocking in under twenty minutes. That's how old-school harDCcore should be played. "Suburban Wasteland" and "Neighbors" stick out for me here, but they all spill over with youthful aggression. The only misstep is the goofy cover of "Wild Thing," but it's good for a laugh. Three of the members of A.P. went on to greater success with Marginal Man. But get this to hear where it began back in 1981. —Sean Koepenick (Dischord)

## ASSASSINATORS, THE:

### *I Disse Mørke Tider...? 7" EP*

My inkling is The Assassinator's are too poppy for the black patches, white ink crusty crowd and too overtly political (and not singing in English) for the pop punk crowd. This is too bad, because I think both camps are missing out on one of the strongest currently-running bands in Denmark. Musically, they share the catchy tightness of bands like Funeral Oration, Harum Scaram, Signal Lost, Knugen Faller, and Gorilla Angreb. Politically—with not only English lyrical translation from Danish, but song-to-song explanations

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and essays that shed light on subjects like the current right-wing-ification of traditionally immigrant-asylum-cool Denmark—the record reveals a band concerned with deep, long thought, just not cast-off, sing-along slogans or vaguely “political” statements to keep the pit going and fists pumping. Highly recommended. —Todd (Halo Of Flies, [halooffliesrecords.com](mailto:halooffliesrecords.com), [halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com](mailto:halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com))

**ASSHOLEPARADE: *Live in Rostock: 10"***  
I've always doubted the legitimacy of live releases because it feels like an excuse to release a record to make money when the band is too lazy to just write material. Also, most live records just aren't very good. I was delightfully surprised when I put the needle down on this one to hear a high quality live set that flows well and is decently recorded. Most of these songs have been released on other records (maybe all of them?), and the band also throws on a Citizen's Arrest and an Infest cover. To Live A Lie specialize in that “cult grind” niche, and this record is definitely a cult record. A good bit of their material is still available from No Idea, so while the quality and range of material on this record makes for a good introduction to the band, I think majority of the people who will go out of their way to track this record down are people already familiar with Assholeparade's gritty, angry brand of hardcore, and I don't think any of them will feel let down. —Ian Wise (To Live A Lie)

**AUXES: *Ichkannnichtmehr: CD***

The people responsible for this are apparently somebodies in the big world of punk rock superstardom, but I couldn't much give a toss past what's coming through the speakers and, surprise, it ain't all that bad. They manage to find some sorta sweet spot between hardcore, skronky post-punk, and melodic modern punk that results in something that's both dissonant and oddly catchy. The direction they're coming from is an interesting one and on the whole this was much better than expected. —Jimmy Alvarado (Gunner, [gunnerrecords.com](http://gunnerrecords.com))

**AV OKUBO: *The Greed of Man: CD***

A four piece indie rock band from Wuhan, China formed in 2006. Quite bland music that I would describe as the shittiest songs Gang Of Four released in the mid '80s mixed with what I would imagine the Strokes to sound like, although I have never knowingly listened to them and only have negative stereotypes and press to go by. Things get worse on the last two tracks on the nine-song release when the eighth track sucker punched me with some horrid techno rock with overtones of that dreadful disco version of “Cotton Eyed Joe” that came out several years ago. To add insult to injury, the last track was an extended remix of the abhorrent techno tune on track eight. —Jake Shut (Maybe Mars, [maybemars.org](http://maybemars.org))

**BEHIND THE WAGON: 11 songs: CD**

This record really catches fire on the

fourth song! After three perfectly fine tunes, Behind The Wagon just nail it, starting with “Battle and the War” and the record is fantastic the rest of the way through. The cover looks indie, the band name sounds alt country, and the sound falls somewhere in between. The sound is a lot like Gainesville's The Takers but with less grit, or like Dinosaur Jr meets the more recent punk rock retirement plan alt country sound. Since I am a big fan of all of these sounds, I really enjoyed this record. —Mike Frame (Double Barrel)

**BLACK FEET: Self-titled: CD**

While they keep their (black) feet firmly planted in a concoction of punk and '60s garage rock, they aren't above dipping their fingers into other puddles, like post-punk and even death rock, to add some texture to what they're doin'. No coincidentally, it gives them a bit of an edge over the rest of the punters who like some tambourine in their punk. —Jimmy Alvarado (Dirty Faces, [dirtyfaces.de](http://dirtyfaces.de))

**BLACK ICE: *Before the First Light: CD***

Oh, wow. What the hell is this? My vocabulary is failing me. I don't think anyone has ever made music like this before, and that's probably for the best. Black Ice is sort of like if Blondie went through a goth phase and put out an atmospheric soundtrack to a campy horror movie musical. I am trying to imagine who would listen to this, and in what context, and it's cracking

me up. —Lauren Trout (Hungry Eye, [hungryeyerecords.com](http://hungryeyerecords.com))

**BLACK MAMBA BEAT: Self-titled: CD**

This trio has a lot of the appealing sensibilities that the Minutemen brought to the table. The most noticeable is that most of the songs are between :45—1:45 minutes long. There is nothing funky about the band, but the chaos is similar. The lyrics and arrangements are very stream of thought and the riffs are punchy. I like this CD a lot in that there is something simple about the songwriting, but something layered in the ideas and playing. This band will ultimately suffer from the comparison; Minutemen fans are an over-thinking and contrary bunch. But I like it and I think other Minutemen fans would see the connection. Or call me an idiot for making the association. Either way, Boon/ Watt/ Hurley enthusiasts will get some sort of enjoyment from listening to this. —Billups Allen (Jeetkune)

**BLACK TIE OPERATION, THE:**

**Self-titled: CD**

From what I can make of the lyrics, they seem to vacillate between more serious subject matter to singin' odes to half-baker's dozens of bagels and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Their music mixes dashes of metal, ska, '80s hardcore, and Southern California punk into more modern punk sounds, which results in stylistic changes all over the place, sometimes mid-song, and keeps things interesting. —Jimmy Alvarado (Self-released)

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**BOBBY JOE EBOLA AND THE CHILDREN MACNUGGITS: F: LP**

Kind of like a They Might Be Giants of Bay Area pop punk. At its core, two dudes who push themselves to crank out some great songs, with the help of an assortment of other local musicians. Musically speaking, it toes the line between folk and pop punk just enough to keep things interesting, but without making you say, "Ugh, what are they doing *now*?" Lyrically, there is a lot of "anti"—lots of snarky stuff that I tend to associate with the East Bay for whatever reason—and when you combine all of that together, it makes for a neat, unique record. —Joe Evans III (Silver Sprocket)

**BOBSLEIGH BABY: Self-titled: CD**

Wow. This Italian garage album is a very striking, energetic debut from a young garage-folk-punk band from Rome, Italy. Reminiscent of the Violent Femmes, but with dual male/female vocals and with raw, lo-fi production, Bobsleigh Baby is a winner. The lyrics are sung in heavily accented English, with a haunting quality to them. The drums are uncommonly high in the mix, adding to the punch. They self-describe as post-punk, but I'm failing to see the post part. Unless the post part is post-dated. —Art Ettinger (Jeetkune, jeetkunerecords.blogspot.com)

**BRAGGING LADS, THE: Half Empty: CD**

Like Pogues-inspired punk, which is what I was expecting from the band's name, the whole U.K.-via-OC punk thing is a very dicey prospect—move

too far in one direction, you're in meathead territory; move too far in the other, and you're in bad glammy rock territory; tilt this way you're neck deep in bonehead modern oi; tilt that way and you're trolling around in the depths of the worst of the Social Distortion clones. These guys are quite the dancers, though, pirouetting through the much and balancing all the best bits—anthemic and catchy songwriting, non-wanky guitar leads up the wazoo, a singer that can growl 'n' howl in tune, and the wisdom not to take themselves too seriously—to come up with a full-length that puts 'em in fine company along Mad Parade, Black Jax, and Channel 3, among others. Though the mix is a bit bass-heavy, they've got themselves quite the release here, and though it's making for some mighty fine tuneage in cold-ass mid-February, it's really gonna hit the spot come July when the windows are down and the volume is up full. —Jimmy Alvarado (Collision Course)

**BRIMSTONE HOWL / HELL SHOVEL: Split: 7"**

I'm a big Jeff Clarke fan; best known for fronting The Demon's Claws. Hell Shovel is his lesser-known group. Hell Shovel is rounded out by Bloodshot Bill (solo artist and occasional Ding Dong) and Dale from Chocolat. Fans of Demon's Claws will dig their contribution, "Stealing Candy." It sounds like a lo-fi, stripped-down version of a standout Demon's Claws song. Brimstone Howl is pretty

awesome. Got one of their CDs to review a while back and dug it. This outing is better because the medium is superior (pay attention, labels). Fans of The Head Shop will be into their track. Keep up the good work, Certified PR. —Ryan Leach (Certified PR, certifiedprrecords.com)

**BUCKET FLUSH: Self-titled: 7"**

It's no secret that I like the dredges of the punk rock gutters. I dunno, maybe it was being exposed to Dayglo Abortions at a young age, but whatever the reason I seem to dig some of the seedier bands out there. Well, it turns out even I might have my limits. Bucket Flush might well be the sleaziest band I've ever heard. Seriously, these are some sick bastards! I'm not sure if it was "Cum Bum" or "Rapist in the Nursing Home," but there was a point on this record when Bucket Flush managed to make The Mentors look like Minor Threat. Eeeww. —Ty Stranglehold (Eaglebauer Enterprises)

**BY THE THROAT: One Good Night: 7"**

You know what's weird? This sounds like the dude from the Nobodys fronting a hardcore band. That snotty, decipherable voice works in their favor and lends a certain swagger to this thing—much preferable to the Cookie Monster vocals that usually dominate this type of stuff. *One Good Night's* a decent five-song piece of green wax; rife with pick slides and fat guitar tones and a slightly dirty production that works in their favor. My only complaint is that it's too bad they decided to run

a photo of "guitar dude in camo shorts jumping in the air" rather than any actual lyrics, but I guess that's just their way of telling us what they're here for. This one won't rearrange any jaws, but it's a nice outing for the genre. —Keith Rosson (Winter Street)

**BYRDS OF PARADISE: Teenage Symphonies: LP**

Super scuzzed-out pop/shoegazer bliss. Serene melodies are buried under walls of noise and distortion. The bass is heavily distorted, and sounds like it's about to vibrate apart. Think of the Swell Maps. The songs are catchy and crushing at the same time. A lot of contrasts are put on the table and all of it works. "Broadcast News" grabs your attention with the near-shimmery guitar sound. I also like Laura Catalano's vocals on "Honey Trap" and "Paradise DC." Her voice brings in a near-ethereal quality to the music (not Enya ethereal, just to be clear). Listen to the opening of "Paradise DC" with just her vocals. So great; reminds me of the early- to mid-'90s when there was some truly great indie pop coming out (Unrest, Velocity Girl, Tsunami, etc.). —M.Avrq (Don Giovanni, dongiovannirecords.com)

**CAPITALIST CASUALTIES / LACK OF INTEREST: Split: 7"**

This was included in the last issue of *Short, Fast, and Loud*. For those who have never heard Capitalist Casualties, use this record as a starting point. The band has released some great hardcore punk records over the last twenty years,

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but their catalog is huge and has several duds that somehow manage to be the ones that get more hype (*Planned Community* is total garbage), and a lot of people get turned off of the band as a result. The three songs on this record are more in line with their older, more influential material. Lack Of Interest have had an equally long career, but hold less of a "classic" standing in the hardcore/power violence/whatever you call this nonsense, but they still shred. The songs are heavy without resorting to sludge parts and fast without blast beats. It's no frills, no pretense, and over before you know it. Awesome sounding, total throwback power violence with no metal influence that might as well have come out in 1993 (that's not a bad thing in this case). The zine is huge and packed with columns/ reviews/ narratives/ photos relating to the more extreme aspects of hardcore. It's a great resource, but be warned: even I have a hard time nerding out on hardcore this hard. —Ian Wise (Six Weeks)

#### **CAPTAIN WE'RE SINKING: With Joe Riley: 7"**

A damn solid three-song 7" here that will likely be highly appreciated by many regular readers of *Razorcake*. Captain We're Sinking crafted a small handful of songs that occupy a perfect intersection of melody, energy, and passion. If any similarities to their DIY punk peers are apparent, I hear echoes of J. Church and Grabass Charlestons. If Captain We're Sinking can release a full length as consistent as this three-song

release, this is really going to be a band to watch. —Jake Shut (Evil Weevil)

#### **CARMINES, THE: Older, Fatter, Wider: CD**

Surfy pop punk, though I assumed that meant super reverby surf rock, but it's mostly straight-up pop punk. I wish there was a little more info in the liner notes, aside from some praise from Joe Queer (side note: bands I like, please ask me to do your liner notes!). It's standard stuff, there are a few moments that make me start to go, "Ohh brother," like lyrics about sock hops (only acceptable from FYP) and Little Bo Peep where I can't help but think "how badly do you want to be in a pop punk band?" but it's over fast enough so I don't get sick of it. —Joe Evans III (Merman)

#### **CAVE WIMP: Rehearsal 1: CD-R**

Three songs of raw, deranged punk. The vocals are blown out and I often wonder if they're playing at the tempo they had intended on. But it's just so spiteful and weird that I can't stop listening to it. The guitarist sounds like a sunburnt Greg Sage and the vocalist sings like he's dictating his memoirs from a straight jacket. More, please. —Daryl (Television)

#### **CHEIFS, THE: Holly-West Crisis: LP**

I have to come clean and admit that the Cheifs are one of those bands whose name I have seen for years and years but have somehow managed to foolishly ignore until recently (see: the Middle

Class, the Brat, the Bags). This is a rather excellent retrospective collection of songs from their only proper 7" release, some compilation tracks, and some previously unreleased recordings. I'd have to call shenanigans on the Zero Boys and Reagan Youth if they were to say that they were not in any way influenced by these cats. Big ups to Doctor Strange for making these songs once again readily available for more punks to discover and enjoy the way I have. —Juan Espinosa (Dr. Strange)

#### **CHEMICALS: Chemical Livin': LP**

Featuring a veritable who's who of Oregon punk rockers in a revolving cast (ten members are listed and this ain't a ska band), including dudes from the Diskords, Defect Defect, and Red Dons. The music's fantastic. I can't help but think of a way-fuckin'-aggro, contemporary interpretation of *Rockin' at Ground Zero* Gears by way of *Fuhrers of the New Wave* Smogtown. Tight, anxious, leg sweepers and arm raisers of songs. At the helm is Jonny Cat—it's his label, and I'm assuming that it's him singing and putting the lyrics together. I'm fine with concepts and themes and the Chemicals, conceptually, aren't tough to figure out: the love of drugs. I'm cool with that. We all have our obsessions. But I think that so much attention on one topic restrains the band a bit. It's a fine starting point and reference point, but—like its doppelganger, straightedge—if a band doesn't go onto other topics occasionally, my mind begins to wander. Perhaps it's

all in the dosage. A bump or hit here and there, the Chemicals are pretty amazing. Four pencil-thick, pencil-long lines may be a wee too much. But I'm no doctor and your results may vary. —Todd (Jonny Cat)

#### **CHIXDIGGIT!:**

##### **Safeways Here We Come: CDEP**

Yay! After a five-year break, Chixdiggit! is back! (I'm not counting the re-release of their first album because, well, that doesn't count!) The band that created my favorite twenty-five-second song ("Quit Your Job") and some of the most ridiculous pop punk song themes—"Henry Rollins Is No Fun," "Shadowy Bangers from a Shadowy Duplex," et. al! Best news alert! They didn't change anything! Rejoice, for progress is dumb! Songs about girls, the "swedish rat" haircut, and, naturally, a defense of hockey! My only complaint? After such a long break, I'm guessing most fans were hoping for a full album, instead of just seven songs. But at least five of these songs have been stuck in my head for weeks, so I shall complain no more! Welcome back, Chixdiggit!! If you were a cereal, you would be (and always would've been) Cinnamon Toast Crunch! —Maddy (Fat Wreck Chords)

#### **CHOOSE YOUR POISON:**

##### **Crawl to Nothing: LP**

Fast and crusty metallic hardcore full of palm mutes and lyrics that toe the line between hilarious ("Smoke Weed and Worship Nothing") to the seriously, abysmally dark ("Severed Cock of

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Christ"). Resting pretty successfully between the campiness of the Accused and the dark, apocalyptic leanings of the Awakening, and an unabashed adolescent worship of weed, beers, and kicking back. This is actually pretty good. It's a little too goofy for me at times, and the cover is corny enough to turn some people off, but, musically, this is some pretty ace shit. —Keith Rosson (Active Rebellion)

#### CITIZEN FISH: *Goods*: CD

Been a spell since I've heard anything by these guys, but from the sound of this, they're still mining the better parts of modern ska and punk. Also no surprise, considering their connections to the U.K. band Subhumans, is that Dick's lyrics remain rooted in the anarcho-punk mold, keeping things topical and insightful just as much as he ever did with that much ballyhooed punk band of yore. There's a bit more straightforward punk in the songwriting than I remember them having very early on in their career, and though the post-Op Ivy ska-punk scourge long ago soured me on nearly all but the most traditional ska sounds, the mix of styles here and the intelligence of the lyrics keep me coming plopping it back into the player for another run-through. —Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

#### COBRA SKULLS:

##### *Bringing the War Home*: CDEP

Short, sweet, and there's a cover of Bad Religion's "Give You Nothing." The

strength of the Cobra Skulls is that one will never mistake them for another band, with their mix of melodic punk, folk, and rockabilly—among other genres—and singer Devin's distinct vocals. The non-punk influences on this are a bit less distinct, but, if anything, the constant touring and new drummer have resulted in a tighter attack than before. My one complaint: where are the canciones en español at which they oddly excel? —Adrian (Fat)

#### COKE BUST: *Degradation EP*: "T"

With these six songs, Coke Bust harnesses the power of three modes: feedback-infested pauses; driving, guttural hardcore; and straight-up blastbeats. Transitioning between the three, they drag you by the hair through song topics regarding the endless—and maddening—trials of life, the drawbacks of using illicit, destructive substances, elitism in the scene, and a couple more. Fans of raging fast hardcore should definitely seek this EP out. Tight band-shirt points go to the drummer, Chris, for sporting an In Disgust shirt and a RVIVR shirt in separate photos. Bad ass. —Daryl (Grave Mistake)

#### COLD CAVE:

##### *Cherish the Light Years*: CD

For anyone who's followed Wes Eisold's evolution from early-through-later American Nightmare, to Some Girls, to Cold Cave's first-through-current output, it's hardly surprising to see him nodding so emphatically to the who's who of '80s darkwave/synthpop (in fact, it's no

secret that Wes and the Makeoutclub crew had plenty to do with scores of early '00s hardcore nerds alternating their Panic longleaves with Smiths and Sisters Of Mercy swag). While Cold Cave's first proper full length, *Loves Comes Close*, was enjoyable in spite of its unabashed throwbackness and occasionally cringe-worthy lyrics and delivery, *Cherish the Light Years* manages to shake off some of those shortcomings by avoiding unnecessary clichés and ramping up tempos considerably. Wes's vocals remain both affected and somewhat limited, but considering the genre, it works quite well. Not mindblowing or anything, but certainly a progression and a job well done. —Dave Williams (Matador)

#### CORE BALL: *Self-titled*: CD

Catchy gallop-velocity hardcore from Poland, well executed with tight execution and lotsa interesting chord changes to keep ye on your toes. While the likely inclusion of songs in English to reach a wider audience is understandable, my personal preference veers towards the tunes they sing in Polish, which are delivered with a bit more conviction and bite to 'em and are not hampered by the distracting malapropisms. That said, they do what they do quite well and I bet they can get a live crowd good and worked up. —Jimmy Alvarado (Pasazer, pasazer.pl)

#### CRAZY ARM: *Born to Ruin*: CD

I found myself wanting to like this diverse mid-tempo U.K. band, but every

time a glimmer of inspiration creeps through, it falls flat and gets obnoxiously contrived. It's all over the map, and the end result is a total mess. Influences include cock rock, emo, rockabilly, and 1977 punk. There are some interesting passages in a handful of the tracks, but it is drab and mope-y overall. While *Born to Ruin* might be an earnest attempt to blend various rock influences into a punk-minded framework, it ends up sounding bland, like some of the weaker third stage Warped Tour bands taking the stage this summer. Uncool, man. Uncool. —Art Ettinger (Gunner, gunnerrecords.com)

#### CREEPOUT / INTEGRITY:

##### *Love Is...the Only Weapon*: 7" EP

Creepout: Three relatively short blasts of "we have mosh parts" metallically hardcore. For a lark, I changed the speed to 45 and they sounded much more exciting. Integrity: Full-on sludgy pain metal. Purty purple marbled vinyl and a pic of Mansonites Sandra Good and Squeaky Fromme in the buff likely appropriated from the now out of print tome *The Manson Files* adorns the back cover. —Jimmy Alvarado (A389, a389records.com)

#### DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS:

##### *Much Obligated*: CD

Dan Webb And The Spiders is an inspired, terrific pop band from Boston. They are easy to compare with guilty pleasure gem the Thermals, but less cheesy and with rarer production. I dug this CD so much, I'm going to



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track down the colored vinyl version immediately. The vocalist brings just the right amount of toughness into the pure pop framework to add edge to the bounce, and there is nothing artificial about *Much Obligated* whatsoever, despite the fact that they clearly spent a ton of time on the post-production. I bet they're phenomenal live. Not even the drunkest or most metal soundman could fuck this brilliance up. —Art Ettinger (Gunner, gunnerrecords.com)

#### DAVILA 666: *Tan Bajo*: LP

I continue to be amazed by the machine that is Davila 666. These guys tour for months at a time, play every show as if it's their last, and consistently put out great records. They are a breath of fresh air in a sometimes stale garage rock scene. *Tan Bajo* has the same production sound, catchy hooks, and group sing alongs as their previous records. The differences are slight; I'd say the solos are less James Williamson/Stooges-y and are a little more chaotic and noisy. I don't know how Davila can use so much reverb on everything and not have the sound go to complete shit—maybe compression on the overall mix? If I had to complain (and I always do), I'd say the low end should be more present. —Sal Lucci (In The Red)

#### DAY CREEPER: *Problem at Hand*: 7"

Pretty good rockin' and jangly pop from this band, with a slight Modern Lovers feel in places, especially on the first song. If you like your pop music with a little jangle, like some of that

early '80s North Carolina power pop action, this band will be right up your alley. —Mike Frame (Tic Tac Totally)

#### DEAD DOG: *Don't Touch Me*: 12" EP

Yes! What was Shellshag listening to when they interviewed each other for issue #50? Dead Dog. And you know why? Because this is legit, bizarre music that's fun to listen to. Finding a common thread between modern day luminaries like Bent Outta Shape and Tulsa, Dead Dog keeps the weirdness going with their own brand of dirty, poppy punk. Similar to Punkin Pie with Hickey-inspired guitar freakouts. This 12" EP is a perfect accompaniment to the recently released *Dirty Marquee 7"* and the *ADD/C LP*. Recorded by Mike Pack, nonetheless. —Daryl (Let's Pretend)

#### DEAD MILKMEN:

##### *The King in Yellow*: CD-R

Never in my life did I think I'd be getting the chance to review a new Dead Milkmen record. Part of me was glad that I would never have to. I have been a diehard Milkmen fan ever since that day circa 1987 when that cool older kid told me that if I liked Sex Pistols, I should really check out Dead Milkmen and Bad Brains. I promptly bought *Big Lizard in My Backyard* and *I Against I*. Both tapes worked in different ways to send me on my way to the present. Dead Milkmen were a jokey band, not at joke band. (I'm looking at you Steven Blush!) The songs presented weird slices of life that you know damn well were happening out there somewhere.

Always funny, but in an often sad or scary way. I loved it. Fast forward a couple of decades and some hit and miss records. Never quite as solid as the early days, but always containing some gems. They became an institution of the underground. When bassist Dave Blood died, I was fairly sure that we had heard the last of Dead Milkmen... But I was wrong. *The King in Yellow* begins with the titular instrumental song. It would fit in on *Bucky Fellini*, for sure. Right away it's apparent that these Milkmen are older, but still able to mine the humor out of these weird times we live. If possible, they might even be more cynical and biting than ever. Musically they sound like they always did: surfy, funky jangle with either Rodney barking over it, or Joe floating softly on top. As an album, it's the most overall cohesive work since *Beelzebubba*. I think Dave Blood would be stoked at the outcome. I have to see them play again! —Ty Stranglehold (Dead Milkmen, deadmilkmen.com)

#### DEECRACKS:

##### *Attention! Deficit Disorder*: CD/LP

Monster Zero is a DIY punk label out of the Netherlands run by the dudes from the awesome band The Apers. I guess they had a busy year in 2010... put out a bunch of stuff. This debut LP/CD was one of them, and I love it! Can I be frank with you? Even after all the memories made, good and bad, I'm ready to trash all of my Screeching Weasel and Queers on my hard drive and replace it with this one fourteen-

track album. Seriously! It's that good and that much better. Fuck all the rest... if I'm going to subject myself to Ramones-influenced punk instead of just popping the Ramones in, this is what I'm going to grab the next time I get that urge. This three-piece hails from Austria and I guess I already missed their first U.S. tour! What? No! Come back! —Mr. Z (Monster Zero)

#### DEEP SLEEP: *Turn Me Off*: CD/LP

Thirteen minutes and twenty-three seconds of hardcore-influenced punk rock. It's energetic, full of melody, and passionate. If you've picked up and enjoyed any of the three prior EPs, you know what you're getting into here. Like the Regulations, Deep Sleep doesn't throw curveballs. Straight forward, skillfully played, punk rock that's true to form. They cite All and Big Drill Car, and I give them credit for that. But Deep Sleep is pretty gritty, pretty morose. And fuck it all, they know how to buckle down, hit those backing vocals, those guitar leads, and let those last notes ring out. —Daryl (Grave Mistake)

#### DEFEATER: *Empty Days & Sleepless Nights*: CD/2 x LP

Boston's Defeater has thrown together what amounts to two different releases to comprise *Empty Days & Sleepless Nights*. The "Empty Days" part is the hardcore, screamy album of ten songs. The "Sleepless Nights" portion is five songs of acoustic guitar, singing, and even some slide guitar. It's a striking turn for the normally fast-paced five-


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piece. And in some ways I like the acoustic tunes better than the hardcore ones. While there is some good melody and passion with the *Empty Days* tunes, they don't strike me as bringing much new to the table. And perhaps the *Sleepless Nights* tracks don't add much new to the scene either, but they are really heartfelt and stand in such complete contrast to Defeater's other material. It displays Defeater's breadth and talent, which is always nice to see in a hardcore band, especially on a label (Bridge Nine) that has been known (at least until lately) for offering so much cookie cutter youth crew music. Defeater may have a semblance of that youth crew sound but they are much more diverse than that. It's reassuring to see a hardcore band exploring their talents and still performing it all capably. —Kurt Morris (Bridge Nine)

#### DEFECTS, THE: *The Demos*: CD

For those not in the know, the Defects were one of Belfast's early punk bands, responsible for an album and a handful of singles. Though they started out in 1978, they're often lumped in with the whole UK82 crop of bands, with tunes like "Dance Until You Drop" and their other catchy tunes fitting in well with that era of U.K. punk's edgy urgency. Collected here are some rarities/obscurities, including their first demo from 1979, and tunes from three live shows from the years 1980, 1982 and 1984, respectively. The demo tracks are nice 'n' catchy, and the live stuff can be a bit of a rough listen in parts—which makes sense, considering

they're from audience tapes by the sound—but the band's energy manages to shine through the muck. Sweetening the deal is the small fanzine-sized accompanying booklet, chock full of pics and clippings, covering the band's career and some back stories on the recordings. According to said booklet, the band's out and about again, so if you find yourself in their neck of the woods (or vice-versa) you'd do well to pay one of their gigs a visit. —Jimmy Alvarado (Anti-Society, antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk)

#### DEFENESTRATOR: *Demo 2010*: CD-R

Some serious '80s hardcore worship from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Very reminiscent of bands like Cryptic Slaughter and Attitude Adjustment in bearing and feelings evoked, you know, if not entirely in execution (Defenestrator is not a particularly fast band). But goddamn if there is not some definite crossover worship going on here. Packaged in a piece of written-on cardboard, stenciled on and duct-taped shut, there's a very clear "use what ya got" aesthetic here, which sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. Here it just comes across as sloppy; luckily the music fared much better than the packaging. Not bad at all. —Keith Rosson (Defenestrator)

#### DEMON'S CLAWS: *Laserbeams: 7"*

Excellent single. Both sides. "Laserbeams" is a fast song that leans more on the punk side of the garage punk sound. A plus, for sure. Quick tempo, catchy as fuck, and the delivery

is solid. Great vocals as well. "Trip to the Clinic" is a slower song, and more of the garage side. Sort of reminds me of the Starvations, only rougher. To describe the song is ridiculous. Too good. Beyond words. Just get this, and listen. —M.Avr (Savage)

#### DEZERTER:

##### *Nielegalny Zaboja Czasu*: LP

Pasazer have been on a reissue kick and I am sure glad they are doing it! Here is what I read: this is Dezarter's twelfth LP that was originally released in 2004 on CD, now seeing the light of day on vinyl. Can't believe this band from Poland has been around since the 1981 and still going strong. Thirteen songs of straight-ahead, no-frills punk rock delivered in the mid-tempo range. I like that the songs are anchored with melody, driving the songs with a fun energy. Not having a grasp of the Polish language, I find that the music keeps me interested. I find the vocal delivery is important, regardless of language. The vocalist's tone and delivery with the chorus back-up is on point and really drives the music. The music maybe fun, but the lyrics are serious and in the socio-political vein. Much appreciated that they translated the lyrics to English for this release. —Donofthedeath (Pasazer)

#### DEZERTER: *Prawo Do Bycia Idiota*: LP

Woohoo! second Dezarter LP that I got for review! This is a new one recorded in 2010. A big difference, at least to me, from their 2004 recording.

The music, this time around, has more elements of post punk intertwined, making the music more adventurous than what I have heard in the past. It's mature-sounding, but they still have that underlying melody imbedded in the music. It's also adventurous that they're working outside the confines of their past to create something that's fresh. There is a darker feel to the music, yet they're playful in their approach. When they go into poppier territory, they come out shining with the energy of a pogo party. Hate to say it, but I like this record more than all of their output I have heard in the past. A nice and varied recording that never loses my attention, but it definitely is a record that you have to let simmer for a couple of listens before the appreciation starts to surface. —Donofthedeath (Pasazer)

#### DISCO FOR FERNS, A:

##### *Three New Songs*: CD

For the life of me, I can't figure out what these goofballs are going for. Did one of them consciously decide to have the cymbals louder than any of the other instruments? Do they really love the way that sound combines with their shouting about zombie roaches? I sure don't. —MP Johnson (8 Up, adff.vze.com)

#### DISRUPTERS, THE:

##### *Generation Retard*: CD

One of the old U.K. bands that managed to have one foot in the *Punk and Disorderly* crowd and the Crass crowd (at least compilation-wise), these guys have decided to give it

Rubber Cushions  
debut 7" --"Crazy" b/w  
"I Wont Be Your Lover"

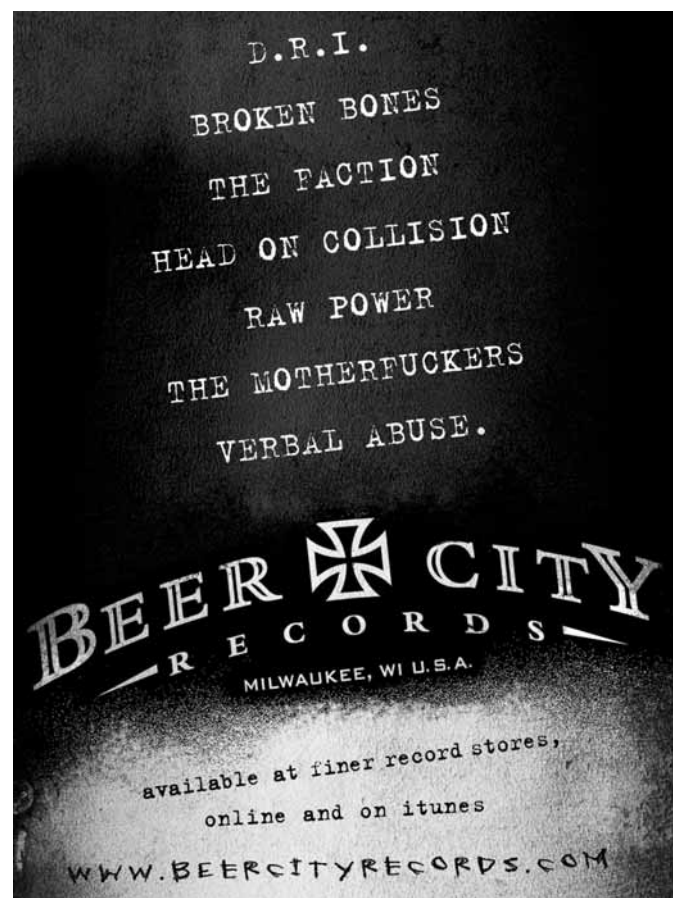
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another go with this, their first album in twenty-five years. Pretty much gone is the youthful, clamorous hardcore of songs like "Young Offender" and "Bomb Heaven," and in is a more refined punk sound with a bit of a rock undertow and vocals more often growled than shouted. Not that this is a bad thing, per se, but it's definitely a marked change in sound, but it has been twenty-five years, for fuck's sake. The lyrics remain topical as ever, addressing corporate corruption, religion and such, and retain a sophistication that's still light years ahead of the average parrot punk band's abstract whinnies about an amorphous "system" that apparently suffers irreparable damage by singing about ingesting copious amounts of beer. The thought put into the proceedings is evident, and that makes all the difference. —Jimmy Alvarado (Overground, overgroundrecords.com)

**DON KINGS, THE: *Surfin' Sickles*: 7" EP**  
Auckland, New Zealand's The Don Kings play lo-fi surf rock. Fans of The Mummies and The Trashwomen will want this EP. *Surfin' Sickles* was recorded live in The Don Kings' rehearsal room and it sounds like hell; and I mean that in a good way. These guys know what's up—on bass The Kings have Andrew Tolley (head of Kato and Perpetrator Records) who's been putting down some mean NZ garage rock for about fifteen years now, seemingly in a vacuum. Added bonus:

a nice cover of "Parchman Farm." Well worth the investment! —Ryan Leach (Kato, myspace.com/katorecords)

**DRAMAMINE: *Emphasis*: 7"**

One of my current favorite Euro bands, Germany's Dramamine features ex-members of Idle Hands, Press Gang, etc, and deliver stellar "revolution summer" by way of Swami Rees. um... "emo" in the most proper sense. This EP, and their awesome LP on Sabotage Records, are doing very well to fill the void left by the members' old bands, and fans of the mid-to-late '80s DC sound, the Hot Snakes extended family of bands, the more "emo" side of the Ebullition records catalog, and my hometown heroes Shotmaker/Three Penny Opera should certainly take note. Terrific. —Dave Williams (Narshardaa)

**DURANGO 95: *Self-titled*: 7"**

When I first saw this, I thought it might be a horrific late '90s ska band. Man, I am so glad this came into my possession, because I was way off. This is some very solid soul music. Gets me bumping early in the morning and ready to throw on some Al Green and Jimmy Cliff. If you see anything by this band and are more into the Skatalites and the Specials than Less Than Jake and the Suicide Machines, I highly recommend you give this a shot. —Rene Navarro (Vinyl Solution)

**DURBAN POISON: *Tonite*: 7"**

Whatta killer single from this Victoria, B.C. band! Fantastic sound—like

pop punk distilled through early Australian punk and fellow Canadians Teenage Head. In the same way as the amazing Diskords from Portland a few years back, these kids take the classic sounds and put their own spin on it. This reminds me a whole lot of that first Crumbs LP on Lookout, with the Saints smashing headlong into the classic pop punk sound. Cannot wait to hear more from this amazing Canadian band. —Mike Frame (Shake, records@experienceshake.com)

**DUSTED ANGEL: *Earth-Sick Mind*: CD**

Former members of B'last!, Gargantula, and Spaceboy get their stoner metal on. —Jimmy Alvarado (Mankind)

**FAMINE, THE:**

***The Architects of Guilt*: CD**

The Famine's latest release finds them adding a "The" to their band name and getting a new vocalist, Nick Nowell, who was formerly their bassist. While I can't say whether Nowell's switch to vocals was also the catalyst to a style change, The Famine finds themselves faster, more technical, and more brutal than on their debut, *The Raven and the Reaping*. And that's really saying a lot because it was a pretty intense release. From the first listen it's hard not to compare The Famine's new sound to Misery Index. The precision of the guitar work, the range of Nowell's vocals (a contrasting higher scream and a lower growl), and the speed of the band shows a lot of similarities. However, that doesn't mean that The

Famine is totally ripping off Misery Index. They can certainly hold their own. Not to mention, the cover art is amazing. However, now I move on to my complaints. There is no bass on here. Maybe it's there, but it didn't stick out in any noticeable way. An addition of some bass in a noticeable way would help the band add more depth and a well-rounded palate. When I listened closely, I felt like I was getting a weak version of Pig Destroyer. With the direction they're trying to go, it would be nice to hear The Famine pummel the listener, and that would require a full-on bass assault on occasion. And after a few listens it became apparent that despite their skills and intensity, The Famine still seem to lack that final knockout blow—that final bit in their bag of tricks that can deliver. I can tell they're close but in a field of so many death and grind bands, it would be nice to hear something that really set them apart. Finally, the last song, "To the Teeth," starts with this guitar riff that sounds similar to the beginning of Metallica's "Sad But True." I was really hoping it would turn into The Famine doing a cover of that song, but, unfortunately, it did not. —Kurt Morris (Solid State)

**FATHER FIGURES, THE: *Lesson Number One*: CD**

Again I say, I dunno what they put in the Kool-Aid out in Arizona, but true to form, this three-piece, featuring former members of North

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Side Kings, the Voice, and the mighty Jodie Foster's Army, dishes up stuff that sounds familiar but is tweaked just enough to bend the noggin a little. This is Arizona sun-damaged surf-meets-Baiza post-punk less interested in loping dub bass influences than creative restructuring of the "loud and angry" template, and melds urgency with intelligence, catchiness with dissonance, sophistication with blunt force. Could this be the missing link between early Saccharine Trust and Fugazi? Can't rightly say, but it is some pretty fuggin' good ruckus-makin'. -Jimmy Alvarado (AZPX, azpx.com)

#### FIALKY, THE: *Pruser*: CD

I've said it before. I've got a thing for good European punk rock. Usually it's the German stuff that catches my ear, but there was that great Polish band I reviewed a while back, and now there is The Fialky from Prague in the Czech Republic. 1977 style is the order of the day with soaring sing-alongs and statements on unity and punk and such. It may be old hat in English, but it sounds much more fun in a foreign language! I'd be singing right along if I knew the language. Listening to this puts a smile on my face. -Ty Stranglehold (Papagájův Hlasatel)

#### FIRESTARTER: *Saturday Night (Is the End of the World): 7"*

Two-song 7" featuring two members of the late Teengenerate (and somehow associated with a third member?). Power pop rock'n'roll (heavy on

the power) that's not necessarily hi-fi but nowhere near as blown out as Teengenerate. I like the songs but someone didn't get the memo that rock'n'roll bands shouldn't use the phrase "rock 'n' roll" in their songs anymore. Seriously, it takes away from the song. I rate it thus in the the Teengenerate-related canon (that I'm aware of): Teengenerate, Firestarter, Raydios. Probably fun live. -Sal Lucci (Shit Sandwich/The Modernist)

#### FOREIGN OBJECTS: "A Kind of Life" b/w "The Key": 7"

Foreign Objects carry on a long tradition of driving, clear, catchy punk rock in the vein of Legal Weapon (think more along their *Hell Comes to Your House* than their *Dudes* soundtrack appearance), that's lead by a strident, tuneful female voice and backed by tight musicianship. Positive contemporary comparisons to Nuclear Family and the Libyans wouldn't be too far off the mark, either and in my book, that's hitting the target with each round. Only caution? It's really fuckin' short. -Todd (Dirt Cult)

#### FOUR STAR ALARM: *The Siren Sound*: CD

I remember when this Chicago band's first EP came out awhile back, and some naysayers slagged it off saying it was too "emo." I'm not hearing anything like that here. Jeff Dean (The Bomb, Noise By Numbers) on guitar ensures that it will just be a rock fest. Theodore Moss's vocals are confident

and assured and the rhythm section of Eric Kane and Greg Mytych propel the songs along with precision and emotion. "Degeneration Kids" has a hook-filled chorus that will drag you in to its intensity. "Knife" builds a groove and keeps it going to good effect into a soaring chorus. Good stuff all around, now if they could only find the time to tour! -Sean Koepenick (Solidarity)

#### FREEDUMB: *The Freedumb Curse*: CD

I'm sure this band gets the Municipal Waste comparisons often. That's the thing I thought of at first listen. But it does not detract from what this band has to offer. What they don't lack is the ability to bring on the power and speed. Add great production; this release is a joy to listen to. It automatically activated the headbanging function to this aging listener. Definitely not one dimensional. They add touches of their own personality by infusing bits and pieces of punk rock, hardcore, and metal to their crossover mayhem. Big drum and bass sounds are achieved in this recording. Add that with the clean distortion contributed by the guitarist, the songs feel well balanced. This three piece from Norway sure got things right. Another band I need to put on the list to keep an eye out for upcoming releases. -Donofthedeat (Tonehjuet Kraftpest, kraftpest.com)

#### FREEDUMB: *The Freedumb Curse*: CD

Metallic hardcore from Norway. Tunes are fast 'n' angry, the band is tight, and the wankery is blissfully

kept at a minimum. -Jimmy Alvarado (Freedumb, mspace.com/freedumbfromnorway)

#### FUZZTONES:

##### *Preaching to the Perverted*: CD

Have you ever climbed out of bed at four in the morning, turned on the TV, and found a bunch of luchadors bodyslamming werewolves while go-go dancers shook their stuff in the background? Remember the music? That's what this CD sounds like. These guys have been around since the early '80s, so it's no surprise that they have the fuzzed-out garage rock thing perfected at this point. It doesn't sound old and dusty though. It sounds fresh and vibrant, with Vox organ and guitar solos running through its veins. They've even got a song called "Old" ("I'm past my prime, I've done my time") that somehow manages to sound youthful and reckless. -MP Johnson (Stag-O-Lee)

#### GASOLINE GRENADE / THE MINDLESS SHOW: Split: Cassette

Hell yes! Man, releases like this one make me glad I still have a functioning cassette player. Both bands are from Malaysia and I'm happy to say both bands pretty much rip. I'm sadly not that aware of the Malaysian punk scene, but this tape makes me want to start digging a little deeper. Both bands offer up a nice dose of mid-tempo pop punk done in such an earnest fashion that even an old fart like me has to take notice. Nice packaging, cool art, and good production make this a total winner. -Garrett Barnwell (Pissart)

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**GATEWAY DISTRICT:**  
**Perfect's Gonna Fail: CD**

For the uninitiated, Gateway District is a four-piece female-fronted band from the Twin Cities. Their members have amassed quite a resume, with current and past stints in The Soviettes, Banner Pilot, Dear Landlord, Rivethead, and many others. This is their second full length record and their musical perfection on these twelve songs is the diametric opposite of failure: catchy mid-tempo punk that balances raw passion and an invigorating air of triumphing over the adversity in the human condition that we all reside within. The lyrics are bold, unique, and cut right to the bone with my favorite example being the strongest song on the record "New Hands," that begins with: "When they cut off my hands they threw me money/I grew new hands so I could pick it up/When they cut off my legs they all came for me/I grew new legs to escape this love." The vocal interplay between Maren Macosko and Carrie Bleser is a joy to listen to and very well arranged. While I thought the debut Gateway District album was strong, they totally stepped up their game on this one. Serious contender for record of the year. —Jake Shut (It's Alive, itsaliverecords.com)

**GETBACK, THE: Halfway Home: CD**

Hey, this ain't bad! I'm sure we music reviewers would all tell you that we don't do this, but I must confess: I tend to size up everything I get by the way it looks. Ninety-nine point nine

percent of the time I'm pretty dead on. If it looks like a turd, it generally is. I had this pegged for some overly slick "rock'n'roll" that just stole parts from older bands to great critical acclaim. Don't know why I thought that, because looking back at the CD, it now elicits no emotional reaction whatsoever. Just some dudes standing there with a really plain logo, like they want to let the music speak for itself. And it *is* rock'n'roll—and I can spot some riffs/melodies that they lifted from other sources—but, who hasn't? (And there's nothing overly slick here either.) These dudes are just rockin', and it sounds like they're enjoying themselves. One singer sounds like Joan Jett (only it's a guy) and one sounds like Lou Reed. There are some actually genuinely enjoyable guitar solos. (I have never written those words in a review before!) This isn't anything genius or original at all, and I get the feeling I might listen back to it years from now and it won't have any impact on me whatsoever. It's just nice to be so wrong. I was expecting to have to slog my way through this to get a review, when it was really pretty enjoyable. —Ryan Horky (Livid, lividrecords.com)

**GETTING EVEN: Self-titled: 7" EP**

Four tracks of mid-tempo, angry hardcore. A tinge of early Midwestern hardcore influence buried in there somewhere adds a bit of oomph and it's great they don't resort to hyperspeed tempos or heavy metal riffage in an attempt to add power, 'cause as the

resulting tuneage demonstrates, all that shit ain't necessary in the least. —Jimmy Alvarado (Getting Even, gettingeven09@hotmail.com)

**GIRLS AT DAWN, THE: Back to You: 7"**

Picked up their "Never Enough" single a while back and thought it was quite good. Far better than the vast majority of "girl groups" out there. Easy comparison is Vivian Girls, but TGAD are much, much better. The sound is fuller, the songs are much stronger, and the vocals are bright and full of life. "Back to You" is a killer. Starts off light and a little fragile, especially how they harmonize, then around the end the airiness of the vocals becomes more solid and singular, with the repeating of "Back to You." "WCK" has a bit of punk in their sound, mainly the guitar riff. I like the "I'm gonna getcha" with the back vocals taunting the listener. —M.Avrq (Tic Tac Totally, tictactotally.com)

**GUNDOWN, THE:**

**Endless Roads of Rage: LP**

During my early show going days, I do admit that I was a bit easier to please. If the Bouncing Souls or the Dwarves were playing, chances are I was there. And while neither of those bands has anything to do with The Gundown, the music on this record is reminiscent of the kind of opening bands I would painstakingly sit through at those shows due to the fact that I was not old enough to enjoy the liberty of ins and outs. The kind of band who, I will admit, are great musicians but who I

also hope unconditionally have fun playing music because their songs don't excite me enough to rave about them to my friends. —Juan Espinosa (Sell Our Souls, selloursouls.com)

**HEARTLESS: Self-titled: 7" EP**

Angry hardcore alternating between slow howls of pain and thrashy breaks, with lyrics that match the musical sentiments. To their credit, they're good at it, and the hand-screened cover shows they put some thought into what they were doing. Limited to three hundred, I believe, so act fast, punker. —Jimmy Alvarado (Heartless, heartlesspgh@live.com)

**HEAT TAPE, THE:**

**Raccoon Valley Recordings: CD**

I am so tired of all the hype swirling around this record. Yes, okay Red Scare, we fuckin' get it: Brett lives in a trailer. This was recorded in a trailer park. Ergo, it must be "real" and authentic. (Has "punk" [whatever the fuck that even means anymore] really degenerated to the point where we ape hip-hop culture's tedious attempts to "keep it real"?) The sad thing is; this is a pretty solid album. It doesn't need the stupid trailer park campaign blitz. It could just (I know, I know, this is insane) stand on the tunes alone. The songs are catchy and about as well written as could be expected, as it only took a day to write and record each one. The melodies actually remind me a lot of The Jesus And Mary Chain. (The fuzzy guitars too—how has nobody picked up on that yet? I guess



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they're all too focused on how "real" this is. Skinny English people aren't very "real," so best not to mention them... Any of these songs could have worked on the next Dear Landlord record if they were recorded/played a little differently. Though I would have preferred that Brett had saved them for that (I can only spin *Dream Homes* so much—I need more!) I'll take what I can get. Ignore the hype and check out The Heat Tape. —Ryan Horky (Red Scare, redscare.net)

#### HERDS: *Michigan: EP*

Noise-drenched, slightly metal flavored, elbow-to-the-neck hardcore from Milwaukee. Rorschach heaviness doused with the piss and sweat leftover from a Nine Shocks Terror show. Not as fast as their previous records but still as thundering. There's a man vs. nature/the elements theme going in all four songs. Don't throw away that spaghetti-thin strip of paper inside the cover; it's a download code. —Juan Espinosa (Residue, residue-records.com)

#### HEWHOCANNOTBENAMED: *Sunday School Massacre: CD*

What is the first thing you think of when you think of Dwarves' guitar maniac HeWhoCannotBeNamed? All I can picture is wrestling masks and sweaty scrotum. How would you imagine that mask and balls would come across in an audio format? Well, actually it turned out pretty great. It's like when Dee Dee would sing on Ramones songs. It sounds like the same band,

but somehow different. The tracks here are pure Dwarves through and through, but HeWho's voice is a little rougher than Blag's, so it comes off slightly different. Speaking of Blag, he and other Dwarves make appearances as well. The subject matter is pretty much what you're expecting, too. Sex, drugs and any/every deviant behavior know to man (and some unknown!). A great way to kill some time while waiting for that next Dwarves album. —Ty Stranglehold (Greedy)

#### HOLIDAY BAND: *Memory Map: CD*

The first thing that came to mind was "Geggy Tah," an assessment I immediately dismissed, but have now grudgingly gone back to. While they don't really sound anything like them and don't have the same bouncy quality in their songs, the eclectic quality of Holiday Band's approach to indie rock—melding dissonance with multi-part harmonies 'n' such and not afraid to bypass the usual conventions of the genre on occasion—keeps bringing that old alt-rock band to mind. Can't really say they totally won me over, or that this is really in the ballpark of something I'd listen to with any regularity, but I definitely appreciate their efforts to do things a bit differently, and at this moment it worked for me on some level. —Jimmy Alvarado (Joyful Noise)

#### HOMOSTUPIDS: *Strawberry Orange Peach Banana: LP*

On earlier Homostupids vinyl, I was suspecting a "maturation" along the

lines of the Spits. Cretins that, instead of huffing furniture weatherproofing spray, were cultivating a certain type of mold to inhale that'd make the band both stupider and smarter. I was pretty far off. What I wasn't expecting was art, like "I don't quite know what to make of it, so I'm gonna shut up—wow, that person's doing a lot of explaining—and see if there are free drinks around here somewhere" art. But, christ, when they kick all the instruments in the same direction, damn if they don't harness a hearse running into a power line chaotic electricity of This Moment In Black History or Sun God. Then it goes into what sounds like practice tapes, various water sounds, banjo (or is it cello?) recitals, noise-as-noise, and sounds of kids saying stuff and art, sometimes within the confines of the same song. This record's corrosive, like battery acid. It's not like I'm bored or I've got something pressing to do right now, so I'm going to soak in this LP a bit longer, see if any vistas open up. I totally understand if you've got stuff to do and think it's sorta annoying or unfocused. —Todd (Fashionable Idiots)

#### HZERO: *Cana Antigua: 12"*

Had no idea these guys were still around. I have their *Dias de Rabia Noches de Furia* EP from around 2004, and it's pretty solid trash with some youth crew influences. They've changed the sound slightly on this outing. It's a bit more rock influenced (you can definitely here some Turbonegro in their sound now), which has erased most of the

youth crew elements. But, maybe for the better. The songs are stronger and amid all the speed and hardness, the songs are catchy as hell. Songs like the title track start off in a blinding fury, then throw a changeup that shifts the tempo down a touch and brings the rock elements to the fore. "Volver Cargado" is another ripper on here with a break that hearkens back to the "Apocalypse Dudes." Pretty good record. —M.Avr (Sell Our Souls, selloursouls.com)

**IMPO AND THE TENTS: Self-titled: LP**  
Treble. Fuzzy. Big boots and short skirts. Skinny ties and ill-fitting suits and an ardent love for 1960something. Straight outta the garage, shot through with a mild dose of potty humor and, overall, a pretty convincing piece of work. I'm sure Ryan Leach could go on and on about a band like this, but my working knowledge is pretty slim. Best I can come up with is if the Groovie Ghoulies had been less into horror flicks and the Ramones and more into *Nuggets* comps and drawing dirty pictures on the bathroom wall, they may have sounded pretty similar to this. Features one of the most harmlessly idiotic but vaguely disturbing record covers I've seen in some time—and they actually sound more *tuneful* than I expected from the cover. If you can make it past that, you're set. Milwaukee seems a big town for these kind of '60s proto-garage bands, and I have a feeling more than a few folks here would fall in love with these guys if they heard 'em. —Keith Rosson (Alleycat)

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**JACK OF HEART: *The Wedding*: 7"**

Jack Of Heart is a group fronted by Frenchmen Piero Ilov (formerly of The Fatales, currently in Demon's Claws). Power pop, girl group and garage rock fans take heed: this 45 is a burner. The A side is incredibly sweet-sounding—like something off No Bunny's recent LP. The B side is a cool cover of ? & the Mysterians' "96 Tears." Well worth picking up, from New Zealand's finest garage label, Perpetrator Records. —Ryan Leach (Perpetrator, myspace.com/perpetratorrecords)

**JFA: *Speed of Sound*: CD**

This came out last year some time but I just got around to getting it and I didn't see a review of it up on the Razorcake site. Skate rock legends JFA crank out their first studio record since 1999's *Only Live Once*. If you're familiar with JFA, then you know the deal: rough and tumble punk rock dedicated to a life of skating, surfing, and being the life of the party. Singer Brian Brannon's voice is like the hanger of an Indy 215 barking on pool coping—a sound that many would find grating, but to those in the know, it's best thing ever. Never a band to settle into a pigeon hole of "hardcore punk," there are even a couple of groovy jams with an electric piano. This should be the soundtrack to your next bowl session. —Ty Stranglehold (DC-Jam, dcjamrecords.com)

**JOYSIDE: *Booze at Neptune's Dawn*: CD**

Not at all what I was expecting. Beijing's answer to The Swell Maps with a little

Johnny Thunders and Lou Reed thrown in for good measure. I'm really digging this. —Chris Mason (Tenzenmen)

**KING KONG MAGNETICS:*****Futuristic Money Makers*: CD**

Sixth-tier rap crap with rudimentary rhymes and an obsession with pussy and blowjobs. No prude am I, and I'm easily one of the most hip hop friendly folks on staff, but Kool Keith, or even Luke Skywalker, these guys decidedly are not. —Jimmy Alvarado (Pancake Productions, pancakeproductions.net)

**KOMATOZ: *Two Hands*: 12"**

This band is from St. Petersburg, Russia and call themselves "aggressive thrash punk." Despite the gnarly d-beat-inspired cover art, this band seems like they would be more home on tour with more commercial metal acts than on at a hardcore show. The music is full of double bass and vaguely crusty chug-a-chugs broken up by some generic lead work. The vocals don't really do anything for me. I hate to be negative in reviews and I'm sure this would probably appeal to the whole Eulogy/Deathwish Records crowd, but outside of a couple cool riffs in songs like "Emptiness," pretty much everything about this record reminds me of seeing all those boring jock bands in the early 2000s. I am also writing this entire review assuming this record is supposed to be played at 45 RPM, but at 33 RPM it sounds only slightly more interesting. —Ian Wise (co-release, myspace.com/komatozpunk)

**LEAD THE WAY:*****And in Vengeance We Strike*: CD**

Substantive lyrics running the gamut of bullshit the dominant society's shoving down the average schmo's throat coupled with modern punk that would probably fit right in the average Hot Topic's playlist without anyone batting an eye. Either it's a brilliant attempt to subvert the corporate punk status quo, or an attempt at making the heads of folks like me explode. Either way, I imagine they succeed. —Jimmy Alvarado (Not Shy Of The DIY, notshyofthedi.co.uk)

**LIARBIRDS / BRICKFIGHT: *Split*: 7"**

Liarbirds: I think my band played their last show in Minneapolis and I have a vague recollection of someone telling me I should really check them out, which I didn't. Instead, I stood in the lawn of the house they were playing, drinking and talking to some friends I hadn't seen in a while. Their side of the record confirms that I am an idiot. Those friends could have waited twenty minutes. This is some great Midwestern punk rock, like a snottier Smoking Popes or maybe Vacation Bible School. Brickfight: In some ways I feel like this band is severely underrated. Aside from some high praises from Mitch Clem, I rarely hear much buzz about them. Maybe I'm just not looking in the right places. At any rate, Brickfight, like Liarbirds, plays great Midwestern punk rock (though these guys are originally from Ft. Worth) but with a bit gruffer of an edge. A solid split, indeed! —Chris Mason (Let's Pretend)

**LIFE AND TIMES, THE:*****"Day II" b/w "Day III"*: 7"**

Side A is the type of rhythmic indie rock that post-hardcore guys from DC play. Side B is acoustic and shoegazey. The band recorded this themselves and added a lot of atmospheric affects, which are nice but muddle the vocals, which are low in the mix and makes them more textural than leading. —CT Terry (Hawthorne St.)

**LOSE THE TUDE: *Self-titled*: 7"**

Typically progressive, posi hardcore from Ohio that splashes itself in the cologne of garlic, Charles Bronson (the band (for sure), perhaps the man (not sure)), human sweat, Spazz, and the backbone chanty wangdoodle of Youth Of Today without the outright laughable bits. By looking solely at the inside cover, I thought they hailed from a land like England that had cops with funny hats, and wondered if that the cop who's covering a stalker's naughty bits with his helmet put it back on his head after covering the dude's sweaty penis, or charged the hippie with willful destruction of public property. If pro-graffiti, anti-corporate shoe, anti-apathy, dealing-with-jealousy and the-creeping-disease-of-jadedness hardcore sounds like go time for you, Lose The Tude's ready to be laced up to start doing musical pushups in your ears. —Todd (Sacred Plague)

**LOVE ME NOTS, THE:*****The Demon and the Devotee*: LP**

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Phoenix, AZ with respectful-to-their-vision Jim Diamond production. So, if you're thinking, "Huh, you could almost be explaining the Detroit Cobras," yeah, you got me. The organ's more churchy and slithery than, say, on-fire Bomboras. The vocals are more plaintive than the chanteuseyness of the Detroit Cobras or as shouty as the Gore Gore Girls. Often, when the tempos slow, there's less of a classic rhythm and blues or soul feel, instead a late '80s-early '90s college rock backdrop; along the lines of The Church or The Breeders. In fact—and this will probably help out ten people—a more garage-conscious, restrained interpretation of The Wiretaps. (Who are well worth seeking out.) That all said; it's a very enjoyable record. It's got nice stomp, swagger, and celebrates with impeccable musicianship and distinctive song writing. —Todd (Project Infinity, [kat@projectinfinity.com](mailto:kat@projectinfinity.com))

#### MARK SPARKLES, THE: *Pass: 7"*

Let me just say this: *Pass* is definitely rough sounding. I mean, it sounds *really* rough—and this is from a guy who adores Shotwell, for Christ's sake, a band not exactly renowned for the sonic integrity of their recorded material. I think the problem lies in the fact that it was mastered very low, and the way the drums were recorded here—when there's drumming—everything sounds very hot, almost like the needle's running across the record. It's too bad, too, because the band itself reminds me of stuff like Punkin Pie or Abe Froman—frantic,

energetic blasts of joyful raucousness with traded-off male and female vocals, on the snarling, ragged (right) side of pop-punk. Were these tunes presented in a more listenable format, I have a feeling I'd be loving them. As it stands now, and it pains me to say it because the folks involved with Abandon Hope seem like very cool, enthusiastic people, but the recording may actually be too rough to get much enjoyment out of the songs themselves. —Keith Rosson (Abandon Hope)

#### MCRACKINS:

##### *Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell: CD*

Yes, the impossible has happened! The Mcrackins have found a way to release yet another musical offering! I appreciate the ridiculously prolific nature of this band, but I just don't think they're amazing enough to make me that excited about any particular record. This one might rise to the top of the pile, though. It's a live recording from an appearance on a radio show with Nardwuar the Human Serviette! There's some amusing between-song banter and thirteen songs of the Canadian pop punk persuasion. I recommend playing it in your car and pretending that you just happened upon it on the AM dial. I guarantee it will be way cooler than anything on the actual radio. —Maddy (Killer)

#### ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES: *Go Down Under: CDEP*

1995, really? Someone who's drinking age now was five years old when

Gimme Gimmes started? That doesn't sound possible. Well, their gig's well documented. Dudes from NOFX, Swingin' Utters, Foo Fighters, No Use For A Name. Themed albums, taking standards, plugging in overt punk rock references (DOA and Black Flag in this one), adding real drums and guitars, and wham-o, a decade-and-half-and-still-going worth of material. I've been told by bands visiting Japan that Me First songs are playing over the loudspeakers at the airport, so they must be doing something right in the international royalties market. This time, they go to the world's largest island (or smallest continent, you decide): Australia. They tackle everyone's favorite autoerotic asphyxiator, Michael Hutchence (INXS), Olivia Newton John (who's pop took nasty Nazi Rudolph Hess into custody at the end of WWII so he could face trial at Nuremberg), the undeniably great Easybeats (onstage back flips in the mid '60s!), and the Sammy Hagar-penned, Rick Springfield-performed "I've Done Everything for You." Fun. Are the Gimmes going to discover the cure for AIDS? No, but they continue to prove that laughter's a great medicine. —Todd (Fat)

#### MIDDLE CLASS TRASH:

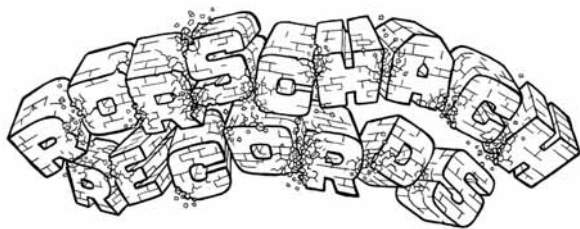
##### *One Thing Left: 7" EP*

Wow, just....fucking wow. Tight-as-fuck hardcore, lotsa tempo changes, a band that's working like a well-oiled machine, and lyrics addressing

mindless consumerism, anesthetizing reality away and mankind's continued steady march toward oblivion. Angry, intelligent, sophisticated, and just plain fucking great. One seriously couldn't ask for more. —Jimmy Alvarado (Jailhouse)

#### MIGHTY SPHINCTER: *Resurrection: 7" MIGHTY SPHINCTER/PULLING TEETH: Split: 7"*

I've made no secret of my longstanding adoration of Mighty Sphincter. The result of a conglomeration of older Arizona punks getting together to take the piss out of 1980s punk rock, their early efforts sounded like a more musically sophisticated and sonically bombastic strip-mining of the same horror film schlock that gave the earliest incarnations of Christian Death their edge. Rather than merely wax poetic and dabble in cheap parlor heresy, Mighty Sphincter opted to delve into full-blown blasphemy, perversion, and shock lyrics with enough virulence to outrage the average uptight, homophobic hardcore kid and enough humor to keep those smart enough to figure out who the joke was on (and considering their singer had horns glued to his head, it wasn't too hard to figure out they were having fun at others' expense), smiling from ear to ear. Eventually, they dropped the shock tactics and headed down a more traditional gothic metal road, though they still managed to make that trip as bumpy as possible before disappearing sometime in the early '90s. Now, it



#### ROR-16-Amateur Party

##### *Truncheons in the Manor LP/Digital*

The first new recording by Philadelphia's Amateur Party in 3 years! The band recorded 10 tracks with drummer Steve Roche between 2009-2010 to make this opus of an album. AP has an all-star line up of Philadelphia musicians that have played in Armalite, Off Minor, Kill the Man Who Questions and more but really stands on its own without a resume.



#### ROR-18 Two Funerals

##### *Boys Club EP/Digital*

The Two Funerals play tightly crafted post-punk. Fans of Dischord releases will definitely be reminded of the signature DC sound that dominated releases there in the late 90s. The record also confronts sexism in the punk scene head on and the challenges that come with being some of the few girls (when compared to the number of dudes) actively playing in a punk band.



#### ROR-19 Capsule

##### *No Ghost LP+CD/Digital*

Miami's Capsule are making their Rorschach debut with their second full length LP *No Ghost*. Recorded throughout 2010, by guitarist Ryan Hafft, Capsule laid out 12 crucial heavy tracks.

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appears they've decided to rear their heads and release a couple of new 45s. *Resurrection* consists of two reworkings of tunes previously explored on their *Ghost Walking Double EP* twelve-inch more than a quarter century ago. The title track is pretty faithful to the original, with a tempo that would make the Melvins envious in its sludge and gloomy lyrics, while "Inferno of Joy" has been reimagined as an almost Parisian street dirge, with what sounds like a concertina sharing space with acoustic guitars. The split, apparently only available with the aforementioned single, features hardcore band Pulling Teeth (with Integrity's Dwid Hellion on vocals) running through later Sphincter track "The New Manson Family," and the belles of the ball themselves running through a version of their own "Holy Unholy" with someone named Nick Fiction doing the warbling. True to form, both singles prominently feature mummified babies on their respective covers and inner artwork. While nothing here reaches the heretical depravity of "Temple Dogs," "Waltz in Hell," or "120 Days of Sodom," it's nice to see these guys back on the scene and in such fine form. One hopes they'll see fit to reissue their back catalog and start work on some new, equally creepy noise. —Jimmy Alvarado (A389, a389records.com)

**MIND SPIDERS, THE: Self-titled: LP**  
Listening to this album started a chain reaction. There's the obvious Marked Men and High Tension Wires

connections (vocalist/guitarist Mark Ryan is also in those bands) and for some reason I found myself thinking of the Chinese Telephones. I immediately had to listen to High Tension Wires' *Midnight Cashier* LP, then Marked Men's *Ghosts* and *On the Outside* LPs. I couldn't find my Chinese Telephones LP. (Guess I sold it; I remember not caring for it at all. I can't remember exactly what connection Chinese Telephones had to Marked Men. I think both Mark Ryan and other Marked Men vocalist Jeff Burke had a hand in writing/recording the Telephones' album.) I had a deeper appreciation for these four albums after this marathon listening session. Note: I didn't feel the need to listen to Marked Men's *Fix My Brain* on account of knowing that record inside out and also because it feels different than other Marked Men records. I'd say Mind Spiders sounds closest to *Ghosts*-era Marked Men. Then I realized it was like 1:00 A.M. and I had to be at work at 8:00 A.M. —Sal Lucci (Dirtnap)

**MONEY IN THE BANANA STAND: There's Always...: CD**

On the surface, this sounds like your average indie punk band with Toys That Kill and the like pretty well represented in their record collection(s). Pay a little closer attention and they've got lyrics that are topical without getting too preachy and the music has a bit more going on in time changes and sly references to other musical genres. It ain't my bag

of marbles much, but they do what they do quite well. —Jimmy Alvarado (Bird Law, no address)

**MURDERBURGERS: Burned Out/Worn Out: CD**

I've actually eaten at Murderburger. It's a hot new pop-up restaurant that serves, of course, delicious burgers. Those burgers are made out of the ground and grilled flesh of hapless bands that have been found guilty of making tedious and generic pop punk, much like the smiley-faced bullshit on this disc. Normally I don't eat meat, but I made a delicious exception when I went to Murderburger. Next time the band Murderburger plays "Braindead (from Hanging Round with You)," I hope they keep their eyes open for the staff of Murderburger the restaurant. I'd hate to see these kids end up at the wrong end of a spatula before they have a chance to make amends by writing some original songs instead of this worn out garbage. —MP Johnson (Monster Zero)

**MURDERESS: The Last Thing You Will Ever See...: LP**

Murderess play heavy and dark crust that's pretty tuneful as well. The music moves at a good pace without being too fast or too slow. The energy is constant. The vocals are somewhat on the black metal side, style-wise, but with a little more depth than just dry growling. The way they crack here and there gives the songs a stronger sense of urgency. I really like the track

"Discordance Pervades" that opens with a riff that recalls Amebix. Nice packaging as well. The green and black vinyl matches the cover. Nice... —M.Avr (Aborted Society)

**MUSCLE SNOG: Mind Shop: CD**

Two words: Blown away. This baby was recorded three years ago and sounds like it could have been recorded thirteen years ago or three years from now. Shanghai, China's Muscle Snog weave a compelling blend of avant-garde noise, Sonic Youth meets Jesus And Mary Chain punk with a penchant for some lovely pop hooks, to boot. The disc ends with a cover of The Beatles "A Day in the Life" that I could have lived without, but otherwise totally recommended. —Garrett Barnwell (Tenzenmen)

**MUSIC FROM THE FILM: How the West Was Once: CD**

I have problems judging things of this nature because I have nothing against experimental music, but I also don't really understand a lot of it. This is a cacophony of slowed-down voices, arbitrary drum riffs, interspersed random instruments, and a heavy dose of Theremin. When listening to a project like this, I try to remember what I thought the first time I heard a Butthole Surfers record. Did I get that the first time I heard it? I don't remember, but I sort of doubt that I did. What bothers me about this sort of thing is that it often doesn't build to anything significant. I like The Thrones because there is something to



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latch onto in terms of songwriting. Still, I am okay with stretching the convention of structure. I like the soundtrack to *Forbidden Planet*. I could probably learn to like this as well. And by "like," I mean listen to on drugs. —Billups Allen (myspace.com/musicfromthefilm)

#### NERVOUS IMPULSE:

##### **Minimum Wage Demo: CD-R**

Full frontal assault by a new band featuring ex-Porch Mob and Goons members. "Wasted Time" throws things into fourth gear from the start with a throbby bass line. There's a healthy tip of the cap to their harDCore forefathers like Scream and Minor Threat, but it's not derivative. "Back to the Swamp" is their tribute to DC's real roots—when it was a muddy quagmire. But you won't get bogged down with this EP if well-played punk is your bag. You need this pronto. —Sean Koepenick (Self-released)

##### **NITAD: Den Gudomliga Världen: 7" EP**

Another doozy of a release from this monster of a band. Side one has two slices of brood 'n' menace. Side two thrashes things up with the short, vitriolic "Hänt Igen," then closes out with the slower, hypnotic "Del Ett." Someone tell me why these kids ain't the darlings of the underground, 'cause they're more than fuggin' worthy. —Jimmy Alvarado (De Nihil, myspace.com/denihilrecords)

##### **NOBUNNY: Live at Third Man: LP**

Part of a series of live LPs at Jack White's Nashville, TN studio. I don't much like live albums, but I keep buying

them. On first listen, I thought this was just another throwaway, something I bought more as a completist than an actual record with multiple listening value. The sound quality is good but there are too many flubs and false starts. The second time around, I liked it a little more. It probably won't get too many spins on my turntable, but I don't regret buying it. Sounds like it would have been a good show to see live. —Sal Lucci (Third Man)

##### **OAK: II: LP**

Oak are doom band that has more in common with Morton Feldman and Sunn O))) than Black Sabbath. Every note, every hit on the drums, is deliberate and surrounded by space. Even the vocals are a drawn-out, strangled growl from the pits. As the songs unwind and add to the minimal skeleton, a flow starts to reveal itself. A riff starts to develop, and, when it does, the payoff is worth it. The drums become more than just a hit punctuating space. In order to hear this, all you have to do is hone in on the music and nothing else. I appreciate how what was used as the lock groove on side one is incorporated into "Sorrow Is Dead" on the second side. This is the type of record you put on and crawl inside your mind for a while. Nice gatefold packaging as well. —M. Avrg (A389, a389records.com)

##### **OBITS:**

##### **Moody, Standard and Poor: CD/LP**

Since their debut (*I Can't Lose*) in 2009, Obits have seemed like the next logical

step from where vocalist/guitarist Rick Froberg's previous act, Hot Snakes, left off. It's a sound that is a little mellower with less fast songs and some surf and blues influence. It marks some progression away from Hot Snakes, but with Froberg's recognizable vocals, it's hard to escape a comparison to his last band. That's why it's nice to hear Sohrab Habibion, the other guitarist, sing two songs on this album, as he has a smoother voice that stands in contrast to Froberg and helps round out the sound of Obits. However, while the songs are still catchy, they seem to be formulaic with a format that was developed on many Hot Snakes tunes. It's hard to describe, but listening to *Moody, Standard and Poor* I feel as though I'm listening to a lot of the same songs over and over again. And, overall, they comprise a weaker batch of songs than were on *I Can't Lose*. Yes, the songs will still get stuck in your head on occasion, but they seem to lack any passion, direction, or newness that was present with the band's first release or most Hot Snakes material. Perhaps I'm doomed to forever be disappointed to some degree since I find it hard to compare anything against Froberg's mid-'90s band, Drive Like Jehu, but *Moody, Standard and Poor* is a disappointment from an artist whose work until now I have found to be inventive and fervent. —Kurt Morris (Sub Pop)

##### **OBN IIIS, THE:**

##### **No Way to Rock and Roll: 7"**

Two stellar songs with plenty of lo-fi

rock and roll swagger. The title track brings to mind The Stooges while the B side is a bit slower and reminiscent of 13 Floor Elevators. Well worth seeking out if you dig this sort of stuff. —Chris Mason (Super Secret)

##### **OLD MAN MARKLEY:**

##### **Guts n' Teeth: CD**

This is a bit of an oddity. We have here a Fat Wreck release that could potentially be played on CMT or TNN, if it were still around. This isn't punk with a distinct influence from some country music. This is a full-on modern bluegrass album that just happens to be played by a legion of punk rockers. Mainstream country is about as big a cesspool as Clear Channel-core rock, so it's nice to hear some stuff with an Appalachian slant that doesn't involve an excessive sheen of jingoism or enough mawkish sentimentality to make one want to join a Nordic black metal band. (Okay, "Song Songs" does get dangerously close to crossing the line on the sentimental thing though.) Simply put, this is a fun record. It's the type of thing you could probably put on at a party with mixed company and not kill the buzz of people who are less accustomed to the noisier side of things. —Adrian (Fat)

##### **OLDE GHOST:**

##### **Use Your Illusion 3 'N' 4: LP**

Way above average post hardcore punk with an emphasis on the hardcore. This kind of feat is seldom achieved, but I can see this tickling the taste buds of folks who enjoy Born Against, Planes

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Mistaken For Stars, and Samiam alike. The Guns N' Roses and Nirvana artwork parodies are fun, but if I were the kind of person who truly judges a book by its cover, then I may not have been quick to pick this gem up solely based on those qualities. —Juan Espinosa (Handstand)

**OVERNIGHT LOWS: "Slit Wrist Rock'n'roll" b/w "I'll Be Everything":7"** There'll always be a place in music for stripped-down, sneering rock'n'roll that somehow—and thankfully—veers away from the depressing dungeon of bar rock and the artificial lip-pouting trappings of a band too obviously sucking up to the garage rock ring like a fussy child to its binky. I'm having a hard time explaining it further. Where so many other bands sound stupid or retreated doing this style of music, The Overnight Lows are like the first day you discovered firecrackers; how they could blow your fingers off, but with just a little care, they snap, explode, sparkle, and make otherwise-dull nights pretty damn fun. Recommended. —Todd (Goner)

**PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART, THE: *Belong*: LP**

Easily one of my favorite bands of the last few years, The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart's self-titled debut LP has been one of my go-to records, regardless of company, since it was released, and I assure you that *Belong* will be no different. Where the debut was noteworthy in its fuzzed-out twee/dream-pop imitative accuracy, *Belong*

takes a much slicker, more determined approach. Initially, I was slightly thrown by the very high production values (care of Flood—responsible for the *somewhat* formative sounds present on many of New Order, Nine Inch Nails, JAMC, Depeche Mode, Nick Cave, Erasure, Smashing Pumpkins, etc.'s hallmark records...), but it became apparent rather quickly that the sonic upgrade perfectly suited The Pains' huge step forward in songwriting. *Belong* is a much grander work than the debut, without being overly ambitious by any means. The pop gems are still there, they're just bigger, more refined, and better as a whole. Fucking awesome. —Dave Williams (Slumberland)

**PATRIARCHAL DEATH MACHINE: Yes!: CD**

Patriarchal Death Machine is from Adelaide, Australia and plays old fashioned New York hardcore with radical left political lyrics. The cover/album art is awesome and features a cop on fire, among other images of protest. Out of hand, gleefully overlong song titles include, "A Vulgar Display of Brute Force, Ignorance and Colonial Imperialism," and "Yes, I Will Continue to Mask Myself and Indulge in Molotov Cocktails for as Long as I can See Clubs, Shields and Tear Gas." It's interesting to hear this type of hardcore played with such overt political lyrics, instead of the expected personal content. Strong vocals and a clean recording round out this recommended release. PDM is definitely the most in-your-face Australian artist

since Olivia Newton John. —Art Ettinger (Pee, peerecords.com)

**PHANTOM LIMBS: Self-titled: 12" EP** Indie punk with moaned vocals and an all-consuming fuzzy guitar tone. Sounds like an even sleeper version of early Dinosaur Jr. I've got mixed feelings about this. I am a huge fan of mid-'80s proto-alt rock and love hearing a resurgence of this style in current punk. If I had MP3s of this EP, "Drones" and "Enter the Bats" would make it onto quite a few playlists. But, I'm hesitant to tell people to go buy this when it's not the least bit original. Two of the five songs are minute-long guitar noodlings, and this could have been a 7". This band is from Maryland, but not the surf rock Phantom Limbs, who are also from Maryland, or the Oakland synthpunk band of the same name. Even their name is unoriginal. Still, I will listen to this a few more times, and that's more than I can say about most records that I review. —CT Terry (Clown School)

**PHAROAH: I, Murderer, I: 7"** Slow sludge howl-metal. —Jimmy Alvarado (A389, a389records.com)

**PINK TURDS IN SPACE: The Complete: CD** Honestly, I know fuckall about this band outside that they were from Belfast and they appear to have started out in the mid-'80s and managed to survive into the early '90s. What I do know is that they cranked out some serious thrash that seems to carry the DNA of both the

U.K. anarcho-punk crowd and U.S. '80s hardcore, with a dash of metal guitar to add a little personality. The lyrics are angry yet laced with a bit of sarcasm around the edges; the tunes are fast 'n' furious and tight as hell. In addition to what I'm guessing from the title is their entire oeuvre presented on once CD, you get a thick booklet with lyrics, pictures, flyers, and interviews culled from various fanzines and other sources. —Jimmy Alvarado (Anti-Society, antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk)

**PORCELAIN BOYS: Away Awhile: CD** This is up to its neck in All worship—noodley guitar playing, thumping bass, and hooks galore. While not quite as proficient or complex in delivery as All, or the Descendents, the band is catchy in its own right and the songs are well made and well played. If yer into the pop punk thang but prefer a bit more sophistication than the average Queers/NOFX Xerox clone is dishin' out, this'll definitely hit the spot. —Jimmy Alvarado (SP, sp-records.com)

**PRE MADONNA: Self-titled: CD** The name of the band made me laugh because when I was little, I used to think that when people said "prima donna," they were saying "pre-Madonna." Anyway, I am into the sound that this band is working with. You can hear the guitars ringing over a sharp snare beat, and the vocals are way distorted and far-away sounding. They have a very anthemic, post-punk thing going. The vocals need some work, though. Some

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of the time, the vocalist is just talking deadpan into the loudspeaker. Needs a little more energy, for sure. It's hard getting unique-sounding vocals through that much distortion, but it can be done and this band would really benefit from it. —Lauren Trout (Self-released, wearepremadonna@hotmail.com)

**PRETTY BOY THORSON & THE FALLING ANGELS / WORTHWHILE WAY: Split: 7"**

Pretty Boy and Worthwhile Way add to the fine tradition of coupling a rough, ragged, honest American DIY punk band that looks like it needs a hug, a razor, some alcohol counseling, and some second chances to a charming, way-proficient, earnest, probably very tidy, and talented Japanese DIY punk band. Scatter in seeds of old country and a love ballad apiece (Jesse's is a song to a loved one; Worthwhile Way's is a love song to life). It's a tie for the best line on this one: "The mind is healed with my favorite tune and warm café au lait," vs. "I got termites in the framework, so do you." Excellent split. —Todd (Eager Beaver)

**PSYCHO: Self-titled: CD + DVD**

Hot on the heels of Welfare Records' discography a few issues back comes this next installment, which features the *You Love Us...You Hate Us* LP, the *Riches and Fame* LP, the *Fuck Off Live* 7" EP and their side of the split 7" EP with Out Cold, all recorded between 1988 and 1991. By this time the boys were well past their humble sloppy/

poppy punk beginnings and were meting out blast after blast of hyper-speed hardcore. Forty-three tracks of noggin-pummeling thrash that's sure to make the most avid powerviolence fan piss their panties, and you get it served up by one of the best—and most underrated—bands in the game, plus a DVD of them ripping shit up back in 1987 for those who prefer to see from which direction the sonic brick is flying towards them. —Jimmy Alvarado (Ax/ction)

**RAMMA LAMMA: Self-titled: 7" EP**

Ding dong! Moo-pow-pow! As fun as Otis Day made the toga party in *Animal House*, Ramma Lamma takes '70s teen arena fun pop, unzips the listeners' skull, scoops brains out like ice cream with sugary, sprinkles crunchy candy bits on top, and dances around like kids let of out of school for the summer. Think David Cassidymania dreaminess, prior to that London concert where a fourteen-year-old girl got stampeded to death at the gate; an event that haunted David until his death. No haunting here, just repeated listens! —Todd (Certified PR)

**RAS: Vill Ha Mer: 7"**

Did a little researching and found these cats count members of Manikins, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, and Unabombers amongst their ranks. Both tracks here are effective thud-punk landmines, simple and effective, muscular and catchy. Haven't the foggiest clue why, but it seems to me the Swedes have spent the better part of the past

decade cranking out one kickass band after the next, and this is no exception. —Jimmy Alvarado (Push My Buttons, pushmybuttons.se)

**RATOS DE PORAO / LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER: Split: 10" EP**

Looking For An Answer: Spanish grind stuff with burp vocals and pointed lyrics attacking humanity, society, and scene politicians. Generally not my bag of worms, but they do it well. Ratos De Porao: One of the oldest bands still surviving that can inject metal into what they're doing and still scare the shit out of the average clutch of jersey-wearing dickheads stomping around stages and bragging how tough they are, this legendary Brazilian hardcore band serves up five more blasts of pummeling hardcore decidedly not for the weak. Hard to believe that they've been around for nigh on three decades now, but they have and they can still fuck shit up quite handily. —Jimmy Alvarado (Six Weeks)

**REAGANOMICS, THE: Lower the Bar: CD**

Catchy pop punk traveling more along the Dillinger Four side-street than the average car full o' NOFX worshippers, with smart, snarky, sarcastic lyrics. —Jimmy Alvarado (Red Scare)

**RESIGNATORS: See You in Hell: CD**

Holy shit, they still make ska bands! I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Some of the first shows I ever went to were ska shows. Nowadays, when I hear a ska band, I'm whisked back to the UW-Eau Claire Ska Fests. Those were

some fun shows, with band after band of jazz class outcasts in pork pie hats just letting loose. That's what ska is all about. Fun. It's about skanking around your stereo while some goofball yells about chowing down at a taco stand over brass blasts. These guys work in some rawk riffing, keeping the whole affair very 1994. If you're looking to do a bit of time travel, you might want to check this shit out. —MP Johnson (Stomp)

**RIGHT IDEA: Our Way: CD**

This discography CD brings the youth crew straightedge and brings it hard(core). The demo tracks which start off the disc could easily be mistaken for some lost Youth Of Today practice tapes if one didn't know better. Once the recording quality picks up on the other sessions contained herein, Right Idea does distinguish itself a bit, though never straying far from the hardcore path their forefathers laid before them (the straight and narrow street). While taking in the whole twenty-something tracks at once can be a bit much, a nice bit of well-executed growly hardcore is always welcome. Favorite lyric: "Everyone's turned their back on the edge! Everyone's turned their back on the edge!" Only thing missing is subsequent stabbing of those backs (preferably in the streets) to make it the perfect HC lyric. —Adrian (Refuse)

**RISE UP HOWLING WEREWOLF: MSSD: 7"**

The name of the band doesn't quite match up for me—I was expecting

stolen parts  
"the old new" 7"

underparts  
"drown in this" 7"

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WORLD  
RE-RELEASE

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at backyard party's in the O.C. during the 80's. It is a great thing to see  
their debut EP re-released (I still have My OG Poshboy copy!)

Great Guys, Great band!" - RIKK AGNEW

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unspent gasoline and greasy fingers, hunkered over engines of songs revved high, pegged in the red. But I'm not disappointed that it's almost the opposite: beguiling, catchy, almost new wavy (Adam Ant) because of the keyboards, the sunshine, the dream-like quality, what could either be a drum machine or a single snare drum. Initially thinkin' I'd be getting something akin to the Quadrajets, but gettin' something that'd buddy up nicely and get laid back with Underground Railroad To Candyland and Lengua Larga. Nice. –Todd (Black Owl Radio)

**RUBBER CUSHIONS: "Crazy" b/w "I Won't Be Your Lover": 7"**

It's probably not this 7" fault. Keep that in mind. But we all have our crosses to bear. When I moved to L.A. in 1996, not knowing my bearings, I walked into a version of punk rock that reveled and revolved around bar culture: Street Walkin' Cheetahs, Texas Terri, Nashville Pussy. Some called it punk'n'roll. It was borne of excess, blues-scales, bad behavior, and on-stage flamboyance. Yep, they played their instruments pretty dam well. Behind their heads sometimes. After the initial sheen wore off pretty quickly, like the chrome coating on a cheap belt buckle, I've had a hard time revisiting it and not reverting back to a *Ghost World*-esque vision of Blues Hammer. Rubber Cushions play a very apt retelling of Stooges-era punk; one leg straddling Chuck Berry, gyrating their pelvis right into the listener's face. Rubber

Cushions are definitely talented and are experts channelers of dirty rock'n'roll, it's just that this reviewer's already had his fill at this particular buffet. Sorry. –Todd (Girth)

**SAN PEDRO EL CORTEZ: Self-titled: CD**  
This is a wild, dangerous, surf-punk sounding band from Tijuana that's been going at it for years before putting this out. I would say this colors far enough outside the lines to be comparable to Os Mutantes, in a way. I could really do without the sixth track and the final "secret track," which are just sampling for two minutes. Their drummer is really into Los Apos, which I think comes through in "Por El Destino," with its energy and sing along. The general feeling I got from these ten songs is that most of them were good, some were really good, but there lacked a sense of cohesiveness. It almost seemed like they were all from separate recording sessions, not due to the quality of the songs, but to how different they sound from each other. Straight-up Stooges punk, psychedelia, surf: it's all there, but on different songs. Somehow, when they play live, it doesn't seem that way and there are moments when it all just comes together. –Rene Navarro (San Pedro El Cortez)

**SCHOOL JERKS: Control EP: 7"**

Primal punk. This record makes you want to bludgeon the concepts of "innovation" and "progression" with a blunt object. It's all spit, sweat, and fury

in six songs. But you only get the lyrics for one of them, and for a moment you kinda wish they didn't print any. Not because the lyrics are boring, or dense, but because they're kinda batshit crazy. But of course they are; it's livid hardcore punk. Classically trained. For all those who agree that Off! is unlistenable, pick up School Jerks. –Daryl (Cowabunga)

**SEARCHING FOR CALM:**

**Celestial Greetings: CD**

I have to admit that when I saw the album title, I thought, "I sure do like that type of tea." But then I realized I had misread it. Searching For Calm is not a band that sings about tea. They are a Polish band that, amongst other things, enjoys the Talking Heads (they do a unique cover of "Once in a Lifetime"). Their singer has a slightly awkward but endearing accent that makes his vocals unique. Occasionally, it reminds me of Bjork or Mark Salomon from Stavesacre and The Crucified, but most of the time it stands out on its own. Musically, the band seems to take inspiration from a wide range of artists. I heard influences like System Of A Down, Dillinger Escape Plan, The Crucified, and, of course, Talking Heads in their sound. Their diversity works to their advantage as I could see Searching For Calm opening up or touring with a wide range of acts. And I'm always appreciative of a band that doesn't sound just like their influences. Something about them still seemed second rate, however. I expected a little more muscle, considering that you could tell who some of their

influences were. Although they handled their alternative/indie sound well and the band still knows how to throw out some hooks ("Follow"), I still felt as though there should have been something more. I think if they would get rid of some of the heavier, faster songs and focus more on the indie rock side of things, it might make them a little more palatable. –Kurt Morris (Mystic Production, mystic.pl)

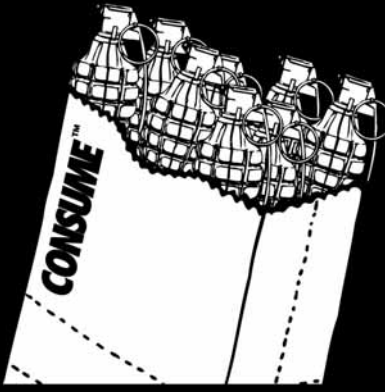
**SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP:**

**Self-titled: 12"**

A mix of sludge with hardcore. Musically, the results are pretty good. They hit with some heavy riffs that work their way into your head long after the record is over. Lots of low end and the guitars sound great. The only complaint I have with this record is the vocals. They don't work well with this music at all. At times, the music gets buried under a muddy wall of yelling. I get the sense the singer is overcompensating, when he should just let the music come through and complement the whole affair with less shouting at the top of his lungs. The gatefold packaging is excellent. This comes not only with a download card, but a DVD of each of the songs, which mixes footage of films from Mario Bava, Ed Anger, and Alejandro Jodorowsky. –M.Avr (A389, a389records.com)

**SHANG-A-LANG / BROKEN MOUNTAIN: Split: 7"**

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keep your friends living, especially after the “punk death” age many hit in their late twenties. Shang-a-Lang’s on my permanent roster in the kickball game of life. You’ll be hard-pressed to find a more resourceful, money-where-mouth-is, magic-on-a-budget DIY punk band that flat-out keeps on getting sexier as time goes on. (Mud baths? Oh, la, la.) Broken Mountain: I’ve heard demos and live recordings of The Saints, prior to the horns, rougher and dirtier than the first couple of untouchable records. Should it be strange that a Japanese band not singing in their native tongue has the same clipped delivery as Australia’s Chris Bailey? No matter, because any band that reminds me of the swagger, chug, and freight train delivery of The Saints’ll get their fair share of rotations on my record player. —Todd (Dirt Cult / Snuffy Smiles)

#### SHIRKS, THE: *Disease: 7” EP*

Though done quite well, “Disease” has a Ramones base that’s just a wee bit too obvious. “Negative Reaction” fares much better, with zippy tempos and slam-bang chord hooks. The flip, “Nowhere Street,” is another mid-tempo rager, easily the strongest and catchiest of the three. Good stuff, all told. —Jimmy Alvarado (Windian, windianrecords.blogspot.com)

#### SLEAZE, THE: *“Crush” b/w “PCP”: 7”*

Uptempo, demented, sloppy, wholly unintelligible vocals. Brilliant. —Jimmy Alvarado (Leather Bar, myspace.com/leatherbarrecords)

#### SLEEPWALKERS: *Your Hell Looks Like Heaven to Me: CD*

A complex fusion of fast, technical, and heavy rock’n’roll with metal leads; plus post-punk-sounding dissonant squeals and shouted vocals make Sleepwalkers an interesting amalgam of a band. Other bands have tried to capture this kind of sound in the past, but few have succeeded the way Sleepwalkers does on this album. The songwriting chops on each of these songs are superb. No stray notes or weak riffs anywhere to slow the intense progression of the album, which grabs from the first song, “White Cotton Gods,” and hardly lets up. The overall production quality of the album is top-notch, with all the instruments sounding great. My only gripe is that I wish the vocals were a bit more to the front of the mix. With all the insane riffing and guitar wankery going on, the vocals sometimes get lost behind the instruments. That aside, this album is definitely worth repeated listens. —Paul J. Comeau (Sleepwalkers, sleepwalkers.bandcamp.com)

#### SLÖA KNIVAR:

##### *Hemmakvälls Massakern: 7” EP*

Dunno who the producer is here, but someone deserves a medal for some truly incendiary-sounding guitars. The band wrings every ounce of sleaze possible while keeping things mostly mid-tempo, but are just fucking *on it* the whole ride through while their singer vomits up lines like, “Are you a sailor? Do you like birds?” —Jimmy Alvarado (Ken Rock, myspace.com/kenrockrecords)

#### SLOW DEATH, THE: *Go Fuck Yourself: CD-R*

The gravelly vocals were initially off-putting, but the catchiness of the songs and lyrics that seem at first blush to be a bit more eloquent than most won me over. Five tunes of catchy, sing-along punk that is anthemic without sounding cliché and gruff without sounding meatheaded. —Jimmy Alvarado (The Slow Death, myspace.com/prettyboythorson)

#### SORRY EXCUSE: *Self-titled: 7” EP*

While the band keeps things at warp factor nine on this, their second release, they’ve included a cover ostensibly depicting someone shooting up and either dying or passing out, and have expanded their lyrical content to address betrayal-by-friend, work sucking, not being heard making them angry, adultery getting them down, and more betrayal-by-friend lamentations. I really don’t wanna sound like I’m taking a swipe at the whole straight edge thing—drink, don’t drink, I really don’t give a fuck—but add a Jesus in here and there to all the finger wagging and pontificating and you’ve got all the makings of textbook bible-thumpin’ mentality. In short, the music’s much more interesting without the lyrics cribbed from worst bits of long out of print SS Decontrol records. —Jimmy Alvarado (Lifeline)

#### SPAZZ: *Crush Kill Destroy: LP*

Reissue of the classic power violence band. Ironically, despite songs calling for “The Complete & Utter Eradication

of All Generic Pop Punk” there’s a very Ramones quality to these guys; they’re relatively simple (when placed next to prog rock influenced stuff, at least), but damn if it’s not super tight, high energy thrash. Combine it with a goofy sense of humor (they do the between-song sound clips better than most), and you’ve got a great record by an overall really fun band. My one super nerdy complaint is I wish the LP came with a download code (as I wish I could listen to this on the train, and not just at home), but, overall, it’s a beautifully done release, apparently the first in a series, so hopefully there will be more/a lot easier to track down. —Joe Evans III (625 Thrash, info@625thrash.com)

#### SPINOFFS, THE: *Stayin’ Alive: 7”*

This slab of wax was actually supposed to be released by the legendary distro/label Mutant Pop Records. But one thing led to another and the label went into a second hibernation. It’s Alive, much like a young Indiana Jones, rescued the plates from crypts of pop punk (complete with etchings like “I LIKE SHORT SONGS!”—dude!) and released it on yummy orange vinyl. Not only that... but this is the type of awesome shit with hand claps and on-fire guitar solos you expect from It’s Alive. I recommend the shit out of this. —Mr. Z (It’s Alive)

#### SWEET SIXTEENS, THE: *Submarine: 7”*

A-side sounds like some sorta minimalist new wavy redux with what sounds like toy synths and an ancient drum machine. The flip has a bit more

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of an early Velvet Underground feel to it, with aforementioned synth in tow. Simple, but effective stuff. — Jimmy Alvarado (Windian)

#### **TATTLE TALES, THE: *Moon Glasses*: CD**

Here's a group playing some straight-forward power pop with solid, sincere lyrics. My favorites are some lines from the song "No Pills" that go, "She went finding her own way. Next time I see you I'll say—Hey! I knew who you were! But I don't anymore." As I was reading the lyrics, I noticed that most of the pictures in the background are grayish winter pictures that look like they were taken somewhere way out in New England. I looked up the band's website, and they are in fact from that part of the country. They play shows in places like Dover, New Hampshire. People must love them for playing in small towns like that! I started reading the band's blog too, and I am pretty much in love with how excited they sound about what they do: "Show tonight! Wooh!" and "This is happening Saturday, so come ==)" I always love to see bands who aren't too cool to get excited about shows. As if the deal wasn't already sealed, I looked at the credits on the back and see that Mikey Erg played drums on all the tracks on this album. At that point, I am totally sold on these guys, but then I looked at the latest entry on their blog and they just broke up. Ah, what a cruel world this is. —Lauren Trout (Killer/SP/ Hang Up/ Pop Jinx, hanguprecords.com)

#### **TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET:**

##### ***Another Way*: CD**

A reissue of TBR's first album, this is very much a document of the band in its embryonic stage. The Ramones-core pop punk attack the band perfected is a bit looser, although very apparent already. Also the band at this point did not yet have second guitarist/vocalist Kody, which is a dimension to the band's sound that is missed when listening to this retroactively after their later releases. As bonus tracks, the band's even earlier *A-Bomb 7"* and their half of a split with Bill The Welder (which has my favorite track, "Go Away") are appended to the end. Perhaps not an essential release, but it is good to have this back in print for those who want to dig deeper into Teenage Bottlerocket's roots. —Adrian (Red Scare)

#### **TELEFON: *Smysl Malych Cinu*: LP**

Jarring and weird and skittish, like some guy poking you with a barbecue fork and then jumping back when you reach for him. A dozen songs sung in Czech with English translations that remind me of Fourth Rotor and, I don't know, all the unpleasant aspects of post-rock. How's that for vague? There are plenty of riffs stacked and piecemealed together and none of them seem to gel into something approaching a song. The tin man without a heart, you know? It's just *pieces*. The vocalist approaches Joey Vindictive territory at times, which comes across pretty ineffectively here. Sorry to bag on it, and maybe this will grow on me, but Telefon managed to be

musically excessive while gaining very little actual momentum. —Keith Rosson (PHR, phr.cz)

#### **TENEMENT: *False Teeth*: 7" EP**

It always warms the ol' black heart when a band approaches the pop punk equation without even a passing glance at NOFX, the Queers, or the Ramones. The easy reference point would be Hüsker Dü, but while their chord selection shows some Hüsker influence, they don't have a third of the wild guitar noodling. There's also an almost bar rock undertow that especially bubbles up on the B-side tune, "L City Bus #30" that is more in line with the boozy genius of the Replacements. The songs are well crafted and smart, and bore into the noggin in ways that happen too infrequently these days. —Jimmy Alvarado (Rock Bottom, no address)

#### **THRASH OHOOII / KESUMAT: *Split*: 7"**

What a nice surprise this is. The packaging is great. It includes a cool poster and a really thick slab of vinyl. (Maybe the thickest 7" I've ever seen) Both groups are Malaysian. Thrash OHOOII are a total HC thrash attack. They rip, despite the weird name. (Do they mean Thrash Ahoy? I really have no idea.) Kesumat are both slower and faster at times, and a lot darker. They are also very cool. This is a 7" well worth checking out if you're into fast, heavy tunes. (And you should be!) —Ryan Horky (Basement/Pissart, myspace.com/basementrecordstore, pissartrecords.com)

#### **TROWELS, THE: *Self-titled*: 7"**

Truth be told, I can't stand thrash metal. But having been a skateboarder for sixteen years now—with the fucked back and chipped teeth to prove it—I really like this four-song EP. That's not to say I'd ever listen to it again (probably won't). Nevertheless, the lyrics are fucking amazing; literally every song is about skateboarding: dropping out of school and dropping into a bowl at FDR Skatepark; calling someone out for being a coward for kicking out of a trick; mixing concrete to build a skatepark and a track about session killers (Ken Park, Andy Mac, and McGill had reputations for this back in the day). If anything, I'm glad these kids are out there and involved in skateboarding. With Target and Mountain Dew getting into the fold, we need this DIY spirit. —Ryan Leach (Self-released, myspace.com/thetrowels)

#### **ÜBER: *Self-titled*: 7" EP**

##### ***España y Mierda*: 7" EP**

Simple, fast 'n' silly punk de España. The drill is pretty much the same across both EPs, with thrashy beats, fuzz-free guitars, and lyrics that bounce between English, Castellano, Catalan, and Portuguese about riding bikes and everything being shit. —Jimmy Alvarado (Sell Our Souls)

#### **UNFUN: *Pain Prescription*: 7" EP**

Vancouver's Unfun wear their Hüskers on their sleeve, with distorted guitars layered on thick and little bits of harmonic noodling thrown in here and there. The raspy vocals and their overall song structure show they are

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also no strangers to Crimpshrine's back catalog, either. They know their way around a song, though, and it shows in an EP fully of catchy tunes that despite obvious influences stand up well on their own. —Jimmy Alvarado (Unfun)

#### VACATION: *Dream Dad: 7"*

Sounded to me like a mid-'00s melodic hardcore band like Strike Anywhere, with just a touch of Fleshes weirdness. Mostly straight forward, with bits of "Woos!" that sound like they could come from John Geek, plus some weird guitar noodling at just the right moments. I'm into it. —Joe Evans III (Sidejar/Let's Pretend)

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS:

**Anti-Social Promotions: 7: EP**

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Sampler: 7" EP**

Some overlap in bands here, with The Unpatriotics, The Dead Pawns, and A Disco For Ferns making appearances on both discs, while Angel Face, Violent Society, All Rise, Bucket Flush, Haste Killed Creativity, and Combat Crisis round out the rest of the tuneage here. Save for Haste Killed Creativity's indie-punkish track, the lion's share of stuff on both discs falls into one derivative or another of '80s-influenced hardcore, simple and direct, with nary a whit of metal. Can't say anything blew my skirt up either way, but nothing here was especially terrible, and I definitely like the fact that this fits more into the traditional interpretation of "compilation" than the more modern "label sampler." —Jimmy Alvarado (8')

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS:

**Casual Victim Pile 2: LP**

Nice collection of current Austin bands. Seems that city has never really had a lack of worthwhile bands, unlike many of the more "famous" scenes like LA, NYC, or SF. The styles run the gamut of hardcore punk to pop. Some stuff is eh, and then some stuff is "Holy fuck! I need to get everything this band has done!" awesome. Standouts are Literature, Rayon Beach, Crisis Hotlines (do they have records out yet?), Women In Prison, Serious Tracers. Comes on white vinyl and a digital download card. —M.Avrq (12XU, 12XU.net)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: *I Think We Should Stay Away from Each Other: LP***

In this era—where the label sampler disguised as a compilation has gone online or marketed as a free giveaway at shows with paid security—released-on-vinyl, fan-based compilations are like collages to specific music scenes or tastes. It's a trend I encourage. Well, the good ones, like this one, I do. And, it's perhaps because a really nice, enthusiastic local guy, Aaron Kovacs, put this compilation together and I'm enjoying watching Summer Vacation, the band he's in (and who is also on the comp) develop, that I'm more susceptible to its charms. I dunno. Perhaps it's that Aaron's around nineteen or twenty, putting him at nine or ten when *Razorcake* started, that there is some *hope*, you know? Here's a new generation, not only choosing what to collect as a batch of songs, but organizing it, and earning the money for the printing

and pressing. This comp has the feel of the best of Plan-It-X: DIY punk with folk and acoustic leanings, open to jumping around in wild abandon. It's got the feel of a well-paced mix tape, mixing well-known bands like Underground Railroad To Candyland, Andrew Jackson Jihad, and Japanther with lesser-known excellence like Jehovas Fitness, Pangea, and many more. Recommended. —Todd (Lauren, laurenrecords.bandcamp.com)

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS:

**The New Hope: 2 x LP**

Hardcore USA, circa the early/mid-'80s: Pitifully few legitimate places to play, no big money backing and big budget recording sessions for million-selling albums or tours, no internet making all the information on a band one could want—plus recordings—literally at one's fingertips, and it seemed like pretty much everyone outside of your small pack of punker pals were out to kill asshole freaks like you. The concept of punk-as-career-move wasn't even enough of a blip on the radar to be considered a joke, and those who aligned themselves with "the scene" and picked up an instrument to bash on or went to a rented hall/backyard/basement show often did so because they believed in something that had a value that transcended the usual lure of fame and fortune. What resulted was some amazing (and yes, some admittedly pretty crappy), surprisingly diverse music coming from different clusters of groups in places not identified by the mainstream as hotbeds of musical culture—Tempe and Phoenix, Dallas and Austin, Las

Vegas, Seattle, Portland, Washington, DC, Lawrence and elsewhere. Some of these clusters of bands stuck out in the middle of nowhere pooled together and managed their statement of existence via what was then a critical musical avenue for the average punk band, the compilation album. Some, like *Flex Your Head*, *Boston Not L.A.*, *Get Off My Back*, *Master Tapes* and *Cottage Cheese from the Lips of Death*, featured what would end up the only recordings by bands that may have ruled the roost at home, but likely would be known to only a select few just fifty miles away. *The New Hope* was Northeast Ohio's definitive statement circa-1982/'83, a thirty-song collection featuring a number of the area's hardcore elite—The Guns, Positive Violence, Spike In Vain, Agitated, No Parole, The Dark, Zero Defex, Outerwear, Offbeats, PPG and Starvation Army—offering up their individual takes on "hardcore," ranging from the brooding virulence of The Gun's "I'm Not Right," to the hyper-speed thrashing of Positive Violence and Zero Defex, to more addled approaches from Spike In Vain and The Dark. Nearly thirty years down the line, virtually everything here stands up well, with the hard work and dedication put into the project still shining through. A one-sheet included here presents shrunken images of the pages of the comp's original booklet, along with some liner notes helping to give context and insight into just how much effort was put into putting this out the first time 'round, and Smog Veil has upped the ante by including an additional LP's worth of material from

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each band. Things have definitely gotten a wee bit easier in Hardcore USA circa-2011 in terms of recording, releasing, performing and networking, but reissues like this are still invaluable, not only because the music on 'em is so kick ass, but also because they serve as evidence that those needing to get their point across will inevitably find a way to do just that. —Jimmy Alvarado (Smog Veil)

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS:

##### **Voodoo Rhythm Volume 3: CD**

Truth be told, I usually much prefer Voodoo Rhythm's sampler compilations. This is a bold statement, seeing as I think the vast majority of samplers are fairly disposable, and it's not meant to imply Voodoo Rhythm's individual releases are not worth a listen. What sets theirs apart from so many others is the scope of styles the label specializes in—rockabilly, swamp-rock, country western, garage rock, '60s trash, bluegrass, punk, and a myriad of combinations of all the above—makes for an eclectic mix of sounds to keep you on yer toes. The result sounds less like, say, Epitaph's *Punk-O-Rama* series—where all the bands sound like variations of the same song—and more like a radio show specializing in shit that rarely gets played on the radio anymore. This, like its predecessors, is a nice hodge-podge of stuff that's pretty danged consistent in quality and features tunes from the likes of The Monsters, The Juke Joint Pimps, Hipbone Slim And The Knee Tremblers, Movie Star Junkies, Reverend Beat-Man (whose psychotic dance floor

stuffer "Jesus Christ Twist" is the pick to click here), Andy Dale Petty and many more. Those looking for a quick teaser of future musical acquisitions and those who prefer something to plop into the car stereo and rock out to on the way to wherever will both find many tantalizing bits to savor here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Voodoo Rhythm)

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS: **Wolf Party: LP**

Hot damn! Want to know what the current NZ garage rock scene sounds like? Then pick this compilation up. Released by Tape Man, *Wolf Party* is a burner. Hardly a dud in the mix and some of the finest surf and garage rock you're bound to hear anywhere. Obscure even in New Zealand, these bands are part of the real underground—The Wrongdoings feature an ex-member of the Axle Grinders; The Don Kings have the head of Perpetrator Records on bass and Tape Man... well, he's Tape Man. A lot of love, pain, and sweat went into this compilation. Pick it up while you can... reportedly, only two hundred copies were pressed. (P.S. Anyone know where Celia Mancini is at?!) —Ryan Leach (Stink Magnetic Tape, phatsherkes@gmail.com)

#### VEGETABLE: **"Castration Frustration" b/w "Sol": 7" EP**

"Castration Frustration" is a nice bit of weirdness with lines like, "All the other boys go pee standing up/But I go through a tube into a cup," put together with almost hypnotic guitar plucking 'n' simple drum patterns. "Sol" is a

bit more brooding with solemn lyrics about tapping "into the knowledge/that threatens the male system/Rise on our collective power/And demand real social change." Interesting sounds overall and they definitely get an A for avoiding conventional punk musical avenues and going outside the box. —Jimmy Alvarado (Gilgongo)

#### VRGNS: **Manimals: CD**

Cigarette-scratched vocals over straightforward powerchord punk with nice intensity and enough details to keep everything from feeling like an unwieldy load. Fun and high energy, but not especially infectious. I'm not in love, but we can still hold hands! —Candice (Kiss Of Death, kisssofdeathrecords.com)

#### WEAK TEETH: **Self-titled: 7" EP**

Weak Teeth are pissed-off hardcore from Providence. The technical playing crammed into every second of their well-crafted songs, combined with a political edge in their lyrics, make them stand head and shoulders above the glut of run-of-the-mill hardcore bands out there. Songs "Welcome to MENSA," and "Facebath," highlight some of their best lyrical moments, but "September 30th," and the closer "...and They Shall Inherit the Earth," are the songs where the band display their best overall songwriting. That said, this EP rips from start to finish. Highly recommended. —Paul J. Comeau (Weak Teeth)

#### WEEKEND NACHOS: **Black Earth: 7"**

I've been lucky enough to see Weekend Nachos several times and hear them evolve from being a pretty by-the-books (but still heavy as all hell) power violence band, to a band with a distinct aesthetic that they've cultivated over the course of two full lengths and a few EPs. The band is good at writing interesting riffs and surprising changes, but they manage to make it all feel natural and still fall on a line right in the middle of Infest and Integrity. The three new tracks on this 7" are pummeling, and the re-recording of "Priorities" from *This Comp. Kills Fascists* blows away the original. I feel like the vocals cut through on this recording better than on the previous ones, and the recording has a good raw edge to it without sacrificing any of the character of the songs. —Ian Wise (A389)

#### WEEKEND WARRIOR: **Se Repite: 7"**

I picked this up after these guys played a rad show in Long Beach and was surprised to find out it would be their last show in a while, as they are going on hiatus. Bummer. What isn't a bummer is the crazy aggression conveyed through the music. Very anarcho-punk reminiscent of early Bumbklaatt, whom they admittedly admire. Lyrically, it's another ode to nihilism, smashing the system, and calling bullshit on government propaganda. —Rene Navarro (Mass Media)

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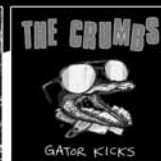
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### WEIRD TV: Cassette

Man, there's a slight pop sensibility applied to these riffs that definitely didn't come across in the live show. The vocals sound a lot more level and less growly than live, which, until now, has been the only way I've experienced Weird TV. This band is made up of some really cool kids from Olympia that are all about hardcore, fanzines, and, apparently, chola culture. I would highly recommend this for fans of Fire Party, the Gits, or even Spitboy. The cover of "Gloria" is sheer brilliance. This tape is punk as fuck and makes me feel the way I used to feel when listening to my Demon System 13 tape: on edge and ready to push someone. I hadn't heard it since I saw them play and now I'm wishing I could turn back time and do it all over again. —Rene Navarro (Self-released)

### WHISKEY & CO: *Rust Colors*: CD

Another good, solid, alt country disc from this Florida band. Featuring members of the Takers, this is perfect music for a cold beer and warm sunset evening. Not really much more to say than that; third album in and Whiskey & Co. is still going strong. —Mike Frame (No Idea)

### WHITE ORANGE: "...And This Is Why I Speak to You in Parables": 12"

Thick vinyl picture disk with trippy, quasi-religious art. Side A: One thirteen-minute psychedelic metal song that alternates between hardcore slowbuilds and cool desert rock. The song carries the long run time well. It's focused without being monotonous

and dynamic without being scattered. Side B: Five-minute edit of Side A, for when you're smoking a one hitter instead of a bowl. —CT Terry (Made In China, madeinchinarecords.com)

### WIZZARD SLEEVE / TRUE SONS OF THUNDER: Split: 7"

Wizzard Sleeve! Love their LP on Hozac from a while back, and this song, "Setting Fire to Your Loft" is of the same caliber. Dark, lurking, and dirty. The music oozes and splurts. It's the synthesizer that lures you into the den of iniquity. Comparisons can be made to Blank Dogs, but Wizzard Sleeve are much more sinister sounding, and what pop there is in their music is sparing. Music for those who want something different and something better than what's on offer by the truckload. True Sons Of Thunder give the world "Butt Bong," which is a noisy, lumbering song where the music drones and the vocals talk over the din. Kind of an afterthought. Pick this up for Wizzard Sleeve. —M.Avrq (Jeth-Row, jethrowrecords@yahoo.com)

### WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY: *The Anarchy and the Ecstasy*: CD

Only the most cynical person could say there aren't many good bands active today, if one is willing to dig a bit. That said, though, it is still a rarefied air that surrounds a band one considers great. You know, the bands whose songs you want to be played during your wedding/birthday/ funeral/ break up/ indie movie montage. World/Inferno has been on my

honor roll ever since I first heard them, and this release cements that status. The "loose conspiracy" of members making up the punk rock cabaret orchestra has shifted since their last releases, losing such longtime members as guitarist Lucky Strano and mustachioed keyboard man Franz Nicolay, but the band holds solid around lead spiel man Jack Terricloth and bassist/vocalist Sandra Malak. There is not a dud among the songs here which carry on the band's tradition of joyous hard-luck stories and vaudevillian politics. "Canonize Philip K. Dick, Ok" is one of the band's finest songs and one of the catchiest indictments of disillusionment ever put to tape. The peak of the album, though, is "The Politics of Passing Out," which is my favorite song this year and one of the few that would make it onto my personal list of absolutely perfect songs. From the slow-build start, to the simultaneously heartbroken and joyous lyrical imagery, and the rising vocal duet at the end, this song alone would justify the existence of this band and makes this album a worthy purchase. —Adrian (Chunksaah)

### WRONG WORDS, THE: Self-titled: CD

Power pop with some psychedelic influences and a bit of early XTC. The songs are catchy without being overbearing. I like the backing vocals for how they give the music another texture—a little sunnier in an already sunny-sounding band (if any of that makes sense). The guitar has a somewhat sparse sound, but clean, and the drums really are direct and effective. Must admit

the opening lines to "A Cold Wind" are funny. "Cross the Line" is the strongest of the twelve and, alone, is worth picking this CD up. —M.Avrq (Trouble In Mind)

### XTRA VOMIT / TROPIEZO: *International Split: 7" EP*

Xtra Vomit: Hardcore ranging from fast to faster with tons of lyrics crammed into each tune. They can come across as a bit raw, but they do what they do quite effectively. Tropiezo: As with every other release they've put out thus far, you get top-tier hardcore with time changes up the yin-yang and songwriting that continues to be something to marvel at. Fuggin' amazing they are, and if you haven't stumbled upon Tropiezo yet, you're seriously missing out. —Jimmy Alvarado (Discos De Hoy)

### YOUNG GOVERNOR: "Firing Squad" b/w "25 with a Bullet": 7"

A mix of the Bay City Rollers and King Khan And BBQ? Does that sound too stupid? There's a crisp eagerness and knowledgeable veteransp in Young Guv, matched to an infectious ear for music, and he's not afraid to slow down, get electro-weird, go acoustic, or get lush. These two tracks show another dimension to the cut crystal of Ben Cook's talent. Wholly enjoyable, worth tracking down, and I predict that his 7" will become harder-than-hell to find the longer you sleep on it. —Todd (Plastic Idol, plasticidolrecords.com)

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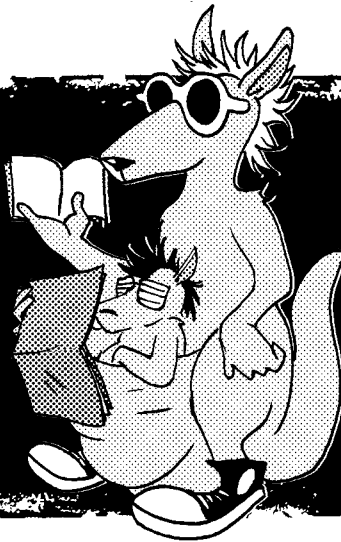


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- **AMCR**, 2 Chancellor Court, Hawthorn Woods, IL 60047
- **Aw/ction**, PO Box 425623, Kendall Square, Cambridge, MA 02142
- **Aztec**, 5082 Wendover Rd., Yorba Linda, CA 92886
- **Black Owl Radio**, 1925 Hwy. 69 S., Savannah, TN 38372
- **Boogie Creek**, PO Box 90561, Portland, OR 97290
- **Bridge 9**, 119 Foster St., Building 4 Floor 3, Peabody, MA 01960
- **Burger**, 645 S. College Blvd., Fullerton, CA 92831
- **Certified PR**, 6364 3rd Ave. South, St. Petersburg, FL 33707
- **Chunksaah**, PO Box 977, Asbury Park, NJ 07712
- **Clown School**, 6541 Wishbone Terrace, Cabin John, MD 20818
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- **Crimes Against Humanity**, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702-1421
- **DC Jam**, 2733 E. Battlefield Rd., #164, Springfield, MO 65804
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- **Dionysus**, PO Box 1975 Burbank, CA 91507
- **Dirt Cult**, 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011
- **Dirtnap**, 2615 SE Clinton St., Portland, OR 97202
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007
- **Don Giovanni**, PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528
- **Double Barrel**, PO Box 1066, Lakeside, CA 92040
- **Dr. Strange**, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 90701
- **Durango 95**, Dept 338, PO Box 597004, SF, CA 94159
- **Eager Beaver**, 16-2 Higashibun Inoshiri Wakimachi, Mima-City, Tokushima 779-3602, Japan
- **Eaglebauer Enterprises**, 216 Buckingham Pl. Apt. 2, Philadelphia, PA 19104
- **Eradicator**, 522 West 4th St., Bloomington, IN 47404
- **Fashionable Idiots**, PO Box 580131, MPLS, MN 55458
- **Fat**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Fucking Buckaroos**, The, 2315 Folsom St., SF, CA 94110
- **Gilgongo**, PO Box 7455, Tempe, AZ 85281
- **Girls Of Porn**, 369 Hamilton St., Apt. 2, Albany, NY 12210
- **Goner**, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104
- **Grave Mistake**, PO Box 12482 Richmond, VA 23241
- **Greedy**, PO Box 170481, San Francisco, CA 94117
- **Gunner**, PO Box 105824, 28058 Bremen, Germany
- **Halo Of Flies**, 3444 N Bremen St., Milwaukee, WI 53212-1712
- **Handstand**, PO Box 110398, Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Hawthorne St.**, PO Box 805353, Chicago, IL 60680
- **Hostile Input**, 1565 S. Chestnut St., Paulsboro, NJ 08066
- **Hungry Eye**, PO BOX 230366, Ansonia Station, NY, NY 10023
- **In The Red**, PO Box 50777, LA, CA 90050
- **It's Alive**, 11411 Hewes Street, Orange, CA 92869
- **Jailhouse**, 2807 Bending Oak Dr., Hampton, VA 23666
- **Jeremy**, 1015 NE 5th Place, Gainesville, FL 32601
- **Joyful Noise**, PO Box 20109, Indianapolis, IN 46220
- **Kato**, PO Box 68984, Newton, Auckland 1145, New Zealand
- **Katorga Works**, 538 Johnson Ave. #203, Brooklyn, NY 11237
- **Killer**, PO Box 237, 28101 Pori, Finland
- **Kiss Of Death**, PO Box 75550, Tampa, FL 33675
- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402
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- **Livid**, PO Box 276132, Boca Raton, FL 33427
- **Mankind**, PO Box 265, Bellflower, CA 90707
- **Mass Media**, PO Box 2692, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
- **Maybe Mars**, Room 1702, No.3 Building, HuaQing Garden, HaiDian District, Beijing 100083, P.R. China
- **Merge**, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
- **Merman**, PO Box 1055, Palmerston, Ontario, Canada N0G 2P0
- **Meters and Miles**, 327 Aberdeen Circle, Summerville, South Carolina, 29483
- **Mind Over Matter**, PO Box 223, Grandville, MI 49468
- **Ming Donkey**, PO Box 1892, MSU, MS 39762
- **Monster Zero**, PO Box 2570, 2940 Ab Lekkerkerk, The Netherlands
- **Narshardaa**, Hasselkamp 112, 24119 Kronshagen, Germany
- **NMG Worldwide**, La Renee Tower, 685 Sterling Pl. Ste. 16, NYC, NY 11216
- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Odessa**, PO Box 1301, Carboro, NC 27510
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- **Perpetrator**, PO Box 68984, Newton, Auckland 1145, New Zealand
- **Pissart**, Khabir, No.2 Jalan Putra Bahagia 8/1E, Putra Heights, 47650, Subang Jaya, Selangor Darul Ehsan, Malaysia
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- **Snuffy Smiles**, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku Kitaku, Kyoto, 603-8117, Japan
- **Solid State**, PO Box 12698, Seattle, WA 98111
- **Solidarity**, 2509 Tolworth Dr., San Jose, CA 95128
- **SP**, 2-54-2 Itabashi, Itabashi-ku, Tokyo 1730004, Japan
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- **Stankhouse**, 7235 N. Princeton St., Portland, OR 97203
- **Stomp**, 1223 Blvd. Saint-Laurent Suite 305, Montreal, Quebec, H2X 2S6 Canada
- **Sub Pop**, 2013 Fourth Ave., Seattle, WA 98121
- **Super Big LTD.**, PO Box 4151, Portland, OR 97208
- **Super Secret**, PO Box 1585, Austin, TX 78767
- **Telephone Explosion**, 1077 Dundas St. West, Toronto ON, Canada M6J 1W9
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# ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:  
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Please include a postal  
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“Like a quiet  
storm of  
dreams and  
anguish.”

—Craven Rock  
SIX LETTERS  
ADDRESSED TO YOU #01

**ABORT!: BEDTIME STORIES #21**,  
5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 42 pgs.

I really don't like this guy's writing style at all. I think he's wordy, cold, and unengaging. That was how I felt when I read the last issue I got to review and that's how I feel about this one. Something about the voice that he uses just doesn't hold my interest. That said, since I was forced to read this for review, I plodded through it and I found the stories themselves to be somewhat rewarding this time. Unlike the weird, post-modern, non sequitur style of plotting that he used in the other issue, this one was all horror stories with *Tales from the Crypt*-type twists at the end. I happen to like scary stories. His writing style may rub me the wrong way, but some of these work as creepy yarns. —Craven Rock (Jonathon Spies, 45 E. 7th St. #106, NYC, NY, 10003)

**ABRACADABRA ZINE #1**,

5 1/2" x 8 1/2", copied, 8 pgs.  
Eight pages of art from Rome. Some photography. Some drawings. One to two per page. Really short. Cool-looking stuff. Took me less than a minute to look at it. It was nice stuff, though. Short. Nothing wrong with that. But if I read a review... and took the trouble to order it... I'd feel it was too... short... for... my trouble. Liked it, though. —Craven Rock (tab\_ularasa@gmail.com)

**BLACK CLOUD, THE #4**, \$2,

8 1/2" x 11", copied, 26 pgs.  
This zine is a collection of drawings, photos, and notes pertaining to the 15th Street House in Columbus, Ohio. This punk house has been around since 2003, and this zine contains a bunch of artifacts throughout the era of the existence of the house as a place for Columbus punks. I personally have never been to the 15th Street House, but numerous notes from guests reprinted here give me the impression that these kids really know how to have a good time. This zine is a great snapshot in time, a yearbook of sorts, showing the history of a house that is seemingly important to the scene.

I wish more punk houses would do stuff like this. —Mark Twistworthy (The Black Cloud, 369 E. 15th Ave., Columbus, OH 43201)

**BOOK BINDERY, THE \$5**,

4 1/2" x 6", bound, offset, 96 pgs.  
Another small, cheap (the good cheap), and charming publication from Microcosm that blurs the line between book and zine. Is a bound, small press, but not self-published piece of writing with an ISBN number a zine or a book? I'm a former zine/independent press librarian, so I guess I can get a little bit anal retentive about these things. Call it whatever the hell you want. For this one, though, I'm going to call it a zine because it says so on the blurb on the back. First of all, this thing is pretty slick. It's offset with a color cover and full of well-reproduced photos. I guess you would expect such an eye for aesthetics from a zine about someone working in a book factory, right? Well, after reading it, I found that, apparently, that's not the case. The author took the job because she had a passion for books. It sounded like a dream job. She quickly learns how naïve she was. It is just another shitty job, something everybody else at the job seemed to know from the moment they signed up. The job turns out to be a "glorified Kinko's" where she puts together crappy books for lawyers to line their walls and look professional with. It's hardly a labor of love for her or her co-workers.

When I first picked this up, I thought it would be all about a book binder; a smug boasting about the awesomeness of their trade—which they would have a right to—if it was anything like my original vision of what book binding would be like. You know, all Gutenberg and shit. Instead, *Book Bindery* continues in the long tradition of the irritable labor zine, with its laugh-out-loud tales of mischief, slacking off, stealing time, and sneaky insubordination. She spends a lot of time describing her eccentric co-workers, from the creepy ones to the fun partners-in-crime. She hatches plans with the latter to make the days

go by quicker: shenanigans such as intercom announcement bingo and a co-op sculpture made during smoke breaks from trash dumped in the lot. When she adds in the local color—tales of mobsters setting cars on fire in the neighborhood and nutbar naked dudes squatting the parking lot—it rounds everything out to a well-told and hearty tale of work, both familiar to anybody who's had a shitty job and quite unique. —Craven Rock (Microcosm, 222 S. Rogers St., Bloomington, IN 47404, microcosmpublishing.com)

**CULTURE SLUT #24 /  
MOTOR CITY KITTY #16**,

\$2, 5 1/2" x 4", 46 pgs.  
A split zine from two friends Amber (*Culture Slut*) and Bri (*Motor City Kitty*) who finally met at last year's Chicago zine fest after years of trading. *Culture Slut* contains a short piece on Kurt Cobain and how his feminist politics seem to have been left behind his music, an extensive winter survival to-do list, zine reviews, and more. Flip over to *Motor City Kitty* and Bri writes about overcoming her nerves by singing at a Halloween gig in a Bikini Kill cover band, and also some thoughts on feminism and how there still needs a lot of work to be done. I read this on the bus home from the London zine symposium and enjoyed it. A solid zine from both contributors. —Steve Larder (Amber, 10124 Ave. Hébert #8, Montréal, Quebec, H1H 3W6 Canada / Bri, 609 Franklin Ave., Kent, OH 44240)

**DUDES MAGAZINE # 17**, \$5,

8 1/2" x 11", printed, 93 pgs.  
I suppose a review about a magazine that is almost entirely devoted to the merits of drinking heavily should be written while drinking, so... cheers. The mag is the brainchild of one Nighthawk, who also happens to do most of the contributing in this issue (twenty-two articles.) Highlights include a column about dicking around in Canada, a broke-ass trek to Fest 9, a ten-day binge of nothing but pizza, shit jobs with shit people, and even some political commentary

(I know, right?). All this, plus they somehow managed to conduct interviews with the Dopamines, Holy Shit!, and In Defence. I totally get this kind of dick and fart humor, but let's just say that if you find the Dwarves' *Blood, Guts, and Pussy* album offensive, you will hate this rag. For the rest of you, however, cash in your empties and send these idiots five bucks for a copy. Act now and you'll also get a CD-R featuring Tiltwheel, The Measure [SA], and In Defence with a picture of a dick drawn on it. —Juan Espinosa (3872-A Connecticut St., Saint Louis, MI 63116)

**DUDES MAGAZINE #14**, \$4,

8 1/2" x 11", printed, glossy cover, 76 pgs.  
Midwestern humor magazine for dudes, loaded with columns on, about, related to: beer, sports, pro wrestling, Nintendo games, barbecue, chicks, poop, and other items relevant to dudedom. Features interviews with Two Car Garage and Off With Their Heads. I particularly enjoyed the column on why Bobby Flay's *Throwdown* makes for fantastic television. Excellent toilet reading, and if you eat and drink like these guys, then you'll probably have plenty of time to sit on the can and enjoy their zine. —Jeff Proctor (Dudes Magazine World Headquarters — 3872-A Connecticut St., Saint Louis, MO 63116)

**DUDES MAGAZINE #15**, \$4,

8 1/2" x 11", printed, glossy cover, 80 pgs.  
More potty-mouthed frivolity from the St. Louis *Dudes* and more columns on dudely things like jamming brews, pooping, playing video games, and whatnot, plus a lengthy interview with Jello Biafra (like there's any other kind of interview with Jello), and interviews with Ninja Gun and Teenage Bottlerocket. My favorite is an interview with *Jeopardy!* contestant Rob Severson and his experiences with what it took to get on the show and then what happened once he set foot in their Culver City studios, which includes an amusing anecdote about how the Athens, GA band Cars Can Be Blue stayed with him when he found

out he was going to be on the show, the same time the band found out they were going to be on *Judge Judy*. —Jeff Proctor (Dudes Magazine World Headquarters — 3872-A Connecticut St., Saint Louis, MO 63116)

**FIFTH ESTATE #384**, Spring 2011, \$4.00, 8 1/2" x 11", printed, 39 pgs. The latest issue from this long-running (forty-six years and counting) anarchist periodical. The issue's theme is DIY, features an interview with Kathleen Hanna (ex-Bikini Kill, Le Tigre), and articles on DIY subjects ranging from pirate radio, communal living, sex, and media, as well as letters, book and music reviews, some brief news pieces, and other articles. While the interview with Hanna is interesting, the

and stationed in Iraq. I thought it fairly interesting and nice to see a member of the armed services acknowledge that the sectarian violence there now is essentially a result of our removing Saddam Hussein from power, thereby creating a vacuum that has allowed for extremist groups to take root, where before they could have never existed. —Jeff Proctor (Fluke Fanzine, PO Box 41931, Tucson, AZ 85717)

**FUTURE BREED #01**, Free, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 45 pgs. *Future Breed* features interviews and show photos of hardcore bands from 2009-2010, as well as guest contributions from *Linebreaker Zine*, Birkir Fjalar, and a column by Eddie Sutton of Leeway. Sutton's column

them come off effortless, surprising, and, yet experimental. There are few writers I'd follow who wrote a zine about a fictional, aging punk band, Absinthe, back for a reunion after a twenty-year hiatus. The zine is a collection the blog posts, left by its pharmaceutically-wagon-faller of a lead singer, Vincent. Having seen non-fictional tours of this nature with my own eyes, it wasn't surprising that the band ends up in tatters. What's truly satisfying is reading about one man's struggle with sobriety and his willingness to burn everything down to the ground in the attempt to make something more beautiful. That's something that most tour diaries don't accomplish. Even fictional ones. —Todd (vermin.bigcartel.com)

one called *Razorcake Nuts!* is three Olympia scene-zine, and wears that badge with pride and a good dose of humor. Tons of features on local bands, which range from straight up interviews, to long lists of possible acronym meanings (as is the case with the band HPP [favorites include Horny Phone Psychic and Homely Pornographic Photos]). There are also non-band related contributions, which are all pretty different. There's a "News" section which gives you nifty little updates on various Oly folks and bands, and, in general, this zine works as an excellent accompaniment to all the gnarly bands and records that are trickling down from that there city. On top of all that, this issue comes with a two-

## "Cash in your empties and send these idiots five bucks for a copy."

—Juan Espinosa  
DUDES MAGAZINE #17

two pieces that most held my attention were Timothy Messer-Kruse's article reexamining the story of the Haymarket martyrs, "The Haymarket Martyrs: Guilty! So What?" and Walker Lane's thoughtful review of Lierre Keith's *The Vegetarian Myth: Food, Justice, and Sustainability*. Messer-Kruse's article casts the Haymarket victims in a more radical light, challenging the more moderate version of them in the history books, and is sure to spark new interest in their story. Lane's review of *The Vegetarian Myth* is the article most likely to be the target of uppity vegans everywhere. Taking Keith and her arguments, as well as the arguments and actions of her detractors to task, Lane exposes the logical fallacies and hypocrisies of both. Keith was hit in the face with a cayenne crème pie at a speaking engagement by pro-vegan "activists" for her position on vegetarianism. The editors of *FE* are no doubt on the lookout for the cayenne-laced letters that will follow this review. —Paul J. Comeau (Fifth Estate, PO Box 201016, Ferndale, MI 48220, fifthestate.org)

**FLUKE #7**, \$3, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", glossy, 40 pgs. Black and white glossy zine, loaded with columns and interviews (including one with Mike Watt). One column is sort of like Larry King's old *USA Today* column: a lot of inconsequential recollections and observations in the form of non sequiturs. I wasn't too interested in that one. I preferred the interview with a dude from the old East Bay/Gilman scene who's now in the U.S. Army

is a nice intro piece, which leads into all the interviews. The interviews and photos are all interesting and well-laid out. Writer/photographer Dan Gonyea cares about hardcore music a lot, and that care is apparent on every page of his zine. If bands like Bane, H20, and Reach The Sky are your thing, this zine is a must to check out. —Paul J. Comeau (future-breed.com)

**GADGIE #25**, £1.50/trade, 5 1/2" x 8", 28 pgs. I might as well admit that I always look forward to getting a new issue of *Gadgie* from Marv, so this review is going to be pretty biased. As usual, it doesn't let you down as it's full of stories from his days as a mischievous youth growing up in the northern town of Guisborough in the '80s and other anecdotes which revolve around his current location, Boston, Lincolnshire (which, as many who are familiar with it, know that its roots in the U.K. punk scene are firmly set and have attracted many a rum fellow in the past). There's also record and zine reviews—as you might expect from a punk fanzine—as well as interviews with Eagle, a local chap who runs "Punk 4 the Homeless" and Roddy of *Ploppy Pants* zine. Marv is a gifted weaver of stories, and you'd be daft not to pick this up. —Steve Larder (Marv, PO Box 93, Boston, Lincolnshire, PE21 7JW England)

**HEY! HO! LET'S GOGHI**, \$2, photocopied, 8 1/2" x 8 1/2", 12 pgs. Jim Ruland is a writer of many deep talents. One of them is adapting stories into variable formats and having

**IT WILL ALL MAKE SENSE TOMORROW #1**, \$2, photocopied, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 14 pgs. A breezy, good-hearted comics zine. One story's about the reluctant realization that the author needs glasses, having mistaken party guests for plants and piles of dung for pretty haystacks. The second story is about insomnia and how if you just recalibrate your dreams from bad, scary, stabby, *Leprechaun*-style gnomes into helpful garden gnomes, things work out for the better. Quite possibly my favorite zine to come out of Blurgmitten, ever. Good stuff. —Todd (santentotten@hotmail.com)

**JERK STORE #8**, \$2, 5 1/2" x 11", printed, 28 pgs. I am always excited to get my hands on zines from Australia, and *Jerk Store* does not disappoint. This issue features interviews with Iron Chic, The Transgressions, The Gateway District, loads of reviews, and some editorial pieces. The layout is super crisp, the interviews are natural, interesting, and funny, and the rants are sharp and honest. —Katie Dunne (PO Box 284, Maylands, WA 6931 Australia)

**NUTS! #6**, \$5, 17" x 12", newsprint, 24 pgs. Big, beautiful photos and art on good ole' fashioned Berliner-style newsprint. I'm not exactly sure how many people are involved, but I got this particular copy from Ben Trogon, who currently plays drums in Weird TV, and in the past has contributed to zines such as *Sum Nuz Zun*, and a slightly less obscure

song flexi, which is about as cool as it gets. —Daryl (PO Box 7302, Olympia, WA 98507)

**POIGOD**, \$5.50, 8 1/2" x 11", copied, 82 pgs. For a literary magazine "passionate about artful media and publishing," I can't really imagine a starker and uncreative presentation than what is presented here: black words on white computer paper folded in half. The outer fabric jacket cover is made skillfully, but lacks any aesthetic or connotative connection to the pieces inside. That said, there are some gems within it, particularly "Isaiah's River," a short short story by Olivia Haberman. But I am a sucker for rivers as obscure and cryptic metaphors. I know that's very specific and obscure and cryptic, but whatever. It's true. "Slime" a comic by Jefy, is a unique kind of fairytale about a man attempting to remedy his slimy skin ailment by melting with fear. —Katie Dunne (110 S. Almon St., Apt. #312, Moscow, Idaho 83843)

**SIX LETTERS ADDRESSED TO YOU #1**, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 42 pgs. "This is a zine composed of letters. I have left the addresse [sic] blank because there are so many of yours [sic] that I write to. Some I know, some are dead, still others have yet to be born. Some I love, some I fight with and against, some I see every day, and some I miss very much." With this description, Patrokolos's letters sound a lot like the writing process itself; and what is writing, anyway, but a letter to





PHOTO: SCOTT TOTTIS FOR DISCORD RECORDS. CELEBRATING 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF FERRIS BUELL'S RECORDS. WHICH WAS FOUNDED IN 1984. WEST END, SEPT. 2011

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• Sunday May 29th Long Beach, CA at Di Piazas w/ Extortion, Germ Attack, Tuberculosis and Mata Mata

• Monday May 30th Phoenix, AZ at the Inner City Youth Center (17 South 32nd st)

• Tuesday May 31st OFF

• Wednesday June 1st Denton, TX at Rubber Gloves w/ the Marked Men, Toys that Kill, Teargas (Australia) and Chinese Telephones

• Thursday June 2nd CHAOS IN TEJAS at Emo's with Killing Joke, D-Clone, the Slowmotions, Veins, Vile Gash, Cult of Youth, Crazy Spirit and Criaturas

• Friday June 3rd CHAOS IN TEJAS



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someone or everyone? His writing is especially suited to the letter formula because it's so intimate and warm that it seems like a close friend opening up to you. Patrokolos is a radical anarchist, a sexual abuse survivor, a traveler, a book enthusiast, but—most of all—he's a deep, introspective person. Each piece in here is heartfelt and rich with humanity; so much that it's too much to take in all at once. He writes to us about bad patterns that he gets into in relationships with women, as a result of his childhood of abuse. There is a letter to a lost lover who he hopes to find once again. He cites passages from books and writes about his appreciation of them. He quotes Machiavelli and tells us how he identifies with him. An anarchist who identifies with Machiavelli? How does that work? I refuse to explain it. You've just got to read this zine. His voice is meditative and soft-spoken, but so lonely and humanistic that *Six Letters* is like a quiet storm of dreams and anguish and, hopefully, for his sake, some redemption. I have to leave you with another quote, hopefully, to get you to order this, but, if not, just to share it: "Though my heart is constant, the way it expresses itself is ever variable. But what is constant in my heart? It is the love I carry and my desire to find others. Others who may have lost many things in this world, but who may have drawn a line around the love in their hearts

and who will defend that love at all costs." This is empowered writing. —Craven Rock (Patrokolos, PO Box 522006, Salt Lake City, UT 84125, patrokolos@gmail.com)

**SPIDDER #15**, \$?, photocopied, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 16 pgs. This issue of *Spidder* is a bit of a disappointment solely due to technical difficulties. Several of the handwritten pages are cut off at the pages' edges, and it's a shame because *Spidder* tells some of the best ghost stories and tour stories in the business. This issue's typewritten stories are all interconnected the recurring theme of half-man, half-goat, all-bad-business. What makes it interesting is the different modes that the being comes into stories: an unreliable third person narrator, part of a tour story, and as a childhood remembrance. It's this naturalness, this effortless storytelling that makes *Spidder* such a treat. Add in a couple quick comic adventures of Magnum PI's mustache, a bummed-out zombie, and a cute cat that always gets scared, and you have one of my favorite, contemporary long-running zines coming out of the South. —Todd (Spidder, 1925 Hwy. 69 S., Savannah, TN 38372)

**THAT'S COOL, THAT'S TRASH!** #2, \$3.00, 9" x 5 1/2", Printed, 62 pgs. *That's Cool, That's Trash!* is a nice-

looking zine from Idaho. There is an in-depth interview with Johnny Stingray of the Controllers that was fun to read. The part-two feature on Johnny Burnette is well done. I wish I got to read part one. This also has good interviews with the Marked Men and the Mean Jeans, along with lots of reviews of bands that I've never heard of, an article on record collecting, and zine reviews. I really enjoyed the reviews of "Recent Tones with a Musical Bent," which turned me onto some books that I will have to order. *That's Cool, That's Trash!* is laid out well and is a thick zine, filled with goodies. —Steve Hart (That's Cool, That's Trash!, PO Box 1941, Ketchum, ID, 83340)

**YOU'VE GOT BAD TASTE #1**, \$3 ppd., 8 1/2" x 11", 14 pgs. First and foremost, it should be mentioned that there is an interview with The Welders, a late-1970s all-girl punk band from Saint Louis. It should also be mentioned that said interview recently made it into another major punk rock publication located in the Bay Area. Staying local, an interview with a married couple who had a punk rock radio show, "Scene of the Crime," on Saint Louis community radio for a while, is also featured. A few record reviews cover these cut and paste pages, along with a book review of *Destroy All Movies!!! - The Complete Guide to Punks on Film*. Referred to

as a bible, and not a book, this looks like an interesting stack of paper to hold in your hands. Definitely a few different areas of interest are covered here in this zine, and following issues should not disappoint. —Nighthawk (marchingfortrash@gmail.com)

**ZINeworld #30**, \$4, 8 1/2" x 11", copied, 38 pgs. *Zineworld* is an old standard and definitely a valuable resource in that it's a massive list of zines, distros, events, and calls for submissions. Also, it's based out of Tennessee—and I feel pride about an undertaking like this coming from the South—but the almost gossip-y nature of the editorial posts are kind of sickening. It completely weirds me out that there is a full page and a half dedicated to how a man who runs a hugely popular zine distro was allegedly abusive to his girlfriend, who writes a hugely popular zine. The personal and professional setbacks this has caused within said distro are being laid out for all to read, along with some outside person's attempts at "accountability processes." There is an air of self righteousness that makes my skin crawl, to say the least. —Katie Dunne (PO Box 330156 Murfreesboro, TN 37133)



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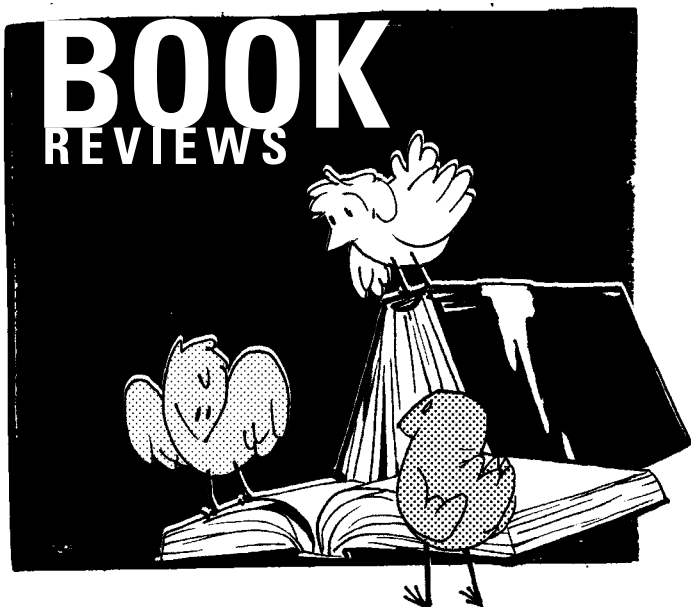


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# BOOK REVIEWS



## **Cheetah Chrome: A Dead Boy's Tale from the Front Lines of Punk Rock** *By Cheetah Chrome, 368 pgs.*

I don't want this comment to hurt the sales of this book, but here goes: Cheetah Chrome sounds like a decent guy who lucidly tells rock'n'roll tales. The writing is clear, organized, and well edited. The tone is humble and matter-of-fact. If you're expecting a tortured, grandiose, or "punk rock" style, you'll probably be disappointed. For me, it was a refreshing and riveting rock autobiography that I'll proudly display between Lemmy's *White Line Fever* and Tim Russert's *Big Russ & Me* on my bookshelf.

I had the pleasure of watching Cheetah read a section of this book at one of our local record stores, Vacation, and his lucidity—especially after reading in detail how many drugs he'd ingested and alcohol he'd drank over the years—was perhaps the most surprising aspect of his reading. (Truth be told, I'm tired of the bloated egos, bloated self-importance, and drug-bloated bodies of punk rockers who turn to writing when the royalty checks stop rolling in. Cheetah is, thankfully, not among their ranks.)

The book covers Cheetah's entire life, beginning with his troubled childhood, jumping around from school to school in Cleveland (along with a happy stint in a greenhouse). It takes you through all the pre- and post-Dead Boys years and ends with current-day, in-recovery, struggling-with-sobriety, happily-married Cheetah.

On the topic of drugs, Cheetah paints himself as a doped-up imp. He's mostly loveable but a more than a little happily hapless: "Our buddy had works and offered to shoot us up... Although I had done it [intravenous drug use] before, I'd never done it with heroin. But weak with boredom, I finally said, 'Why the hell not.'" Drugs drip throughout this book, but their constant presence is less bravado and more the style of a poorly thought-out plan, to wit: "Ignoring dosage instructions was to become a lifetime pattern when it came to drugs." So many pieces of the Cheetah puzzle fall into place with that one sentence.

The book's subtitle is a "Dead Boy's Tale" and Cheetah delivers in spades about the band that put him on the musical map. I was already a fan of the band and knew quite a few stories about their recordings, but I hadn't realized how street-tough they actually were. In a random incident, someone in their group of friends called another citizen an asshole on the street. This citizen, unfortunately, most likely had mob connections. Dead Boy Johnny Blitz was beaten with a baseball bat and stabbed five times in the neck and chest. He was DOA when he arrived at the hospital, but was revived went through a five-hour operation to save his life. One doctor refused to perform the surgery because Johnny was wearing a swastika pin. (The Dead Boys got more than their ration of shit over the years for being dopey enough to use the swastika as a shock tactic from their Jewish recording engineer and also Sire label head Seymour Stein, so let's leave it at that. Late '70s punk was a different world and the Dead Boys weren't racist fucktards.)

What separates bio-handjobs and bio-fluff from a book worth purchasing? Regret and unforgivable actions laid plain. Although Cheetah doesn't openly regret much, this one's a doozy. Alcoholism is pretty much present in every page of this book after Cheetah turns eight, but it's the screech of a guinea pig that continues to haunt him. He was much older to know better, blackout drunk, and living in a room that wasn't on the

ground floor: "The guinea pigs started screeching behind me. Without even thinking, I reached in, grabbed one, and threw it out the window... This was an animal that I loved. It was my pet. When I came around the next morning I was devastated... To this day I feel like a monster when I think of it."

Another compelling aspect of the book is that Cheetah loved his mother very much all throughout her life and isn't afraid to say it. As she lay dying in the hospital, he writes, "I walked down the hall to her room, and went over to her, got down on my knees, and put my arms around Mom, crying and just saying, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry,' over and over." That's not punk. That's not tough. That's just human.

The only head-scratcher with this book applies to most first-wave punks and their child-like, naïve, and contentious relationships with the major music industry. There is no shortage of mentions in the book of the Dead Boys wrecking hotel rooms, taking flights, being placed on planned tours and in sold-out stadiums—with most of the tabs being picked up by the major label Sire. How could they not see the other shoe about to drop when Seymour Stein's gambit of signing so much punk in the early days didn't net a handsome return? "Seymour then went into a spiel about how he had bet his wad on punk rock, and he had been wrong. How it wasn't happening, it wasn't going to happen, and if we wanted to change our image, our style of music, and quite possibly the name of the band!" Okay, that I get. No indies at that time. Bands would rather play music than run bands as businesses. There were few options to the majors. But, decades later in 1996, Cheetah still shopped projects to the majors because CBGB's Records didn't have big enough distribution. It's sorta Stockholm-Syndromey for me. Again, it's not anything against Cheetah. It's just that this attitude is emblematic of an entire generation of punks and it comes up again and again in these rock bios. (To Cheetah's credit, he gives big ups to Smog Veil Records, a Cleveland independent that's currently treating him right.)

The last memorable aspect of this book? Cheetah's geekish gearheadedness. He can—and has—tuned his guitars and then all of the band's instruments, to the dial tone of a phone. Highly recommended. — Todd (Voyageur Press / MBI Publishing, 400 First Ave. North, Ste. 300, MPLS, MN 55401, voyageurpress.com)

## **Hit the Ground Stumbling**

*By Nate Gangelhoff*

Taking place in the all-too-familiar setting of fuckhole suburbia, *Hit the Ground Stumbling* is Mr. Nate Gangelhoff's autobiographical tale of life as a degenerate punk rocker. It's a tale that many can relate to but, luckily for the reader, Gangelhoff can spin the stories of reckless teenage escapism (i.e. vandalism) into engaging, introspective escapades. Focusing around his relationship with fellow restless teenager—Rick—and their mutual disdain for authority, another story emerges that many can relate to, one that may baffle the teachers and guidance counselors, the story of finding punk in a meaningful way and gaining at least a minuscule amount of direction from it. While old chums, with their Decide cassettes in hand, drift into a blurry horizon of senseless defiance, the author, while still reasonably miserable, retains incentive to not completely drop off, even if just to learn Black Flag tabs.

At times I found myself wondering if *Hit the Ground Stumbling* is a finalized version of stories that have been told multiple times over beers, details either remembered or forgotten, skewed a little to juice it up. But the best stories are the ones that have been told the longest, and as Gangelhoff finds himself settling, not down, but amongst the chaos, he finds his place in telling these stories. More Carswellian than Cometbus, the pages replace nostalgia for questions, and he doesn't claim to have all the answers.

Fans both of his zines or bands will surely find that this book is of a familiar and enjoyable tone. Bringing the reader a little closer into his story, and solidifying Gangelhoff at the table of "punk fiction," in this context, a term used in admiration, rather than disparagement. —Daryl (Arsenic Books)

## **How and Why: A Do-It-Yourself Guide**

*By Matte Resist, 175 pgs.*

*How and Why: A Do-It-Yourself Guide* is an inspirational, easy-to-read book to help lead you towards a DIY lifestyle. Unlike other books and zines I've seen claiming the thing, the instructions in *How and Why* are written in such a style which are not at all intimidating and really lead you to believe that just about anyone could accomplish any of the projects included within if you were so inclined. DIY guides I've seen in the past typically cover topics like creating records/zines/envelopes, screen-printing and woodcuts, fashion, and other standard fare. While those are all totally viable and worthwhile things, this guide takes the realm of DIY guides to the next level and makes those other guides seem like kid's stuff.

Included inside you'll find the guide broken down into six different sections. First is a section all about bicycles, including building trailers

and sidecars, making conversions to fixed gear and/or single speed, tips for biking in snowy/wintery conditions, and other projects. Next up is the home and garage section, which really hits a homerun explaining how to buy a house, get a loan, and some of the common pitfalls involved. Also included here are some home organizational type projects, like building shelving and using salvaged materials for various things. Gardening is next, and this section includes a staggering amount of useful tips. There's complete information on every aspect of gardening, including position, soil, composting, pest control, seed, using rain barrels for irrigation, building a greenhouse, and tons more. The next section focuses around education, from a DIY parenting point of view. Included is information on homeschooling laws, curriculum, and various other techniques to provide the best experience for a child. For the musically inclined, the following section lightens things up a bit and includes how to build a cigar box guitar, how to build a banjo out of a kitchen table, a kalimba piano out of old bike spokes, and a few other instruments. The final section, "Everything Else," contains all the other projects that do not fit in the other sections. Every page of the book is

part of its "golden age" from 1984-1996. Wimsatt says that he became politically aware through rap albums that talked about issues like gangs, AIDS, and drugs.

Then he graduated high school and went off to college, where he picked up a few new ideas. He then proceeded to drop out and move to Washington DC to get involved, and play a leading role in, the progressive moment. The rest of the book—the bulk of it—is about what he's trying to do, which is basically to build a liberal "super-movement" that will be as organized and mobilized as the right wing population. Wimsatt believes that progressives should vote for Democratic candidates. He doesn't see it so much as "the lesser of two evils" as much as, "who is least hell-bent on driving the world into fiery destruction at top speed."

I'm skeptical, but this book is worth a read because Wimsatt is an excellent writer and he does have some good points. Who knows, maybe you'll even be moved to vote for Obama's re-election. —Lauren Trout (Akashic Books, PO Box 1465, NYC, NY 10009)

## "'Gunk punk'? Sorry, man. The term 'garage rock' works just fine."

—Mark Twistworthy,

**We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001**

jam packed with information, photos, and charts and measurements to help assist with all of the projects.

I've really just scratched the surface with what this book has to offer. It is truly encouraging and offers an impassioned view towards the topics being discussed. Absolutely recommended. —Mark Twistworthy (Microcosm Publishing, microcosmpublishing.com)

### **Manchild #5**

By Brian Walsby, 96 pgs.

Corrosion of Conformity was always a mystery to me. I remember that Pushead wrote about them and I liked the *Animosity* record a lot, but other than that, I didn't know a whole lot about the band. Because of this, when Brian Walsby wrote on his blog that *Manchild #5* was going to feature the history of COC in the '80s, I was immediately interested. I've really enjoyed his previous issues. The way he recounts stories from the past is impeccable.

*Manchild #5* fills in the history of COC with interviews featuring members of the band, various audience members, and band members from Honor Role and Ugly Americans amongst others, and is liberally peppered with Walsby's comics of special events. He doesn't stop with just COC's history. He also tells the stories of other bands in the Raleigh area and includes great candid photos and live shots. Along with the previous issues of *Manchild*, I can't recommend this highly enough. —Steve Hart (Bifocal Media, PO Box 50106, Raleigh, NC, 27650-0106)

### **Please Don't Bomb the Suburbs**

By William "Upski" Wimsatt, 205 pgs.

To understand the title and the context of William "Upski" Wimsatt's new book, we need to talk about its predecessor first. Wimsatt wrote a book called *Bomb the Suburbs* in 1994, and it has since become a cult classic in independent bookstores and radical reading lists. That book was about hip-hop culture and history, and white kids who listen to rap. It wasn't actually about blowing shit up, but that title eventually came back to bite Wimsatt in the ass. As he explains in the book's introduction, "bombing" is another word for graffiti, and he thought the book's title was edgy and attention-grabbing at the time. Fast forward fourteen years, to when he started to get involved in politics. A little digging showed his potential employers, critics—and everyone else—the title of the book he wrote, which doesn't seem so cute in this day and age. And that's where the title of the book comes from, "*Please Don't Bomb the Suburbs* is a book about not sabotaging yourself," Wimsatt explains.

The main theme in this book is growing up, personally and politically. Some of you might refer to it as "selling out," but Wimsatt begs to differ. He starts out by taking a look back at the hip-hop movement that he was a

### **Skipping towards Gomorrah: The Seven Deadly Sins and the Pursuit of Happiness in America**

By Dan Savage, paperback, 302 pgs.

The idea for this book seems to spring from the hypocrisy of the conservative right wing's rigid obsession with the literal translation of the *Constitution*, while at the same time viciously condemning certain people's ideas of their own personal pursuit of happiness. Dan offers that one man's sin is another's path to happiness. He delves headfirst into each sin by examining a social activity that revels within it: to study greed he heads to Las Vegas; lust leads him to the Lifestyles Convention, a national meet-up for swingers.

What makes Dan such an effective social commentator is not just his quick wit, but his ability to combine human compassion with pointed, unrelenting rational argumentation. *Skipping towards Gomorrah* is not sentimental, even though it is grounded in personal context.

Each section is introduced by cultural context and Dan's own struggles—or revelries—surrounding the specific sin. It's taken further into the concrete and specific by focusing on only a few people Dan meets at each location. The only deviation from this style seems to be in the chapter on Envy. Dan travels to an elite weight-loss resort and his reflections here seem detached from the people in his group. The people he meets are caricatures. In contrast, at the swingers' convention he focuses mainly on one married, deeply religious Jewish couple. His interviews with them are insightful and moving. But perhaps this contrast isn't a fault but a glaring symptom of the mind one must possess to pay thousands of dollars in the purchase of poverty as a status symbol. (The participants stay five to a room in a run-down hotel and just hike all day, every day, for three weeks). Pick this book up. It is thought provoking and hilarious. —Katie Dunne (Plume, 375 Hudson St., NYC, NY 10014)

### **We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001**

By Eric Davidson, 351 pgs.

Written by the singer of the New Bomb Turks, the Ohio-based raw punk rock 'n' roll band whose first record is a classic of its genre, this book could have been a lot of things. I was quite excited when I first saw it, and I was hoping it would be a "tell all" type of real experiences from the Turks tenure. Instead, Eric Davidson over uses a beatnik-era writing style to skim the top of the scene that most people would generally refer to as '90s garage rock, providing details and anecdotes from—for the most part—the most popular of bands from the era. I would think that Davidson certainly has stories to tell relating directly to the legacy of these bands (aside from using the fact that the Turks once played with many of them). Unfortunately, it appears that he had a different agenda, one that appears to vacillate from one point to another throughout his writings.





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In forming my opinion about this book and reviewing it, it's important to know that I own or have owned records by almost every band discussed inside. I have seen the New Bomb Turks countless times, and was even at one of the shows specifically mentioned in this book: New Bomb Turks and Gaunt at Emo's in Austin in 1993 (as well as the Houston show on the same tour). I believe that someone who is less familiar with the bands discussed inside would definitely get more out of the book, while those who are completely familiar with everything inside would get less.

The book begins by dismissing every descriptive term previously used to describe the raucous and raw buzz-saw garage punk scene from which his band and many of the other bands talked about in this book are categorized. The reasoning behind that, according to the author, is because the scene has "never had an identifiable and marketable genre name," something which "gets you up a couple more rungs on the mainstream ladder." His solution is to himself coin the phrase "gunk punk." An underlying and probably somewhat unintentional current which flows throughout the book seems to be pigeonholing of all of the bands into such a genre, be it "garage rock," "low-fi," "neo-garage," or whatever. The grouching of this scene not being marketable because of a lack of a genre name is ridiculous if you're trying to pigeonhole bands like the Turks, the Mummies, and the Hives into the same scene. When you boil it all down, it's all really just rock'n'roll, and the need to attempt to coin a phrase for all of these bands seems ludicrous. "Gunk punk"? Sorry, man. The term "garage rock" works just fine.

Getting a little deeper into the book, you start to think that the story is going to be centered on the Ohio scene from which Davidson and the New Bomb Turks called home. The first few chapters lead you to believe that the book is headed into an area of a regional memoir of the Midwest raw garage punk scene with an emphasis on Crypt Records, but this shortly proves to be inaccurate. Davidson obviously has much respect for Tim Warren, the dude who ran Crypt Records and had his hand in more than a few important records from this scene. A funny, albeit awkward, point early on in the book is during an interview with the legendary Billy Childish, leader of the undisputedly important bands Thee Headcoats and Thee Mighty Caesars, both of which had records on Crypt Records. When asked about Tim Warren and Crypt, Childish sarcastically responds, "Look, I find it very odd that the questions are based around Crypt. I mean, I'd been playing music ten years before Crypt. My career doesn't begin with the great Tim Warren!"

The interviews, including the previously mentioned Billy Childish interview, stand out as the best parts of the book. Often thoughtful and

informative, included are talks with Long Gone John (of label Sympathy For The Record Industry, in which he actually somewhat acknowledges his scummy reputation as one of the worst record bootleggers of the '90s), The Raunch Hands (the band featuring reputable garage rock producer Mike Maraconda), Blag (of the Dwarves), Johan Kugelberg (who compiled the first few *Killed By Death* compilations) and a few others. The interviews are especially interesting when they touch upon some of the very public feuds between bands in this scene. The interview with Trent Ruane of the Mummies where he discusses in depth their very public feud with Crypt Records is a perfect example of an interview that held my attention.

Throughout the second half of the book, the author's agenda seemingly switches away from Crypt Records adoration and instead changes to a bastardized version of *Garage Rock for Dummies*, attempting to give mention to many of the most popular bands of the era who were doing anything that would generally be classified as "garage rock." Other books have attempted to skim the top of different music scenes in the same fashion and failed, as there is no way you can cover every band deserving credit (see: *American Hardcore*), and this book is no different.

If you are a person who likes garage rock and weren't intimately familiar with all of the bands discussed, I can see that this might be a good way to get turned onto something new. A twenty-song download code is included in the book which includes songs by many of the bands interviewed and discussed throughout these pages. It's a great way for someone who isn't familiar to hear the bands which they are reading about. Personally, I was disappointed that there are not any tracks included by one particular band repeatedly heralded through the book, Union Carbide Productions, as they are one of the bands mentioned over and over again which I have never heard. After reading about them here, I'll definitely scour the used bins at my local shops so I can check them out.

While the book has its interesting moments, I ultimately found it a little disappointing in that I was too familiar with most of the bands covered and it therefore had little to offer to me. If you were only somewhat familiar with '90s garage punk and had an interest in discovering more bands, I can see how this book could be a useful resource, just as long as you can look past the above-mentioned shortcomings. —Mark Twistworthy (Backbeat Books, backbeatbooks.com)



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**CHIMICHANGA #2**, By Eric Powell, \$3.00 U.S.

This is the story of a gigantic beast with superhuman strength who is befriended by a little girl who happens to be the bearded girl in a circus. Do you see where I'm going with this? Neither do I! The beast revives the circus, even though the strongman is upstaged and angry. A pharmaceutical company needs the chin hair of the girl for an anti-gas compound. All of this adds to the separation of beast and girl. Can't wait for issue #3 right? This book is brilliantly drawn and is funny as hell. The relationships of the

characters are perfect for comedic hijinx. This one is an epic in the making. —Gary Hornberger (Dark Horse Books, PO Box 28, Lebanon, TN 37088, [goonmail@thegoon.com](mailto:goonmail@thegoon.com))

**DREAMS OF DOUGHNUTS ANTHOLOGY**,

By Heather Wreckage, \$4.00 U.S.

This little zine is a collection of stories of the life of the author. If nothing else, the fact that this is creatively bound in the cardboard of a DiGiorno pizza box is a selling point. The interest in a zine like this is the true peaks and valleys that humans experience over a short period of time, and this one is a roller coaster ride. The amazing part is that most people always seem to make it through a mess unscathed. This zine is a testament to the resourcefulness of the human soul. —Gary Hornberger (Heather Wreckage, 836 57<sup>th</sup> St., Oakland, CA 94608, [all4choice@hotmail.com](mailto:all4choice@hotmail.com))

**LENORE #1**, By Roman Dirge, \$3.99 U.S.

Lenore is the creepy dead kid brought back to life and adored by death rockers everywhere. I can see how this appeals to some, but I didn't really find that much humor in this book. I can see the marketing potential for the characters, but the storyline here seems to drag along. —Gary Hornberger (Titan Publishing, 144 Southwark St., London, SE1 0UP, England, [titanbooks.com](http://titanbooks.com))

**NINE GALLONS #2**, By Susie Cagle, \$??

*Nine Gallons* is a cool little book about someone trying to make a difference. I don't subscribe to dumpster diving for my food, but I do see the problem with producing so much food that it has to be thrown out before it really is bad. It's just the fact that in a trash dumpster there are so



many other problems going on there. This book, however, is a collection of true stories of those in the Bay Area who subscribe to combating that wasteful thinking and are trying hard to combat it against insurmountable odds. This book will and should brighten your day and make you think. —Gary Hornberger (Microcosm, 222 S Rogers St., Bloomington, IN 47404, HQ Store 636 SE 11<sup>th</sup> St Portland OR 97214, microcosmpublishing.com, thisiswhatconcernsme.com, Susie.cagle@gmail.com)

**NO HOPE #5**, By Jason Dean, \$ 5.00

Wow, what a great comic! Beautifully drawn in black and white, this book seems to be a portal back to Addams and Gorey. The cover picture and the back panel have no parallel to the title and, for that matter, any other section of this collection. This comic covers all the dark places your mind wanders when you're all alone. The ability to rest eyes by removing them from the head, planning your own funeral, and searching for and morphing other parts of the body are the engaging reads in this book of black. *No Hope* is the rated R magazine you find under the stack of children's *Highlights* mags when one goes to visit the shrink's office. If you appreciate dark situations without getting your panties bunched by dismemberment, then this magazine is a treasure hunt, indeed. —Gary Hornberger (Jason Dean, 5 st. Dials Rd., Old Cwmbran, Cwmbran, Gwent NP44 3AN U.K., deanjason143@aol.com)

**RASL #9**, By Jeff Smith, \$3.50 U.S.

This is a John Waters-ish alien abduction kind of story. The bad thing is I came in eight episodes too late to fully grasp what the hell is going on. I will, however, state that this comic reads and views really cool. A trio walks the desert near Vegas with someone who looks like Tom Waits in *Mystery Men*, going on about aliens and a little girl with a long, blank look—who supposedly is God—carrying a conversation with a thug who imagines the whole conversation. When the thug finally makes it to a Vegas parking garage, he comes upon some alien-looking dude rummaging through his jeep. He slugs the alien who disappears and whadaya know—we need #10. I need to find the anthology for *RASL*.

—Gary Hornberger (Cartoon Books, PO Box 16973, Columbus, OH 43216, rasl@boneville.com)

**ROYAL HISTORIAN OF OZ, THE**, By Kovac, & Hirsch, \$1.00 U.S.

One may think that *The Wizard of Oz* is a kiddo foofoo story/movie, but when they take the story and tweak it, it becomes worthy. In this comic, the story goes way out of bounds when things from the land of Oz are swiped and brought back to the real world by a man trying to become the historian of all that is Oz. Actually, this guy is likable because in doing all this he can give the finger to the society of geeks who feel the power that they control all that is Oz. This comic really is a slap to those who think that they're the biggest fan. Even The Tin Man, Scarecrow, and Lion have an evil appearance to them. Great book for those who like to see the childhood goody goody get a little dirty. —Gary Hornberger (SLG Publishing 577 S. Market St., San Jose, CA 95113, slgcomic.com)

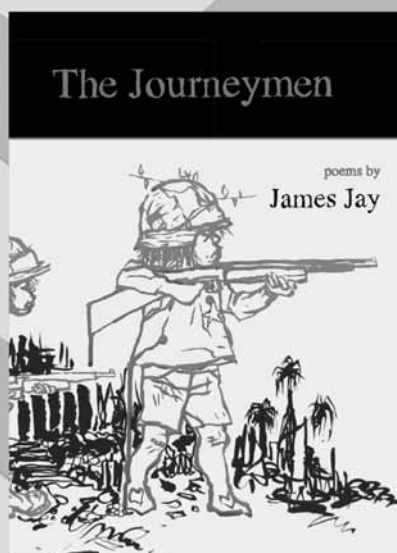
**WE WILL BURY YOU**, By Grant, Grant & Strahm, \$17.99

Our culture has a new fascination with zombies, and this comic takes that fascination and runs with it. Of course, one always needs to run when they're being chased by the undead. This comic has wrapped up all the anxiety of playing keep away while maintaining civility with those who can possibly offer help, even if they are the police, the army, or circus people. The dark color and tone of the book help it to deliver the point that one doesn't fuck around with zombies. Unfortunately, some likeable characters go by the wayside, but, hey, what monster movie ever spares people? Creeps abound in this terror trip to the docks, but oh what fun it is. If zombies are your thing, you're going to want this book for your collection. —Gary Hornberger (IDW Publishing, Editorial offices, 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109, idwpublishing.com)



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